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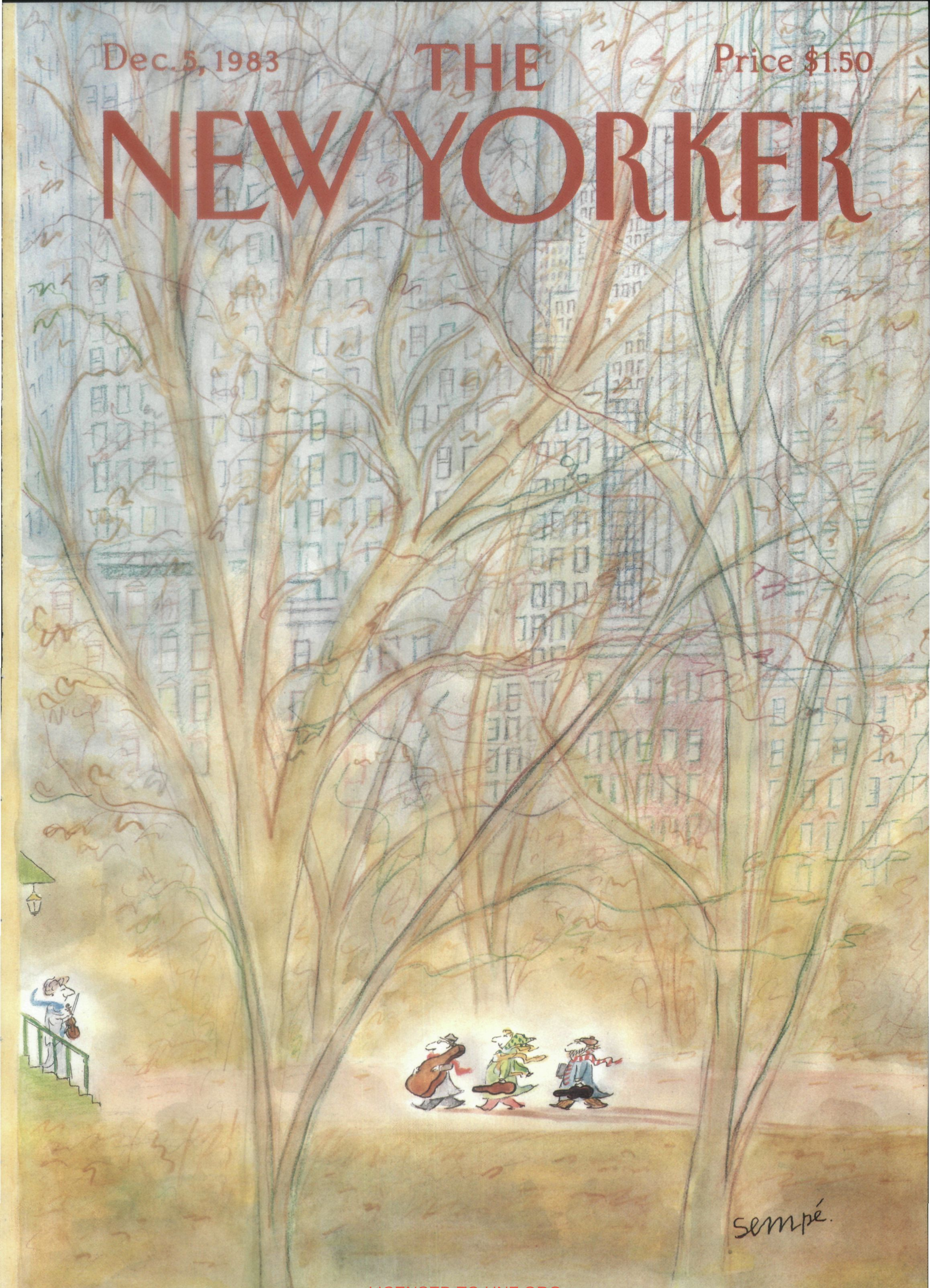

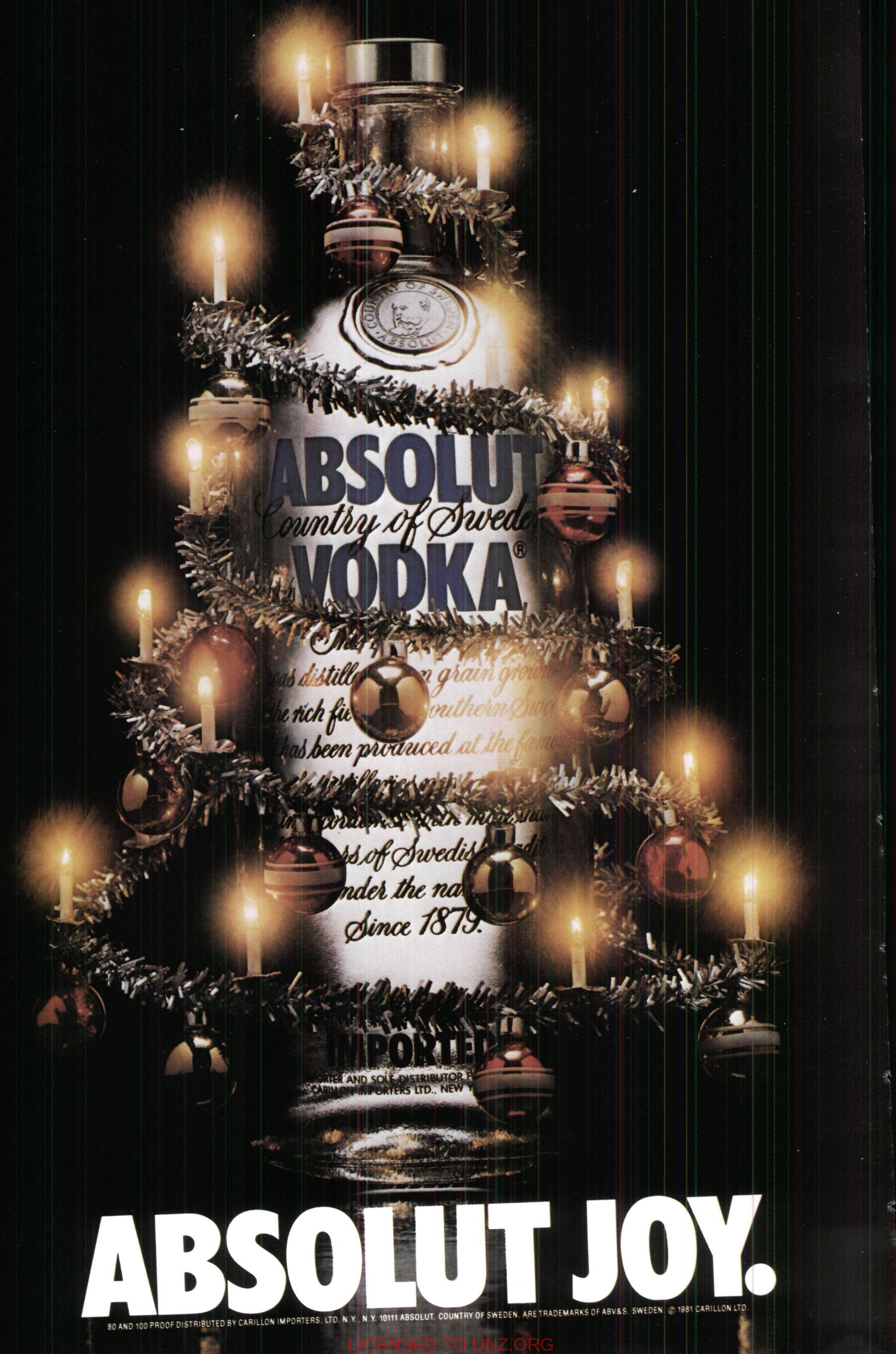
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amen Corner—A storefront church in Harlem, presided over by a woman pastor as sorely tried as Job. The pastor is played by Rhetta Hughes, who sings well and suffers nobly. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/28/83.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—A superb production of David Mamet's classic comedy about three inept practitioners of petty crime in the lower depths of Chicago. With Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston. Directed by Arvin Brown. (11/7/83) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—A musical with lyrics and direction by Richard Maltby, Jr., and music by David Shire. Sybille Pearson provided the book. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 4. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor–Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Bhutan—A comedy by Jane Stanton Hitchcock. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A dismal revival of Chekhov's THE SEA GULL, under Elinor Renfield's direction, but with an enchanting setting by John Lee Beatty. A number of able actors are on hand. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 730-9393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . FOOL FOR LOVE: Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—*mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is* about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Company—Frederick Neumann in a return engagement of the monologue adapted by him and Honora Fergusson from Samuel Beckett's narrative work. With music by Philip Glass. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Damnée Manon, Sacrée Sandra—A drama by the Canadian playwright Michael Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 1. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Mondays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doonesbury—A sunny, sometimes silly, but always beguiling musical about Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic-strip hero and his friends. Music by Elizabeth Swados, lyrics by Mr. Trudeau, and delightful performances by, among others, Ralph Bruneau, Kate Burton, Gary Beach, and Reathel Bean. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Oliver Hailey's 1973 play FOR THE USE OF THE HALL will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 1, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Glass Menagerie—Jessica Tandy, Amanda Plummer, John Heard, and Bruce Davison in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. The direction is by John Dexter. Preview Wednesday evening, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 1. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Heartbreak House—Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris, and Amy Irving head the cast, and Anthony Page is the director for this production of Shaw's play. Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at

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7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Lady and the Clarinet—A woman presumably in her thirties recounts and reënacts the three most telling sexual adventures of her life for the benefit of a clarinettist who responds only musically. Michael Cristofer's script has its shortcomings, but it is undeniably theatrical and sometimes funny. The acting, under Gordon Davidson's direction, is first-rate. Stockard Channing is the lady, and Kevin Geer, Paul Rudd, and Josef Sommer are the objects of her affections. Jay Dryer is the eloquent clarinettist, who plays Stanley Silverman's music. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leftovers—This evening, composed of the improvisations by three fat women—on diets, daydreams about food and sex, and related subjects—is a bore, but Marcia Kimmell, the fattest of the women, is a talented actress. Reopens Friday, Dec. 2. (AMDA Theatre, in the Ansonia Hotel, Broadway at 73rd St. 206-9393/787-5300. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Dec. 4: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Dec. 7: Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Marilyn an American Fable—A huge, brightly colored, almost totally empty billboard of a musical. Alyson Reed does her best to embody the heroine, Marilyn Monroe, but all in vain. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

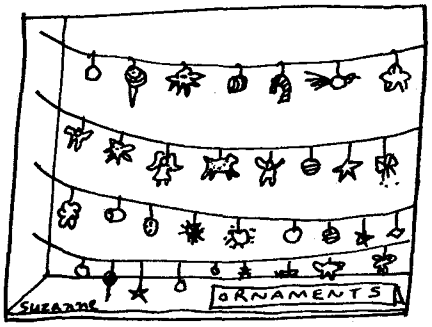
The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (10/24/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The enthralling jazz saxophone of Wendell Brooks propels the action of **PUPPETPLAY**, a poetic story of two young women who are held captive by a masculine puppet. Pearl Cleage is the dramatist, Seret Scott and Phylicia Ayers-Allen are the women, and Brad Brewer designed and manipulates the puppet. Clinton Turner Davis directed the fine performance for the Negro Ensemble Company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident, Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS**. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Secret Honor*The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon—A play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, with Philip Baker Hall in the leading role. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (11/21/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tallulah—Helen Gallagher has the title role and Russell Nype plays Congressman Bankhead in this musical by Tony Lang (book), Arthur Siegel (music), and Mae Richard (lyrics). (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A musical with a book by Charles Blackwell, music by Henry Krieger, and lyrics by Robert Lorick, based on Louise Fitzhugh's novel "Nobody's Family Is Going to Change." Vivian Matalan is the director. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 8. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman dead for two years continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Eddie Albert heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. Colleen Dewhurst will return to her original role on Tuesday, Dec. 6. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical, based on a movie that Quinn and Kedrova also starred in, back in 1964. A curiously woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**CATS**: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot *wrote a collection of poems about cats*, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS**: The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,816 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Millicent Martin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2,

"O brave new world,
That has such people in't!"— *William Shakespeare*

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and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education; a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—*A musical satire of* Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave., at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7, at 2:30; Thursday, Dec. 8, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; and Friday, Dec. 9, at 2:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and three elephants will be some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 11 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4, at 1 and 4; Monday, Dec. 5, at 6:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 8, at 6:30 (a benefit performance); Friday, Dec. 9, at 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 10-11, at 1 and 4. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about tickets, call 362-2500.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2; Friday, Dec. 9, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2. For information about tickets, call 243-6281.)

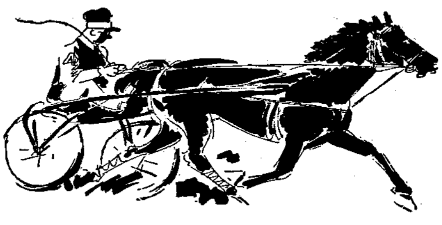
DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Saturday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 4, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 6-8, at 6; Friday, Dec. 9, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 18—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: A benefit program including the première of "Blueshift;" for tickets, call 921-8977. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Landscape," "Portrait of Billie," "Love Songs," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Streams," "Fever Swamp," "Pas de Duke," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Night Creature," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Fontessa and Friends," "Precipice Solo," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Galaxy" (première), "The Time Before the Time After," "Portrait of Billie," "Love Songs," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Landscapes," "Phases," "Cry," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Galaxy," "Pigs & Fishes," "Pas de Duke," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Night Creature," "Treading," "Galaxy," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Songs Without Words," "Love Songs," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby" (New York première), and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulders," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Galaxy," "A Song for You," "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Concerto in F," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Fontessa and Friends," "Treading," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby," and "Blueshift." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

BILL CARTER AND RUTH MAYER—Fifteen dancers in a program of new works choreographed by Mr. Carter and Miss Mayer. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Gypsian," "Echoes," "Concerto Solaire," "Riffs," and "Turning Pages." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Elysian Reverie," "Gift of Passage," "Suite Español," "Bilitis Esseulée," and "Turning Pages." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NINA WIENER AND DANCERS—Performing a new full-length work, "Wind Devil." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2.)



BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY OF ISRAEL—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Program I: Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 8; and Monday, Dec. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, Dec. 8, and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7:30.)

MARK MORRIS—With his company, in the first of two programs of his own works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 8-10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **ZE'EVA COHEN AND DANCERS:** Wednesday, Nov. 30, and Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2. . . . **HANNAH KAHN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Dec. 1, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives *that are subject to last-minute change; it is* therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and his trio, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, pianist **JIM MC NEELY'S** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which all convey, with help from Miss Dearie's detached delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hepness (or hipness) and what now seems more like innocence. Concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

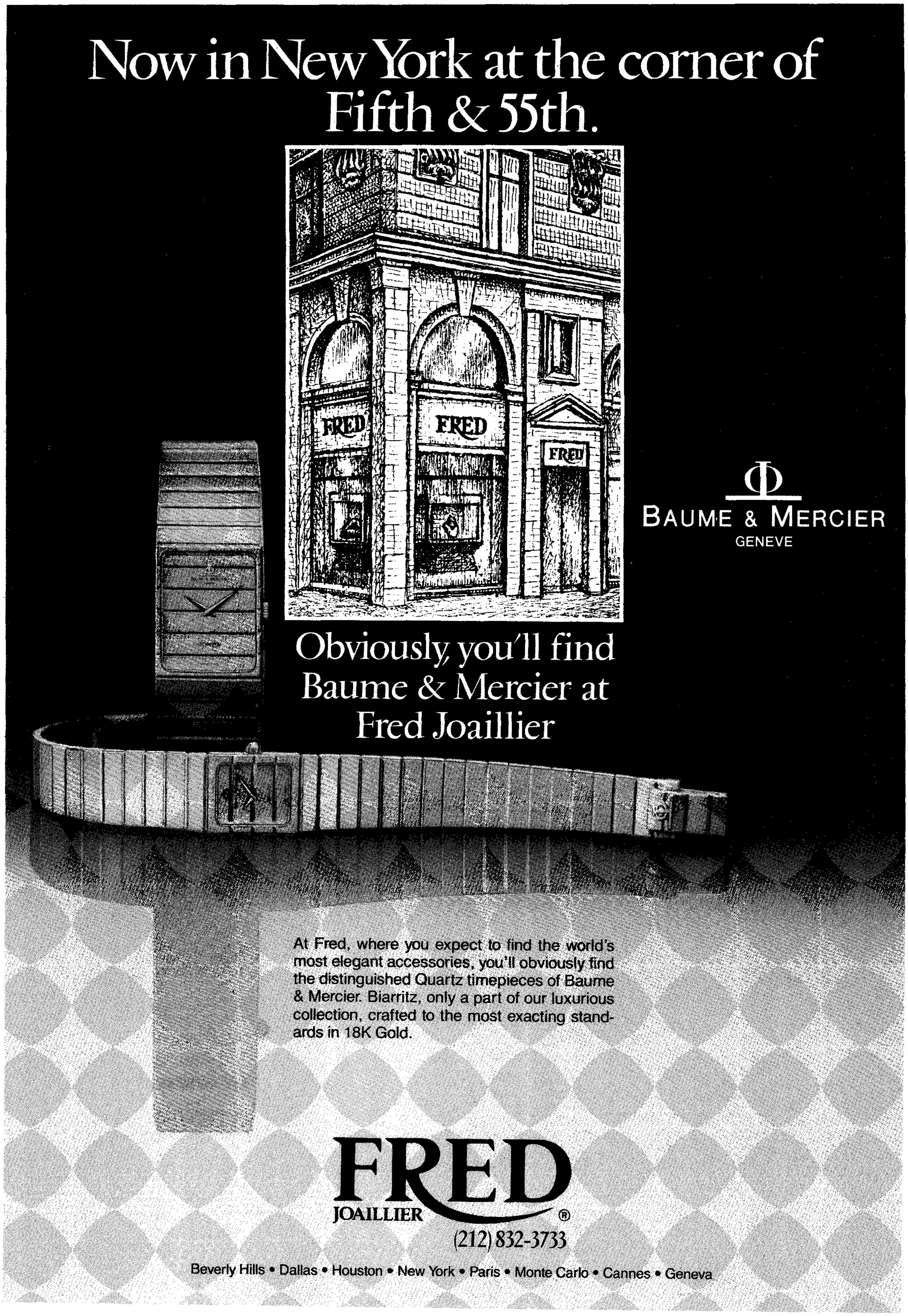
BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Bassist **RAY BROWN** and vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** co-pilot their quartet through Sunday, Dec. 4; Monday, Dec. 5, will belong to the visiting California-based **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI—LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND;** and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will arrive. Music from nine-thirty. On Fridays and Saturdays, trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Thursday, Dec. 1, drummer Ginger Baker's band; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, jazz-funk pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH;** Sunday and Monday, Dec. 4-5, folkies **KATE** and **ANNA MC GARRIGLE;** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, rock guitarist **NILS LOFGREN;** Friday, Dec. 9, country folkie **JOHN HARTFORD;** and Saturday, Dec. 10, Pieces of a Dream. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York duos: pianist **JOHN O'NEIL** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Dec. 3, and pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** beginning Monday, Dec. 5. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but world weary when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the saddle in the



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Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebob pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Nov. 30, Ice 9, All Clear, and 84 Rooms; Thursday, Dec. 1, the Lustres, Service, and the Dickies; Friday, Dec. 2, Hi Fi Tie, Nonpareil, and Crossfire Choir; Saturday, Dec. 3, Human Switchboard and the Academy; Sunday, Dec. 4, the Crucifix, the Agnostic Front, and the Virus; and Tuesday, Dec. 6, Pianosaurus and La *Dolce Vita. Monday is showcase night.* Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, **ALBERTA HUNTER** sings here; and Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty, Laura Theodore sings here. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Nov. 30, Norman Kennedy; Saturday, Dec. 3, the Mac Benford Band; Wednesday, Dec. 7, Peter Bellamy; and Saturday, Dec. 10, the Cranberry Lake Jug Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Dec. 4, will be claimed by Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera *House. Mondays belong to Ed Polcer's quintet;* the Bill Simon and George Simon quartet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** quintet can be heard until Sunday, Dec. 4; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, violinist Noel Pointer will come in. The *first set begins about nine. Dining.* Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Nov. 30, Certain Generals and Urban Guerrillas; Friday, Dec. 2, guitarists **JOHN FAHEY** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN;** Saturday, Dec. 3, Kinky Friedman; Sunday, Dec. 4, Jane Brucker; Monday, Dec. 5, Lynn Samuels; Wednesday, Dec. 7, the Rain People and the Trypes; Friday, Dec. 9, Catskill Mountain musicians **HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM;** and Saturday, Dec. 10, Tom Pacheco. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS;** *Friday and Saturday,* Dec. 2-3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and his trio; Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 4-7, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 8-10, singer **JOE LEE WILSON** and keyboard man **MICKEY TUCKER.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 4, guitarist Matt McErlean's trio; Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 7-Dec. 11, the Kitt Moran trio; Mondays pianist Baba Motta with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups perform from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Emme Kemp has the same hours on Sundays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** is here through Saturday, Dec. 3, and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, **ART HODES,** who's partial to blues, rags, and Gershwin and Carmichael (Hoagy, that is) tunes, will move in. **DICK HYMAN** drops in on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to piano-bass teams. Michael Moriarty, singer, pianist, and actor, works with bassist Marc Johnson through Saturday, Dec. 3; Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 6-10, will be given over to elegant pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE;** and the Sunday and Monday men are, as always, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and singer **MARIA MULDAUR;** Tuesday, Dec. 6, the Trend; Wednesday, *Dec. 7, blues-harp virtuoso* **JAMES COTTON** and blues singer-guitarist **BROWNIE MC GHEE;** and Thursday, Dec. 8, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Wednesday, Nov. 30, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD** leads a quintet; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 1-4, will be given over to the group Kilimanjaro; and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and *his macho Latin-jazz quintet, which will feature* trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI,** will take over. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), performs through Saturday, Dec. 3; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL—JACKIE & ROY** to their ardent admirers—will begin singing some sublime jazz duets. Music from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The *hippest spot on Columbus Avenue,* which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 30, Marc Sadane; Thursday, Dec. 1, Darryl Foster; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA;** Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 5-6, Marc Sadane; Wednesday, Dec. 7, Clive Stevens & Brainchild; Thursday, Dec. 8, Darryl Foster; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 30, the Shakes, the Silent Men, and the One; Thursday, Dec. 1, J'zzing, the Nults, and the Minx; Friday, Dec. 2, Spellbound, Pep in the Cat, and the Tapes; Saturday, Dec. 3, Maiden America, the Walk, and Josie Kuhn; Monday, Dec. 5, Offhand Smokeless, Section 8, and Zipperz; Tuesday, Dec. 6, comedienne Nancy Parker, Radio Free Comedy, and Premises Premises; Wednesday, Dec. 7, the Tickets, the Broken Promises, and Spinout; Thursday, Dec. 8, J.G. & the Initials, the Hometown Rockers, and No Vacancies; Friday, *Dec. 9, Bill Chinnock* and the Push-Ups; and Saturday, Dec. 10, Linda Webb. Sundays are claimed by singer-bassist Rockin' Rob Stoner, and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Saturday, Dec. 3, E.S.G.; Friday, Dec. 9, Panther Burns and the Gun Club; and Saturday, Dec. 10, 999. Live music from way past your bedtime. Recorded music for dancing on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and N.Y.U. nights on Tuesdays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER,** trumpeter, arranger, and Professor of the Bounce, guides his septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, *sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday and* Friday Dec. 1-2, UB-40; Saturday, Dec. 3, the Romantics; Thursday, Dec. 8, Danny Spanos; and Saturday, Dec. 10, the Suburbs. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: drummer **ART TAYLOR,** bassist **RON CARTER,** saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS,** *and trumpeter* **CLARK TERRY** *through* Sunday, Dec. 4; Monday, Dec. 5, **CHARLIE HADEN & THE LIBERATION ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, Dec. 6, Mike Boltz; Wednesday, Dec. 7, a band called Daniella, which features pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND;** Thursday, Dec. 8, singer Cathy Salit; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 9-11, **CHARLIE HADEN'S** quartet. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

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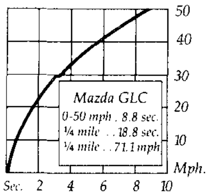

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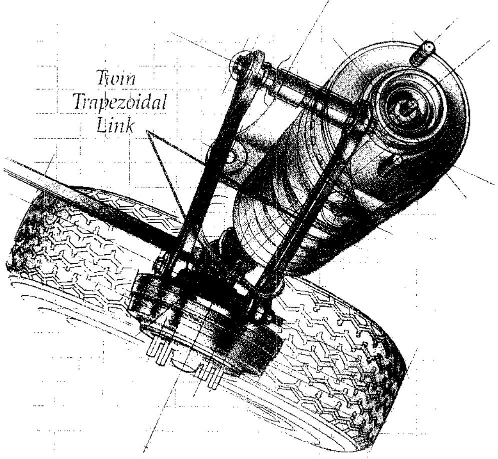

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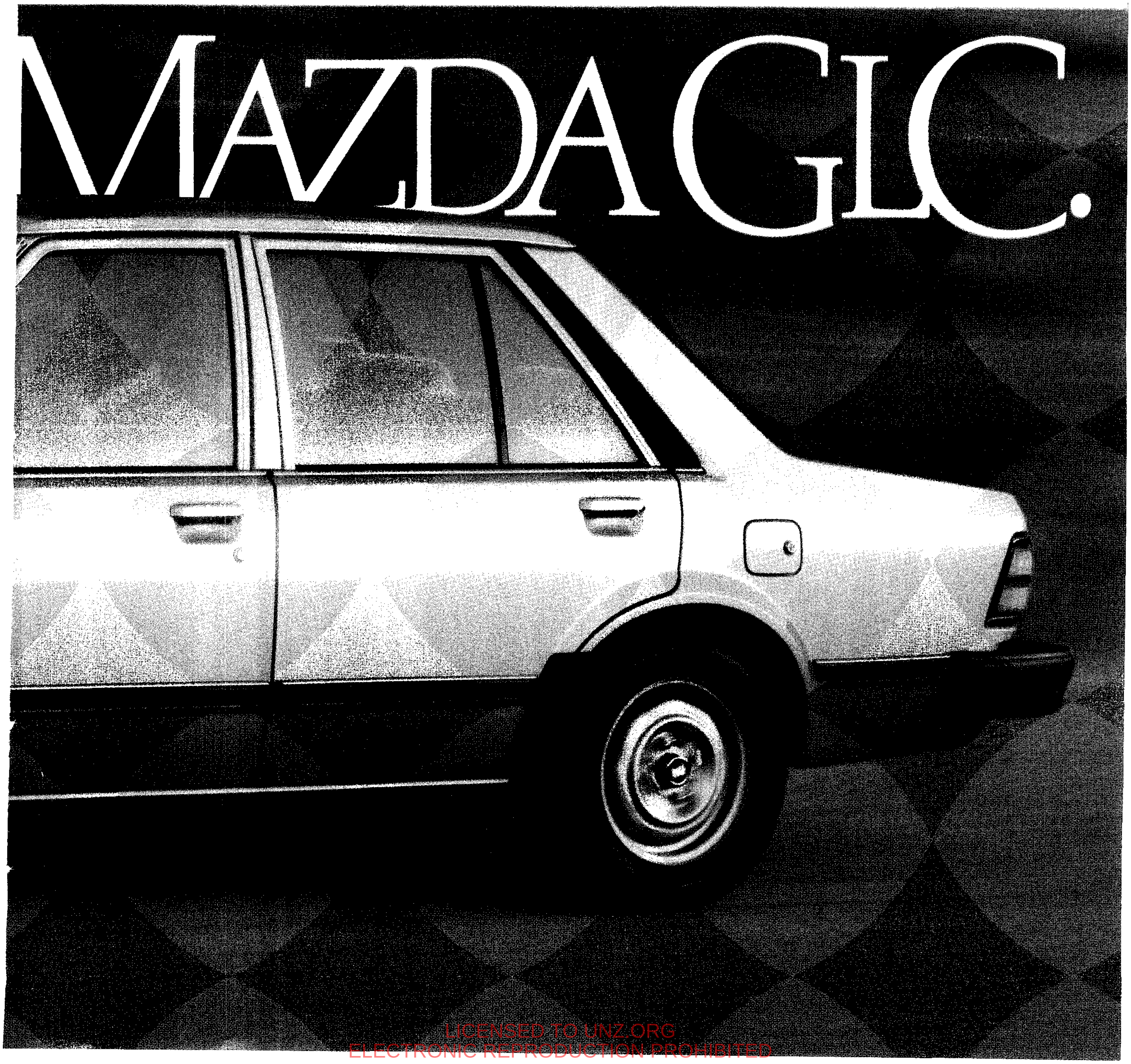

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St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Nov. 30, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTERAMERICAN BAND;** Thursday, Dec. 1, Kimati Dinizulu and **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, and Saturday, Dec. 10 **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, Dec. 4, singer Estrella Acosta; Tuesday, Dec. 6, Cigano; Wednesday, Dec. 7, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Dec. 8, Gumbe Sounds; and Friday, Dec. 9, Brazuca. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT'S** quintet works here through Saturday, Dec. 3; on Sunday, Dec. 4, a group called Riffs will drop by; and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 6-10, Mingus alumni pianist **DON PULLEN** and trumpeter **JACK WALRATH** will perform with a quintet. On Mondays, saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY'S** big band lets loose. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Mondays through Wednesdays belong to Buster Poindexter & the Banshees of Blue. Music after nine.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: On Dec. 5, the great **MACHITO** and **SOMOS MUSICA** will be present, along with guest soloist **DIZZY GILLESPIE.** On Fridays and Saturdays flutists **HERBIE MANN** and **DAVE VALENTIN** will co-pilot a quintet at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, Dec. 3. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** still holds forth on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 4; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, saxophonist-composer **JIMMY HEATH** will arrive with trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and a quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music after ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** performs through Sunday, Dec. 4, and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, Brazilian singer Leny Andrade will move in. Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. The musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 30, Hank Johnson; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 1-4, Tom Charlap; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 5-7, Esther Blue; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 8-11, Sarah Nagourney and Joy Askewu. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday, Nov. 30, will belong to bassist Tommy Palmer's trio. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. **JACK WILKINS,** a gifted, flashy guitarist, works with pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** through Saturday, Dec. 3; on Monday, Dec. 5, pianist Jim Roberts will take over with bassist Brian Torff. Sundays are the property of pianist **JOHN BUNCH.** Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

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KLEZMORIM—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7 and 10.

MICHAEL FRANKS—With Flora Purim. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.

SPYRO GYRA—With Tania Maria. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

JAMES NEWTON—With Frank Wess, Henry Threadgill, and Lloyd McNeill. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

MALCOLM DALGLISH, GREY LARSEN, AND PETE SUTHERLAND—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 6.

AC/DC—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.

OLIVER LAKE—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.

JERRY GARCIA BAND—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 and 11.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.

BENEFIT CONCERTS—At the Jazz Center of New York—Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: Kirk Nurock and Jane Ira Bloom. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7: Tom Briggs. (380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT BARIBEAU / ROSAMOND BERG—Abstract paintings incorporating the artist's dream house. / Boxes in which tiny cloth sacks, neatly tied up, are arranged in multiple rows. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Childhood memories of rural North Carolina are captured in these new works, done in oil with collage, a new procedure for this veteran artist. Through Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

BERNARD CATHELIN—Scenes of Venice, flowers in vases, and nudes painted in soft colors, more with a palette knife than with brushes. The artist is French. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

BRUNO CIVITICO—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and allegorical subjects. Through Dec. 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present; some of them were presented to his special favorites among them. Through Jan. 20. (Feigen, in a new home, at 113 E. 79th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

YUN GEE (1906-63)—Paintings from the twenties and thirties which are linked stylistically with Synchromism. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Impressions of America in paintings and drawings from the sixties and seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays.)

ROLF ISELI—Recent works. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Hard-edge abstractions in brilliant colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HARRIET KORMAN—Abstractions in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Two shows of works from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso (drawings at Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St., through Saturday, Dec. 3; and prints at the *Brooklyn Museum*), and a third exhibit highlighting the artist (thirteen oils and a bronze) but also representing a number of his peers—Braque, Léger, Archipenko, and others—at Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; *through Dec. 23.*

GEORGE RICKEY—Kinetic sculptures from the past three decades, including one new large-scale piece set up in the adjacent sculpture garden. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

HUGO ROBUS (1885-1964)—Figure sculptures in bronze. Through Dec. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—Paintings of Paris, with a caricature of the artist prominent in every one. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JAUNE QUICK-TO-SEE SMITH—Large paintings that amount to maps of Western expanses, with rivers, mountains, camps, and so on represented by Indian symbols, an exception being the artist's horse, which appears as a realistic sketch in all of them. Through Dec. 17. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings by French, Italian, and German artists. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: In a memorial show honoring the late dealer Robert Elkon, twelve or so of the artists he represented (including William Tucker, Edward Avedisian, and Friedl Dzubas) are showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Dec. 30. . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings and watercolors—primarily landscapes and figures—by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English artists (Turner among them) and nineteenth-century French artists (Harpignies). Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An early Feininger watercolor is included in a show of recently acquired works. Through Dec. 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JAKE BERTHOT—Paintings and etchings. Through Thursday, Dec. 8. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—Drawings of figures by a noted draftsman, plus prints and photographs. Through Dec. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Seven oil paintings executed in the mid-seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

RUSSELL COWLES (1887-1979)—A memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who experimented with a number of styles. Through

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Dec. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstractions in oil. Through Dec. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Early, pre-abstract paintings dated 1913-19. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A couple of Davis's later, more familiar works, and paintings in styles related to his (by Lichtenstein and Sugarman, for instance), are on view at the downtown Washburn gallery, 113 Greene St.

Martin Disler—Semi-abstract figurative paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alan Falk / Margo Barnes—Paintings of beach scenes and resort areas, partly real and partly imaginary. / Lush, summery vegetation in the backwoods of the Hamptons, rendered in oils. Through Dec. 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco / Richard Nonas—Watercolor-cutout snippets—two or three layers of them—fixed in the middle of large sheets of paper and looking something like pinwheels. / Chunky sculptures, cut with a torch from three-by-eight-inch steel bars or sawed from heavy timbers. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler / Kenneth Noland—Large-scale paintings. Through Dec. 31. (A second group of paintings will go on view Tuesday, Dec. 6.) / Monotypes. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1882-1946) / **Abraham Walkowitz** (1878-1965)—Portraits of family and friends from the twenties. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elisabeth Frink—Works by this British sculptor, including colossal bronzes of stern visages as impassive as the Easter Island monoliths. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtöff—Hard-edge semi-abstract works in pencil and acrylic depicting the Brooklyn Bridge, the sea, and the Greek ruins at Paestum. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Large abstract paintings in which the subordinate (and legible) components include details of figures and flowers and bones. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Hogarth (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St.)

Judith Hudson / David Craven—Still-lifes consisting of, say, a torn-off piece of bread, a bitten peach, a knife, all set widely apart on a background of exceptionally rich colors. / Stylized figures, usually in violent motion, whose outlines are sometimes strips of collage and sometimes elongated brushstrokes. Through Dec. 17. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Donald Judd—Early works, mostly, including paintings that show his bent toward sculpture, and the first box piece he constructed. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sherrie Levine—Watercolors derived from modern masters—Léger, Mondrian, de Kooning—as seen in the color plates of art books. Through Dec. 22. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leo Manso—Collage paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tom Otterness—Drawings by this sculptor include a huge horse rampant, done directly on the wall, and a number of smaller works, some of them earthy. Through Dec. 17. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Reed / Richard DeVore—Long, narrow, horizontal abstract paintings. / Half a dozen specimens of this potter's work. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Brightly colored shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Paintings dated from 1938 to the year of his death. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

James Valerio—Large figurative paintings of an intensely realist nature, plus related drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Édouard Vuillard (1868-1940)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

George Woodman—Pattern paintings of floral and human forms, a painted screen, and a maquette for a mural. Through Jan. 7. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mac Adams—Small bronze hooded figures, mostly, one of them standing in a boat and brandishing an oar at a man struggling in the water alongside. Through Tuesday, Dec. 6. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Eleanor Antin—This artist's latest fantasy work revolves around a medieval loser—a quixotic knight in armor called "El Desdichado," the Unlucky One, who is almost life-size and made of corrugated cardboard, as are his horse and his surroundings—a castle, a moat, a tumbril, a hanging tree with victims, and assorted incidental characters. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Beauchamp / Joseph Piccillo—New paintings, in which the artist creates his own brand of Neo-Expressionism. / Meticulously rendered charcoal drawings, many based on turn-of-the-century photographs. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

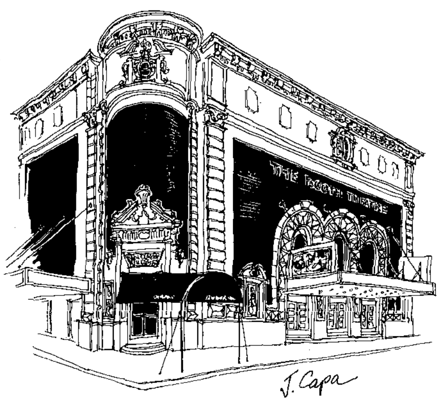
Jonathan Borofsky—A circuslike installation in which thirteen lumpen figures, made of wood and larger than life, stand around chattering (literally, via audio devices fixed to their chins) and gawking at the artist's other new works, which include several big paintings and a kinetic ballerina with a sad clown's face. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Abstract wall sculptures (like three-dimensional Mondrians) made of wood, tiles, bricks, and the like, by an artist who also constructs big outdoor pieces. Through Dec. 17. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Nancy Dwyer—Stylized drawings of contemporary figures done for the most part in cutout aluminum set on various backgrounds—carpeting, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Leonard Koscianski / Reverend Howard Finster—Savage dogs, pouncing eagles, and frightened pigs are the subjects of these oil paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. / Visionary paintings and objects inscribed with such statements as "Hell is no place for nice people." Through Dec. 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Li-Lan / Hai Knafo—Paintings that are oversize trompe-l'oeil representations of sheets of legal-pad paper, ledgers, etc. / Dollar bills—seven hundred and eighty-eight of them—folded (like origami) in such a way that the Treasury's engraving makes decorative patterns. The artist is an Israeli-American. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)



Lizbeth Mitty—*Textured paintings of parks in* lower Manhattan and of some of Brooklyn's red-brick row houses. Through Dec. 31. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Helen Soreff—Abstract drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 23. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Barbara Strasen—Landscapes represented through a combination of photographs and acrylic paint. Through Dec. 17. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 14. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Open until 7.)

Philip Wofford—Large, tumultuous abstract paintings in which symbols from numerous sources are mingled—Egyptian, American Indian, and pre-Columbian, for instance. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works either on or of paper by eight new artists, including Joseph Goodwin's small abstracts and Scott Sherk's striking shadow works in which paper cutouts, deployed on a transparent shelf and lighted from beneath, cast images of landscapes and still-lifes on the wall. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **14 SCULPTORS,** 164 Mercer St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit of works by founding and present members of this coöperative. Accounted for are Margaret Miller, Allan Cyprys, and David Brooks, among others. Through Jan. 7. (Open Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Carl Andre / Mary Heilmann—A single T-shaped carpetlike sculpture composed of a hundred and fifty-two slabs of granite from Quincy, Massachusetts, where Andre grew up, plus photographs of the town and its quarries. / Large, bold abstractions in sharply contrasting colors. Through Dec. 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alfred Leslie—A cross-country road trip led to these landscapes done with varying shades of black watercolor on white paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

David Wojnarowicz—Stencilled images applied with spray paint to Masonite and to found materials such as driftwood by an artist whose themes are sex, drugs, and war. Through Dec. 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Show—The Grey Art Gallery at New York University has chosen from its permanent collection a group of paintings and works on paper (mostly) by twentieth-century artists. Included on the predominantly American roster are Milton Avery, Agnes Martin, Robert Rauschenberg, and Rosemarie Castoro. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Cast-Iron Sculpture—Primarily one-of-a-kind pieces by twenty-one contemporary artists, including Jene Highstein, Jay Wholley, Robert Morris, and Beverly Pepper. Through Dec. 23. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

André Kertész—*Distortion photographs taken by* the artist fifty years ago for the French magazine *Le Sourire.* Through Dec. 17. (Pace-MacGill, a new gallery at 11 E. 57th St.)

Grace Knowlton—*Platinum prints that present* further refinements of her subject—corners.

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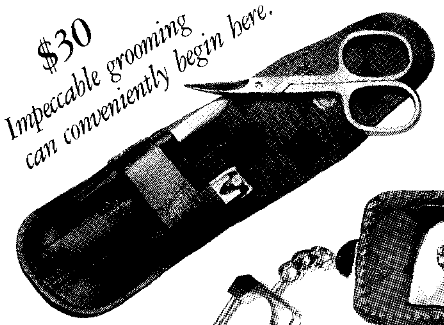

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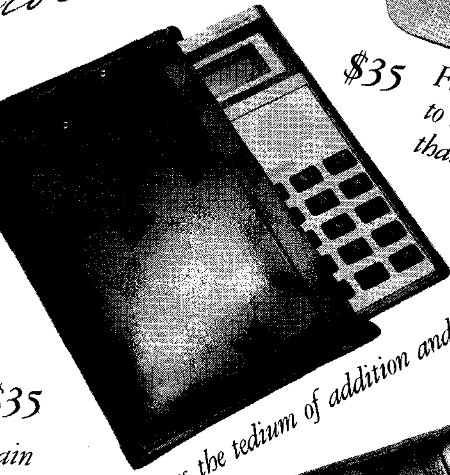

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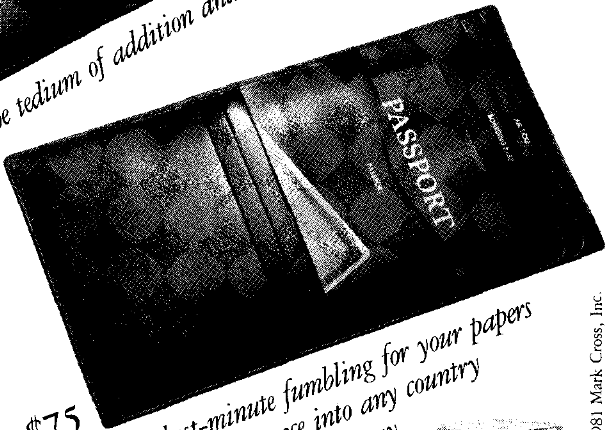

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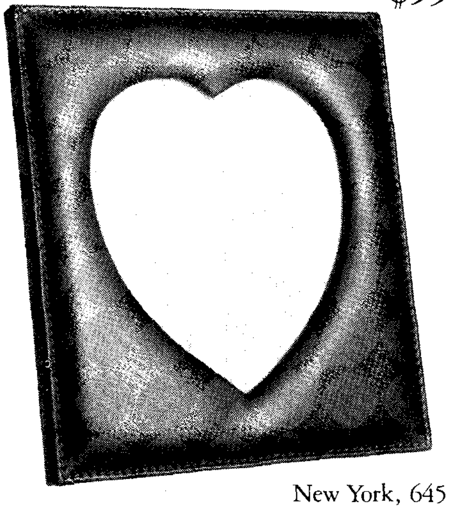

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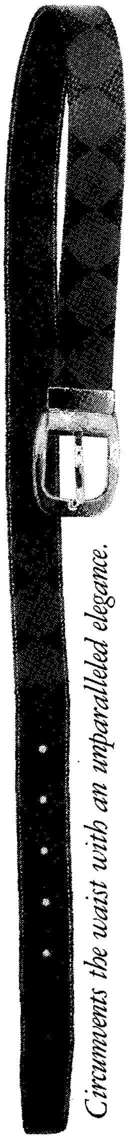

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Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—A variety of works, dated 1979-83, including five photo-intaglio etchings of a single cornflake photographed and enlarged a hundred times. Through Dec. 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Fifty vintage surreal prints. Through Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

Eliot Porter—Photographs of China. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ursula Wolff Schneider (1906-77)—Photographs of Germany in the thirties by a photojournalist. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Aaron Siskind—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Jan. 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—The dioramas at the American Museum of Natural History are the subjects of a series of black-and-white prints. Through Dec. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ruth Thorne-Thomsen—Inventive photographs, made with a pinhole camera, that look like full-size views of their subjects (a leaning tower, pyramids) but are actually views of paper constructions set up on a beach. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—"14 Photographers," a show with ten times that many works, which are either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Through Jan. 24. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings from the museum's collection which are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main reason for a visit just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Dennis Oppenheim's autobiographical installation, "Lecture #1" (completed in the seventies), is set up in the lobby gallery as a theatrical vignette in which the main character is a survivor of a conspiracy to wipe out the avant-garde art world. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative fabric, puppets, looms, etc. Through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by close to threescore artists (Wolf Kahn, Ed Paschke, and Susan Rothenberg among them) have been mounted in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute and donated to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jack Tworkov, and sculptures by Theodore Roszak and José de Creeft. Both shows through Dec. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ A group of ornamental silver objects (many of them overlaid with a thin coat of gold) created by European goldsmiths during the Renaissance and after. From the Schroder Collection of Great Britain. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera's hundredth birthday is the occasion for a tribute that is centered on memorabilia from productions held when the company resided on Broadway (such as a Worth gown designed for "La Traviata"). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

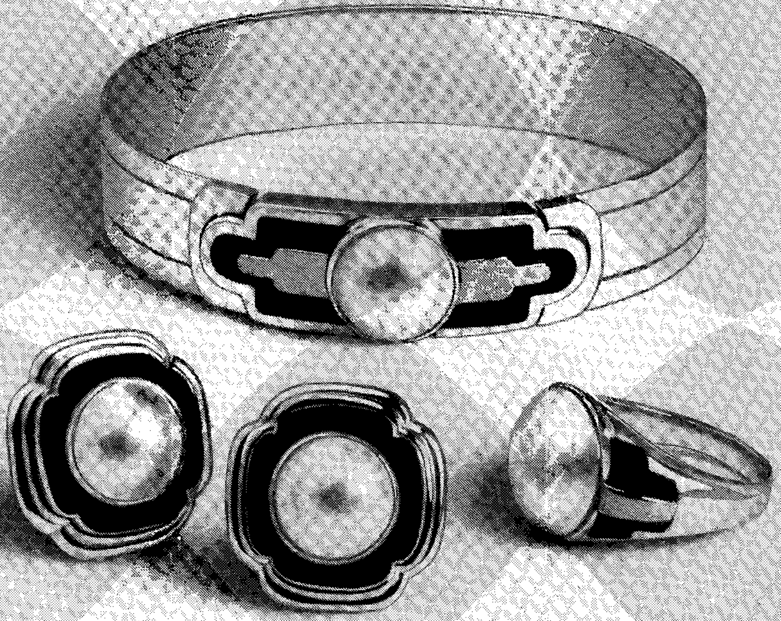
National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members (such as Asher B. Durand, Thomas Eakins, and Andrew Wyeth) provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours:

Cartier



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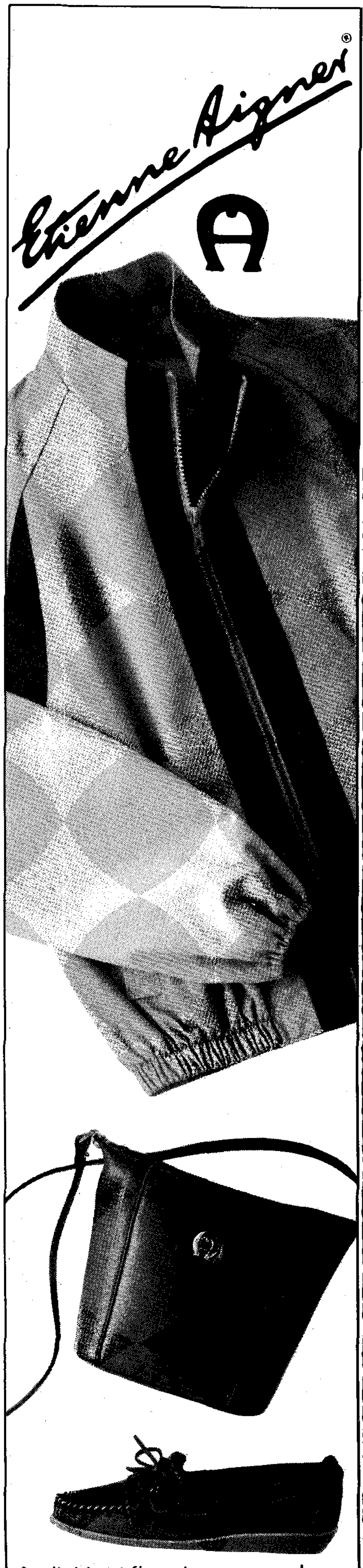

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, *and so on.*)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Among three current exhibitions is one of geometric drawings by Ernst Benkert. Through Saturday, Dec. 3.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Lenora Champagne (performance), Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; Barbara Duyfjes (performance), Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Tim Buckley and the Twisters (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 1-4, at 8:30; Yoshiko Chuma & the School of Hard Knocks (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 8-11, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Rosario Andrade, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, Richard Fredricks, and Gösta Winbergh; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Gail Robinson, Patricia Craig, William Lewis, and Morley Meredith; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Ernani," with Adelaide Negri, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 5, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Ernani," with Adelaide Negri, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Johanna Meier, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Nicole Lorange, Richard Fredricks, and Ezio Flagello; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Johanna Meier, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine.

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing performances of a medieval pageant, "Daniel and the Lions," with a French text. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4, at 4; Friday, Dec. 9, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 10-11, at 4. For tickets, call 666-2133.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Bohème." Staged by Graziella Sciutti, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 8-10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist on Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Slatkin conducting on Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30 (all with Cecile Licad, piano).

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Andrew Davis conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8, a Berlioz-Brahms-Prokofieff program, with Alexander Toradze, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8, a Mahler-Mozart program, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting Tchaikovsky's "The Nutcracker," with Martin and Janet Bookspan, narrators. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting a Saint-Saëns-Beethoven program, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting a program of contemporary music, with Jane Bryden, Kim Wheeler, and Pamela Wood Ambush, all sopranos; Alan Feinberg and Ursula Oppens, piano; and Linda Wilson, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting, with Victor Zlobinsky, oboe. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Symphony—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first two of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Richard Crist and Michael Burt, basses; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catherine Melhorn and Kendall Rafter directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a program of holiday music, with Peter, Paul & Mary and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 8.)

New England Conservatory Chorus and Orchestra—Lorna Cooke deVaron and Daniel Lewis directing an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Philharmonia Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing Parts IV-VI of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with George Stauffer, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the second in a series of four programs of Renaissance and twentieth-century music, this one called "A Festival of Carols." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Irma Costanzo—Classical guitarist, with Gerardo Levy, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Ralph Votapek—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Scott Jackson Wiley—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

William Black—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Mignon Dunn—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Martha Anne Verbit—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music by Edgard Varèse, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, a Mozart-Hindemith-Dvořák program. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Walter Ponce and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 5.) . . . ¶ The Emerson String Quartet; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Lee Luvisi, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Leo Castelli Gallery, 142 Greene St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music from Japan—A program called "East Meets West: New Japanese and American Music," performed by the New York Quintet, the Kronos Quartet, and others. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—The third in a series of six programs, this one with Beverly Hoch, soprano; Daniel Phillips, violin; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—The first in a series of three concerts. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Dorian Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Keith Jarrett—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The third in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Syoko Aki, violin; Robert Nagel, trumpet; Paul Ingraham, horn; John Swallow, trombone; Thompson Hanks, tuba; and Joan Panetti, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Kavkazi—A trio performing traditional vocal and instrumental music of the Caucasus. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Taite Walkonen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:15.)

Alison Deane, Arturo Delmoni, and Richard Locker—Piano, violin, and cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

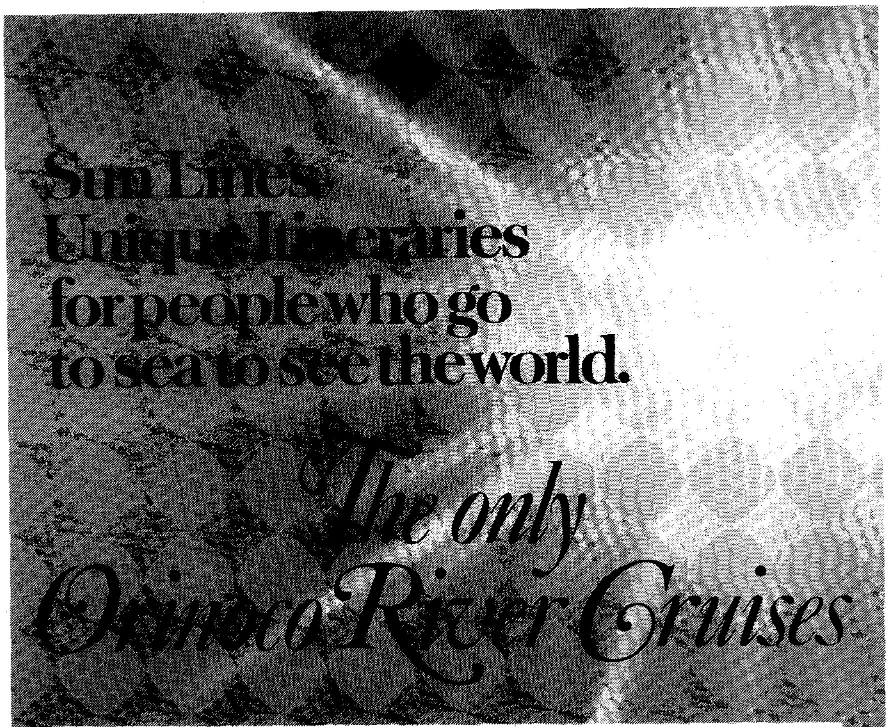
Stony Brook Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 5:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin, in an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano. The first in a series of three concerts, this one with Wynton Marsalis, trumpet; Hubert Laws, flute; James Levine, pianist-conductor; and a string ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Colin Carr—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Monique Duphil and Jay Humeston—Piano and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Claudia Stevens, piano, in a program honoring the seventy-fifth birthday of Elliott Carter. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—Chamber music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 551.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Jean-Marie Fournier—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

André Emelianoff—Cello, with Margaret Chalker, soprano, and John Van Buskirk, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Steven and Nadya Gordon—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The inaugural concert by the League's Chamber Players, with Susan Jolles, harp, and Mark Schuman, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Hiroko Yajima, violin; Gary Hoffman, cello; and Diane Walsh, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Linda Eckard—Mezzo-soprano, in a one-hour recital. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman—Violin and piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Richard Goode, piano; Joseph Swensen, violin; and Colin Carr, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

A Tribute to Arthur Rubinstein—Leonard Bernstein, Jerome Lowenthal, Jeffry Kahane, and eleven-year-old Israeli pianist Elisha Abas will perform in this benefit concert for the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Dec. 6. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, DEC. 4:** Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 10:** Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium, at 12:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 7. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Friday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 10. (Games begin at 7:35.)

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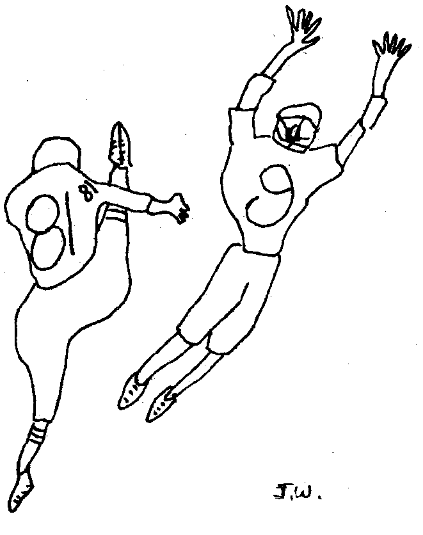
Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—*James Baldwin reading from* his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Dec. 4, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 7: The Ben Heller collection of African tribal art. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 10:15: Paperweights, from the collection of Paul Jokelson. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 2: Tribal art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Bull. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry and watches. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, paintings, and ceramics, together with Japanese and Chinese works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Four sales of Oriental art. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 10: Chinese ceramics and jades. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: The Georges deBatz collection of Chinese ceramics. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 30, at approximately 3: Chinese paintings. . . . Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10 and 2: Chinese furniture, jades, ceramics, and works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 10 and 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 2. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10 and 1: Books, furniture, and decorations, along with paintings and prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 11: Furniture, decorations, and rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 3.



Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 5:30 on Monday, Dec. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Dec. 13 (Boston), Dec. 15 (Chicago), Dec. 17 (Milwaukee), Dec. 25 (Nets), Dec. 28 (Detroit), Jan. 3 (Los Angeles), Jan. 7 (Indiana), and Jan. 9 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The Nets at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Dec. 11 (Denver), Dec. 22 (Dallas), Dec. 28 (Milwaukee), Dec. 30 (Indiana), Jan. 3 (Boston), Jan. 7 (Atlanta), and Jan. 9 (Washington).

Professional Football—Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Dec. 11.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Miami. Dec. 16.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Washington. Dec. 17.)

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Dec. 12 (Devils), Dec. 14 (Edmonton), Dec. 21 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 23 (Chicago), Dec. 30 (Philadelphia), Jan. 4 (Devils), and Jan. 8 (Islanders). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Dec. 13 (Edmonton), Dec. 15 (Detroit), Dec. 17 (Rangers), Dec. 20 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 22 (Washington), Jan. 3 (Boston), Jan. 7 (Chicago), and Jan. 10 (Devils). . . . ¶ The Devils at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Dec. 20 (Montreal), Dec. 23 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 27 (St. Louis), Dec. 29 (Detroit), Dec. 31 (Washington), and Jan. 6 (Pittsburgh).

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Dec. 10-March 13.

Skating—Mita Pro Skate Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 10-11).

Tennis—Volvo Masters. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 10-15.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 21 . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 12 and 14. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 28. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 11 and Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys and Men's Choir, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, *Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Or*chestra, Dec. 17-18. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Emanuel Ax, piano, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 11-13 and Jan. 6 and 8. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 17. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Arminda Canteros, piano, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 13-14. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, and Rudd van der Meer, baritone, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 17, 18, 26, 29, and 31. . . . ¶ Minoru Nojima, piano, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Robert Silverman, piano, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, Jan. 9. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 6.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A comedy by Michael Frayn, "Noises Off," with Dorothy Loudon, Brian Murray, and Paxton Whitehead. . . . ¶ Peggy Lee will star in her own autobiographical musical, "Peg," with original songs by Paul Horner and herself to supplement her standard repertoire. . . . ¶ Tom Stoppard's new London comedy, "The Real Thing," with Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Sundays; Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2, will be holidays. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due on Monday, Jan. 16.

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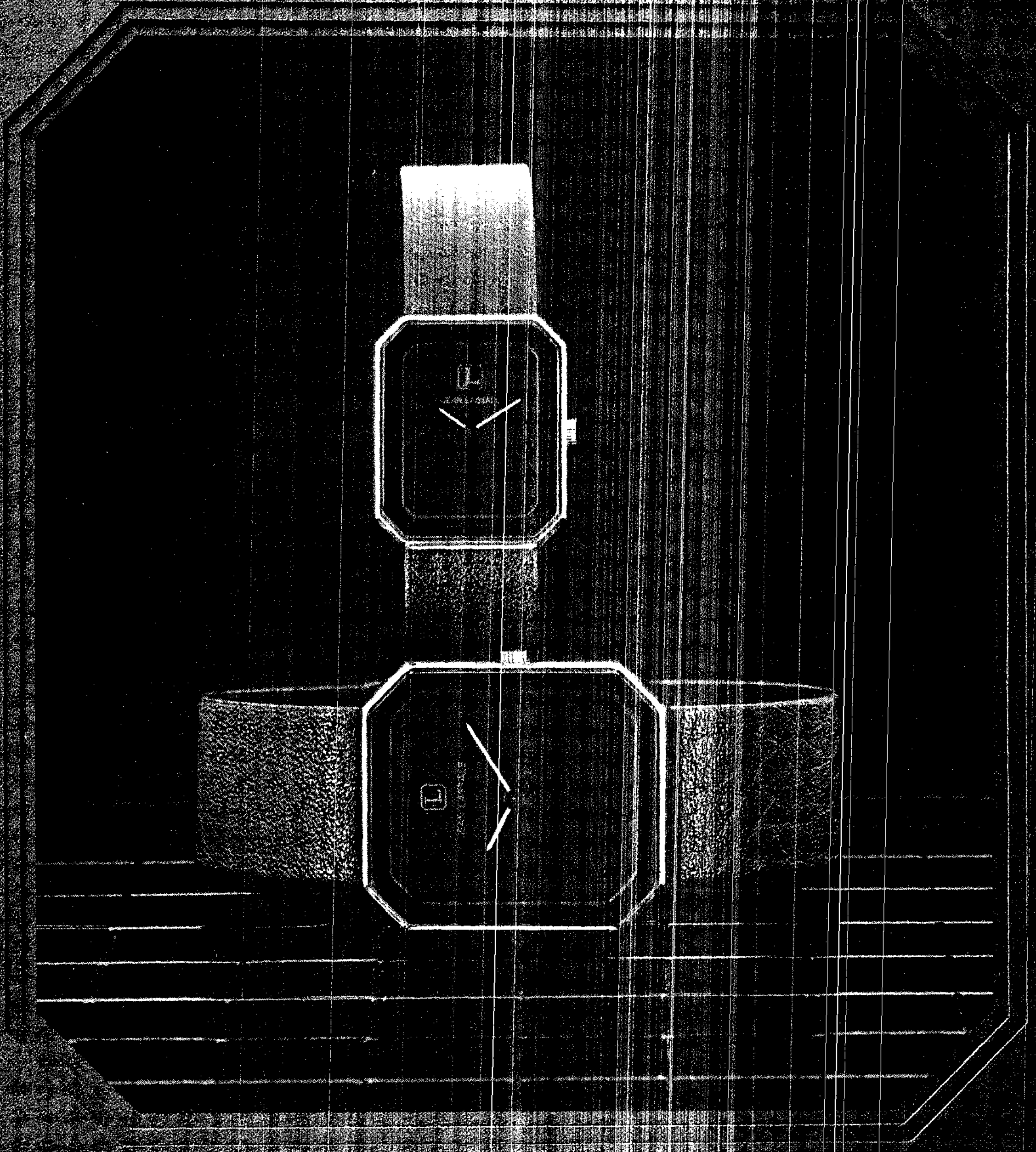

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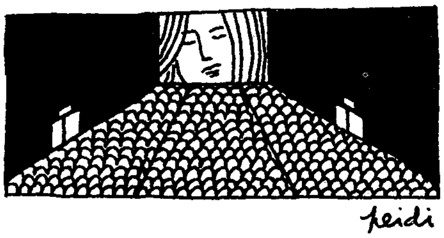
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A two-week retrospective of dance film from 1894 to 1983.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Never Cry Wolf" (directed by Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 1: "Zelig" (†); and "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 8: A festival of gay films.
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 3: "Under Fire" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heart Like a Wheel" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 1: "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.
Dec. 2-8: "Making Out."
From Dec. 9: "Piranha 2."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Educating Rita" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 1: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.
From Dec. 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale. Dec. 2-8: "Local Hero" (†). From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: A program of eleven new Italian films. From Dec. 6: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith. From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From Dec. 9: "Scarface."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Dec. 7: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
From Dec. 8: "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 1: "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.
Dec. 2-8: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.
From Dec. 9: "Piranha 2."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "The Big Score" (Fred Williamson), with Williamson. From Dec. 2: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.
Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 1: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Rockaby" (1982; directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary with Billie Whitelaw and Alan Schneider; and "Joe Chaikin Going On" (Steven Gomer), a documentary with Chaikin, Sam Shepard, and Ronnie Gilbert. From Dec. 7: "First Contact" (Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson); and "Trobriand Cricket" (1975; Jerry W. Leach and Gary Kildea).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Voyage en Douce" (1979; Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin; and "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand. Dec. 2-3: "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Giulio Brogi and Alida Valli; and "Partner" (1968; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti, Stefania Sandrelli, and Tina Aumont. Dec. 4-5: "Peppermint Soda" (†); and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina. Dec. 6: "Annie Hall" (†); and "Opera Prima" (1982; Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina. Dec. 7-8: "Red River" (†) and "The Searchers" (†). Dec. 9-10: "Last Tango in Paris" (†) and "The Conformist" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From Dec. 9: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 4: "Under Fire" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 8: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).
From Dec. 9: Theatre temporarily closed.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Boat People" (Ann Hui; in Chinese), with Lam.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla. From Dec. 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Return Engagement" (Alan Rudolph), a documentary with Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy.
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith. From Dec. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "The Big Chill" (†). From Dec. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 8: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Dec. 9: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory),

with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 1: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale. From Dec. 2: "Flashdance" (†) and "Trading Places" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 1: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson; and "The King of Comedy" (†). Dec. 2-8: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From Dec. 9: "Piranha 2."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson. From Dec. 2: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Theatre 3: "Risky Business" (†).

Theatre 4: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.

Theatre 5: Through Dec. 8: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver. From Dec. 9: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).

Theatre 4: "Flashdance" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Terms of Endearment" (James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark. From Dec. 2: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Theatre temporarily closed.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through Dec. 1: A program of fourteen new Spanish films.

From Dec. 2 "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. From Dec. 9: "Piranha 2."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "7 Doors of Death" (Louis Fuller), with Katherine MacColl; and "Making Out." From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From Dec. 9: "Scarface."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "The Right Stuff" (†). From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "The Big Score" (Fred Williamson), with Williamson. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306); theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

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"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Vassa" (1983; Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 1: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.

Dec. 2-3: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Dec. 4-6: "Zardoz" (†); and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

Dec. 7-8: "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie, Pat Quinn, and James Broderick.

Dec. 9-10: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Nov. 30: "A Farewell to Arms" (1958; Charles Vidor), with Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, and Vittorio De Sica; and "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert.

Dec. 1: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.

Dec. 2-3: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Dec. 4: "Pal Joey" (†); and "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

Dec. 5: "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance; and "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952; Daniel Mann), with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel.

Dec. 6: "Bad Day at Black Rock" (†); and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.

Dec. 7: "Stalag 17" (†); and "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

Dec. 8: "Friendly Persuasion" (†); and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.

Dec. 9-10: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Nov. 30: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush.

Dec. 1-3: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

Dec. 4-5: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

Dec. 6-7: "The Four Musketeers" (1975; Richard Lester), with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York; and "The Duellists" (†).

Dec. 8-10: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 1: "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.

Dec. 2-3: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Dec. 4: "Gandhi" (†).

Dec. 5-6: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).

Dec. 7-8: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action musical film; and "Wizards" (†).

Dec. 9-10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Nov. 30: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier.

Dec. 1: "The Battle of Chile, Parts I and II" (1976; Patricio Guzmán).

Dec. 2: "WarGames" (1983; John Badham), with Matthew Broderick, Dabney Coleman, and Ally Sheedy; and "Blue Thunder" (1983; John Badham), with Roy Scheider, Warren Oates, Malcolm McDowell, and Daniel Stern.

Dec. 3: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Dec. 4: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.

Dec. 5: "Eboli" (†).

Dec. 6: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†); and "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine.

Dec. 7: "Distant Thunder" (†) and "Devi" (†).

Dec. 8: "The Battle of Chile, Part III" (1976; Patricio Guzmán); and "The Promised Land" (1974; Miguel Littin; in Spanish).

Dec. 9: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Carnal Knowledge" (†).

Dec. 10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie,

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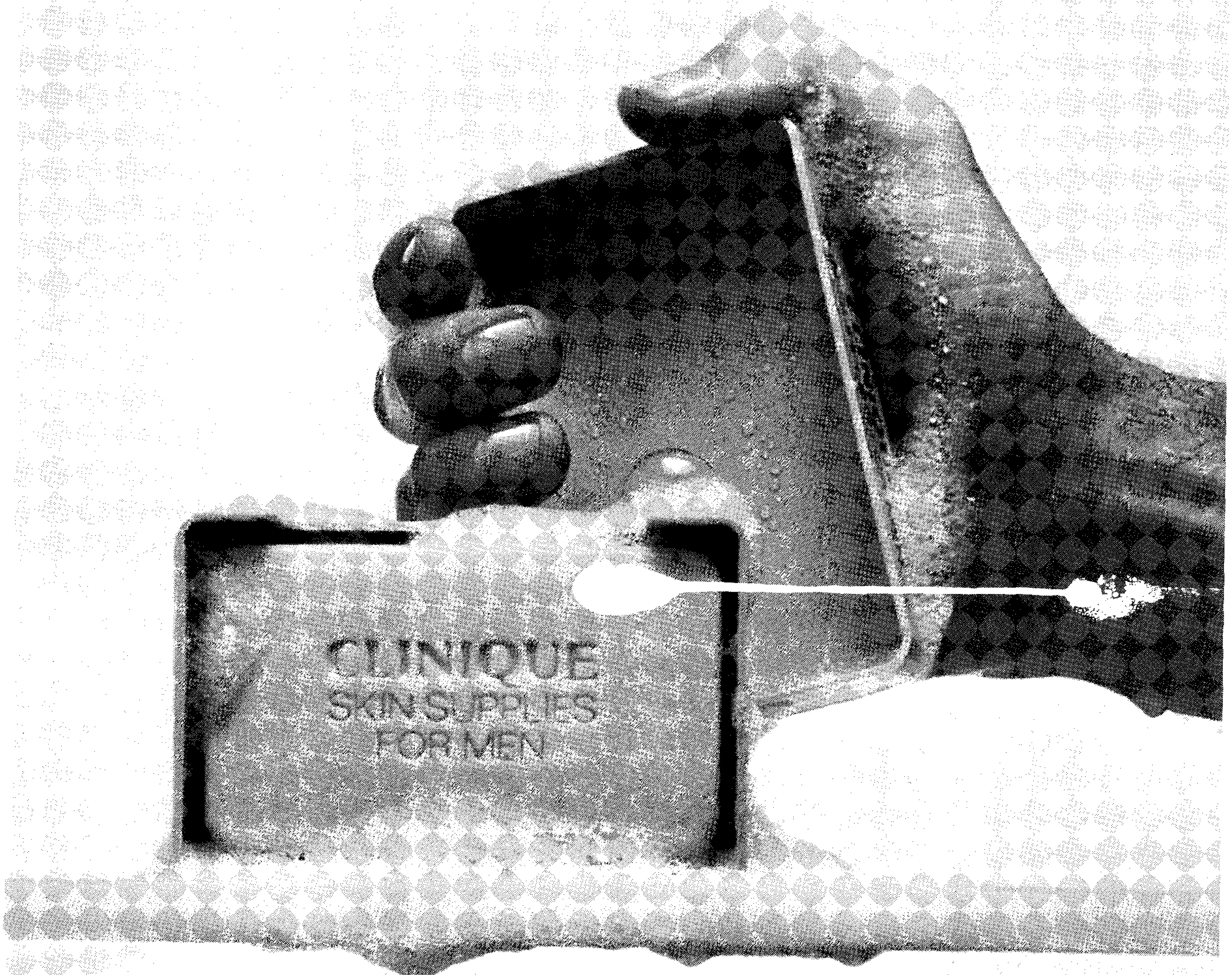

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Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Walkabout" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 30: "The Whisperers" (1967; Bryan Forbes), with Edith Evans and Eric Portman; and "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.

Dec. 1-3: "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.

Dec. 4-5: "Fire Over England" (†); and "South Riding" (1938; Victor Saville), with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson.

Dec. 6-7: "The L-Shaped Room" (†) and "10 Rillington Place" (†).

Dec. 8-10: "Richard III" (1956; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 30: "Zatoichi's Rescue" (1967; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese); and "The Master Hand" (1973; Hiromitsu Horikawa; in Japanese).

Dec. 1: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Forbidden Games" (1952; Réne Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

Dec. 2-3: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

Dec. 4: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa, and Leo Genn; and "Nana" (1957; Christian-Jaque; in French), with Martine Carol and Charles Boyer.

Dec. 5: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

Dec. 6: "Mon Oncle" (1958; in French), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and "In the Company of Max Linder," a compilation film.

Dec. 7: "Five Bounty Hunters" (1969; Eichi Kudo; in Japanese); and "The Legend of the Wicked in Japan" (1971; Shinji Murayama; in Japanese).

Dec. 8: "The Great Moment" (†); and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Dec. 9-10: "The Knight" (1980; Lech J. Majewski; in Polish); and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 30: "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Dec. 1: "Cabin in the Cotton" (1932; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis and Richard Barthelmess; and "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone.

Dec. 2-3: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Dec. 4: "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

Dec. 5: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Dec. 6: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (†); and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

Dec. 7: "Detective Story" (†); and "Ace in the Hole" ("The Big Carnival;" 1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

Dec. 8: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

Dec. 9: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

From Dec. 10: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Kiez" (1983; directed by Walter Bockmayer and Rolf Bührmann; in German, with English subtitles), with Wolf-Dietrich Sprenger, Katja Rupe, and Brigitte Janner. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Milo Barus, der Stärkste Mann der Welt" (1982; Henning Stegmüller; in German, with English subtitles), with Günter Lamprecht, Horst Haspe, and Assi Reintgen. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "System Ohne Schatten" (1983; Rudolf Thome; in German, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz, Hanns Zischler, and Dominique Laffin. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: A program of animated films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Cherkasov. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: A program of animated films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "Kiez." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "Alexander Nevsky." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "System Ohne Schatten." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5 and Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Dédée d'Anvers" (1948; Yves Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Marcel Dalio, and Bernard Blier. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: A program of short works by Ernie Gehr, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Natalie Wood. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "Land of Look Behind" (1982; Alan Greenberg), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "The Creation of Woman" (1960; Charles Schwep); and "The Householder" (1963; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: "The Courtesans of Bombay" (1983; Ismail Merchant), with Saeed Jaffrey; and excerpts from "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jessica Tandy. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1974; Ismail Merchant); and "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975; James Ivory), with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (1980; James Ivory), with Anne Baxter, Robert Powell, and Sean Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at noon: "Spaces: The Architecture of Paul Rudolph" (1983; Bob Eisenhardt); and "Making Music: The Emerson String Quartet" (1982; Robert and Marjory Potts). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor, Felicity Kendal, and Geoffrey Kendal. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: "Roseland" (1977; James Ivory), with Geraldine Chaplin, Christopher Walken, Teresa Wright, Lilia Skala, and Lou Jacobi. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Primarily Speaking" (1981-83), an audiovisual environment by Gary Hill. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Film Forum; Dec. 6.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—The title suggests a banal Western, but this film was actually the first to bring up the wartime outrages committed against Japanese-Americans (treated also in 1960 by Phil Karlson's "Hell to Eternity"). The story is set in the mythical southwestern town of Black Rock, where the inhabitants are bound together by the guilty secret of their mistreatment of a Japanese farmer; on this bad day, a one-armed stranger (Spencer Tracy) arrives and begins to ask questions. Though the script, by Millard Kaufman, is crudely melodramatic, the film is a stunning example of movie craftmanship. The work of the director, John Sturges, is exact and economical, and the cinematographer, William C. Mellor, uses the wide CinemaScope frame so that there's an unusual amount of graphic tension in the compositions. With Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, Anne Francis, John Ericson, Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 6.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 8.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—Jules Feiffer, who wrote the screenplay, had what sounds like a promising idea: to take two college roommates in the mid-nineteen-forties and follow their sexual attitudes and activities through to their middle age in the early seventies. But Feiffer rigged the case and wrote a grimly purposeful tract on depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in the director Mike Nichols' cold, slick style, the movie is like a neon sign spelling out the soullessness of neon. Glowering Jack Nicholson (who becomes a tax lawyer) is a jock with a big-breast fixation, and we watch him over the years yelling at his mistress, Ann-Margret, and exploding in frustration as he becomes more and more impotent, until finally he's being lied to and serviced by a prostitute (Rita Moreno). Arthur Garfunkel (who becomes a doctor) is a mild drip who goes from a dull, proper marriage with Candice Bergen to an affair with a snooty bitch (Cynthia O'Neal) and winds up with a curly-haired, teen-age hippie (Carol Kane). It's a parallel history of dissatisfaction and emptiness, and as the men age the picture scores off them repeatedly and never lets them win a round. In the film's politicized morality, if well-heeled Americans have sex it must be vile, because how could they possibly know anything about love? As Mike Nichols has directed the material, the effects are almost all achieved through the line readings, and the cleverness is unpleasant—it's all surface and whacking emphasis. This surefire, hit-it-on-the-button comedy style has about the same relationship to humor that belting has to singing. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 9.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean (1982)—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work; but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. They bring conviction to their looneytunes characters. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Metro Cinema; Dec. 6.)

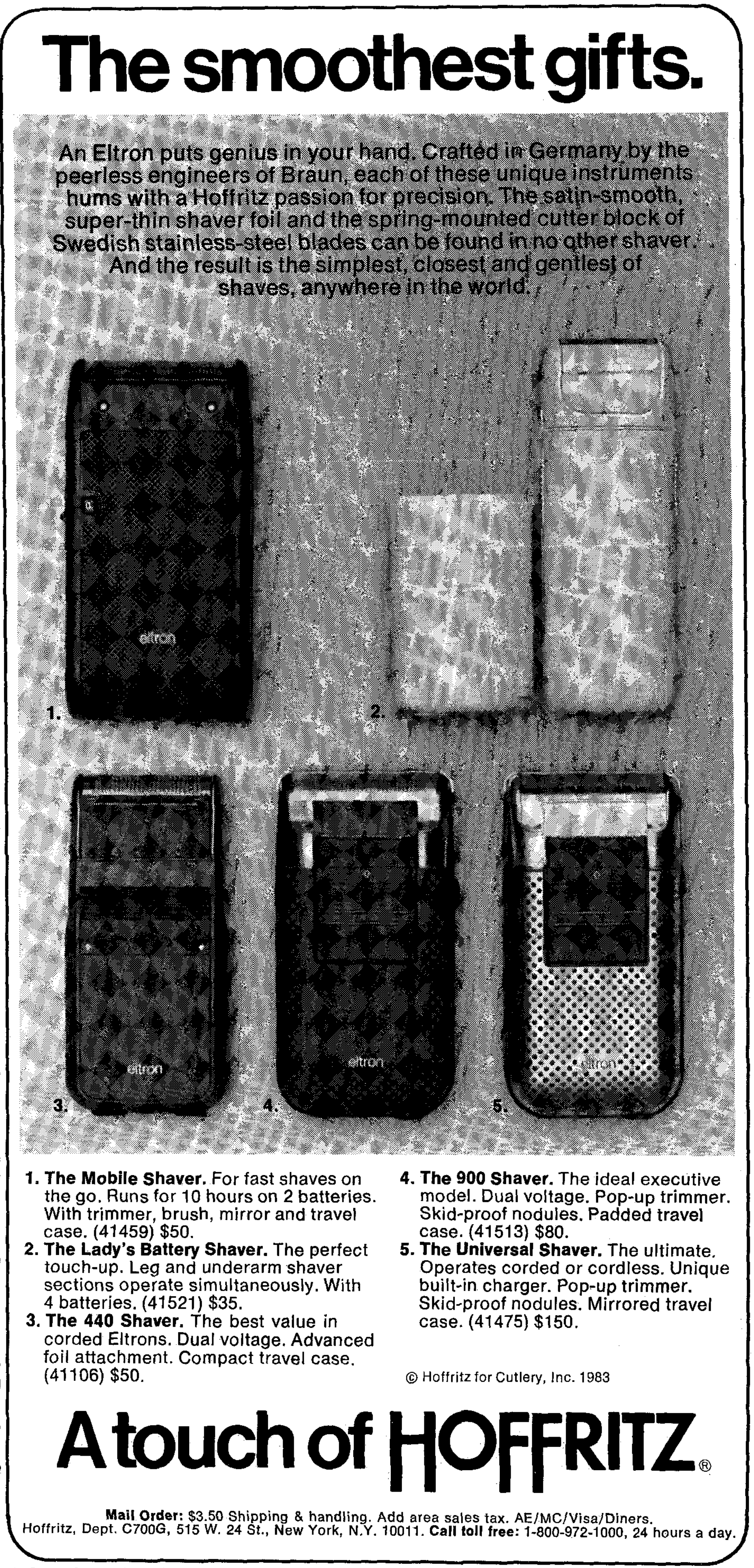
The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. He brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian. (Film Forum; Dec. 9-10.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 9.)

Detective Story (1951)—The brash, hyperactive Sidney Kingsley melodrama set in a precinct station house, directed by William Wyler. The action is stagy, but there's certainly enough going on. Kirk Douglas plays a brutal detective, full of hatred for the offenders who cross his path, and Eleanor Parker is his wife. When he learns that she once had an affair with a gangster, he can't forgive her, and then can't live with himself. That's only one of the interrelated stories, which involve Lee Grant as a flirtatious shoplifter and Joseph Wiseman as a seasoned burglar (playing roles they'd already scored in on the stage), as well as George Macready, William Bendix, Horace McMahon, Bert Freed, Frank Faylen, Gerald Mohr, Cathy O'Donnell, and Warren Anderson. Cinematography by Lee Garmes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7.)

Devi (1962)—Satyajit Ray's dreamily sensual, ironic film about Indian superstitiousness was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. The story, about a wealthy man who convinces his son's bride (Sharmila Tagore) that she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali, has startling Freudian undertones. Ray's feeling for the intoxicating beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century landowning class makes this one of the rare, honest films about decadence. With Soumitra Chatterji and Chhabi Biswas. In Bengali. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 7.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the pas-



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sionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu" (1959), is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 7.)

The Duellists (1978)—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flareup of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keeps them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 6-7.)

Eboli (1980)—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of the remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the Church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, Léa Massari, Paolo Bonicelli, and Alain Cuny. This film was made as a four-part presentation for television; when it opened here in 1980, it had been cut to two hours. The new version (showing here) runs about three and a half hours. Seen in its full form, the material is more political and much more coherent, and Volonte's performance is even finer. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Sutton, and New Yorker.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. (Regency; Dec. 4-5.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 2.)

Friendly Persuasion (1956)—Taken from Jessamyn West's stories, this William Wyler film is disappointing but far from shameful. It's about a group of Quakers in Indiana at the time of the Civil War; they try to hold onto their belief in nonviolence despite the actions of Confederate raiders. The presentation is too gently bucolic; the head of the house (Gary Cooper) races a neighbor to Sunday meeting in the family buggy, and buys an organ, which his wife (Dorothy McGuire) regards as an instrument far too profane to install in a proper home. Meanwhile, their daughter (Phyllis Love) is swooning over the boy next door, and their older son (Anthony Perkins) considers pouring lead into the first Rebel who turns up in the neighborhood. This was one of the first of Perkins' confused, canny, emotional characters; his mood shifts hadn't yet become ticky, and he's marvellously likable as he imitates Cooper's lanky movements—he's a very convincing son. The film was actually shot in California and the acreage looks so manicured that one half expects a station wagon to come into view; still, it was an attempt to deal with an offbeat subject, and Wyler's work shows care and taste. With Marjorie Main, Richard Eyer, Robert Middleton, and Walter Catlett. The script is by Michael Wilson; the cinematography is by Ellsworth Fredericks; the music is by Dmitri Tiomkin. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 8.)

Gandhi (1982)—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi, the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. And Kingsley can't give his role a core, because it has been written completely from the outside. A viewer's reaction: "I felt as if I had attended the funeral of someone I didn't know." From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 4.)

The Great Moment (1944)—Biography of Dr. W. T. G. Morgan, the dentist who first used ether. More amusing than reverent; written and directed by Preston Sturges, and well played by a standard Sturges cast. (Thalia; Dec. 8.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman. With Anthony Edwards, Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (34th St. East.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, the picture is well done. But it's fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public. Capra takes a serious tone here though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. It's not just that it didn't match the post-Second World War mood—it might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period. This picture developed a considerable—if bewildering—reputation, based largely on television viewing—about three decades later. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV-movie remake, "It Happened One Christmas.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 10.)

The King of Comedy—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. It's "The Day of the Locust" in the age of television, but with a druggy vacuousness that suggests the Warhol productions of the sixties. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott as the bartender Rita and Shelley Hack as a secretary. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (Olympia Quad; through Dec. 1.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and

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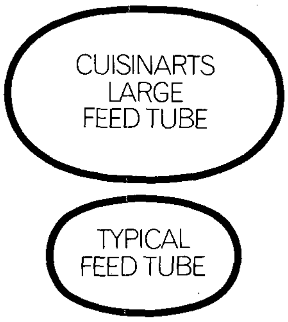
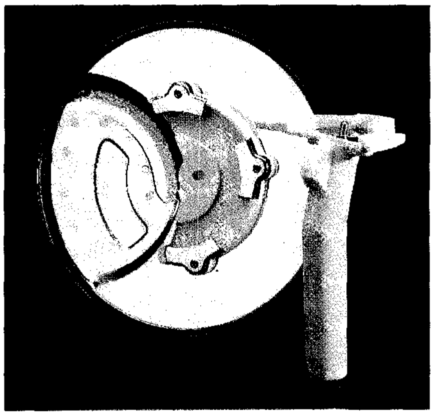


The exclusive Cuisinart Large Feed Tube easily accommodates whole fruits and vegetables that would not fit in the standard feed tubes of other food processors.



The detachable stem twists on and off in an instant, making disc storage easy and space-saving.

Our patented slicing discs produce perfect slices from thin to thick, without cracking, breaking, or tearing their edges.

Our patented detachable stem, standard on all models except the DLC-10E, makes disc storage easy and space-saving.

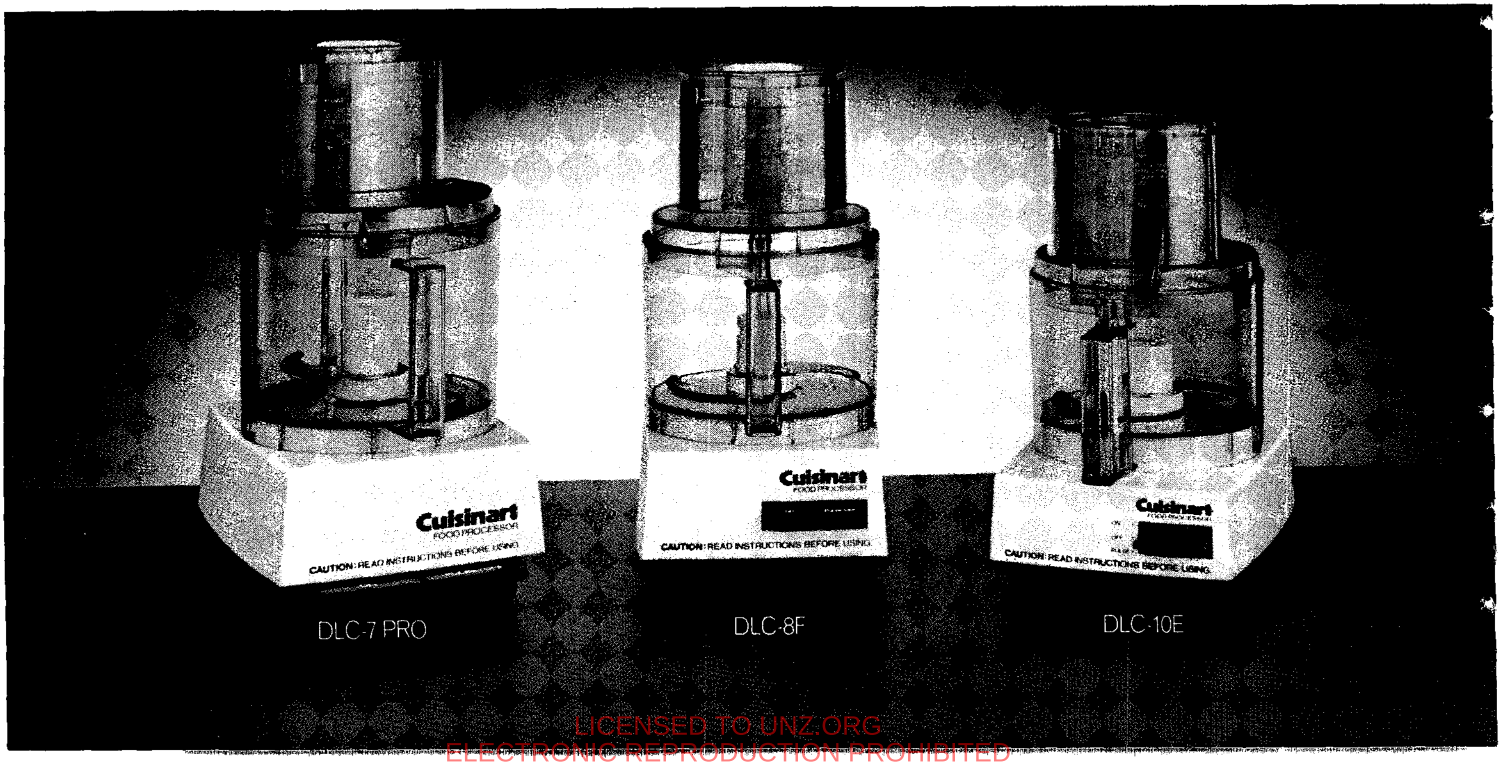
The dough blade, a Cuisinart invention, is made of the hardest plastic we could find—so that it can knead even large batches of dough quickly, thoroughly and effortlessly.

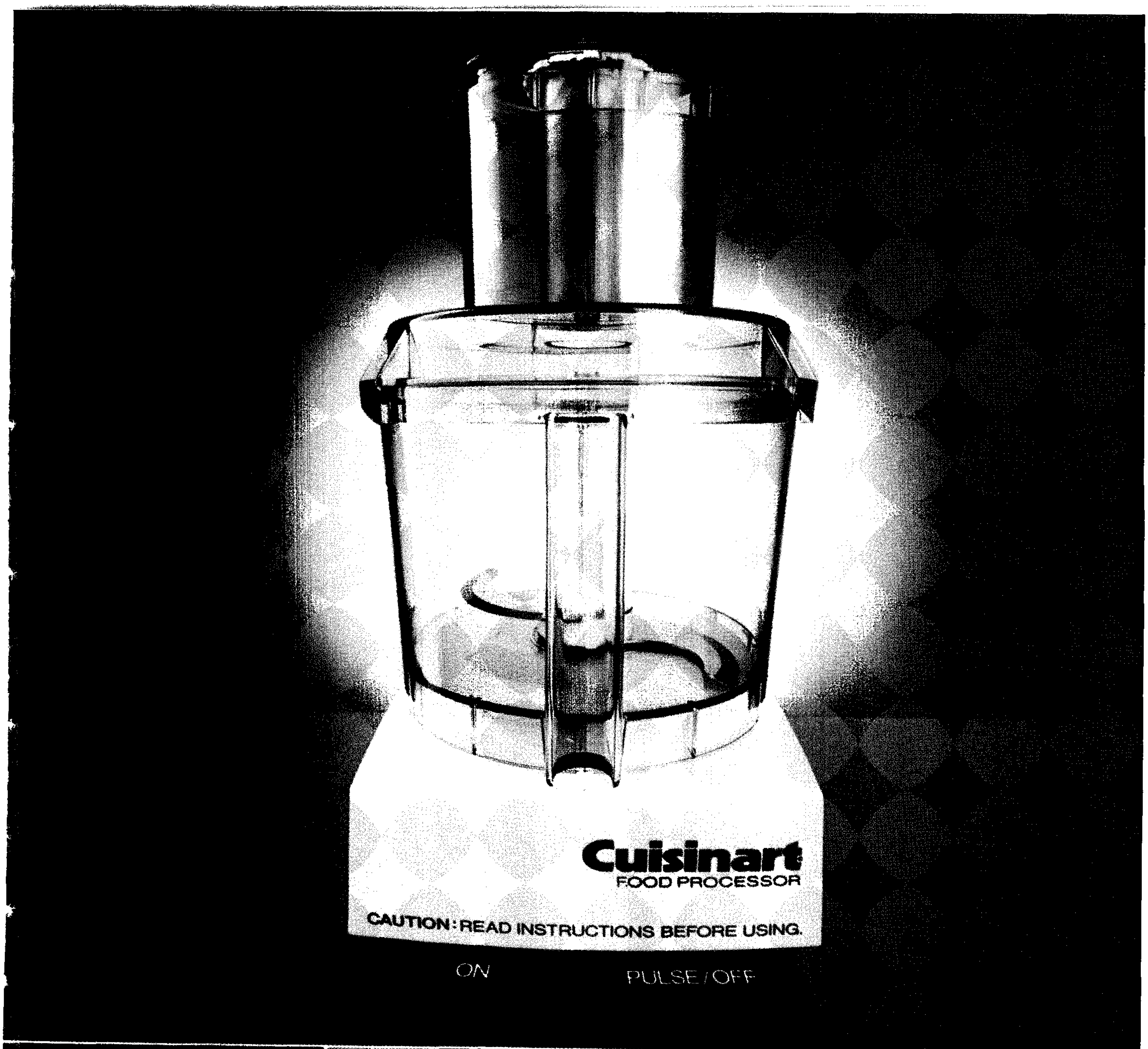
WHICH CUISINART FOOD PROCESSOR MAKES THE RIGHT GIFT?

If your gift is for someone with a large family (your own?), for someone who entertains on a large scale, or for someone who simply loves to cook, we suggest one of our two largest-capacity models, the DLC-7 PRO or the even larger DLC-X. If it's for someone who cooks on a more modest scale, then consider our DLC-8F or our most economical, smallest model, the DLC-10E.

The nicest part about giving a Cuisinart food processor is that whether you choose our largest or our smallest model, you have the good feeling of knowing you are giving the best.

For the recipes for all of the dishes shown opposite, and more of our favorite holiday recipes, write Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) W. Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.




Cuisinart
FOOD PROCESSOR
CAUTION: READ INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE USING.
ON
PULSE/OFF

FOR SOMEONE WHO ALREADY DOES.

If someone on your gift list already owns one of our food processors, giving even one of our many optional accessories will greatly increase the usefulness of that machine.

ALL THE EXTRAS.

Having all the optional discs enables the owner to realize the machine's full potential. That is why for the first time, we are offering—at very considerable savings—gift sets containing all the detachable-stem discs made for the DLC-X, the DLC-7 and the DLC-8 series. Included is a complete range of slicing discs that will produce any thickness from wafer-thin slices of cucumbers, to thick, juicy slabs of tomatoes. Also, two julienne discs that make long, perfectly square "match-stick" strips of raw vegetables for salads or cooking; our French fry cut disc that instantly converts a raw potato into perfect ¼" square sticks; and a fine shredding disc that produces beautiful, lacy shreds of chocolate and coconut, or superfine shreds of cheese for tacos and pizza.

Cuisinart
Complete DLC-X
Disc Set

Our new gift sets contain complete sets of optional discs for the DLC-X, the DLC-7 and the DLC-8 series, at considerable savings.

Each of these discs is also available individually. They make unusual and useful stocking stuffers.

OUR CONVENIENT STORAGE CENTERS.

Anyone who already owns some of our optional discs will appreciate one of our specially designed disc holders.

Shown below, for example, is an exceptionally compact construction that occupies only 6 square inches of counter space, yet provides accessible, safe storage for up to 7 detachable-stem discs of the DLC-X, the DLC-7 or DLC-8 series.

Other disc holders are designed to hang on the wall or inside a cabinet, and are available for both fixed-stem and detachable-stem discs.

FOR OWNERS OF OUR EARLIER MODELS.

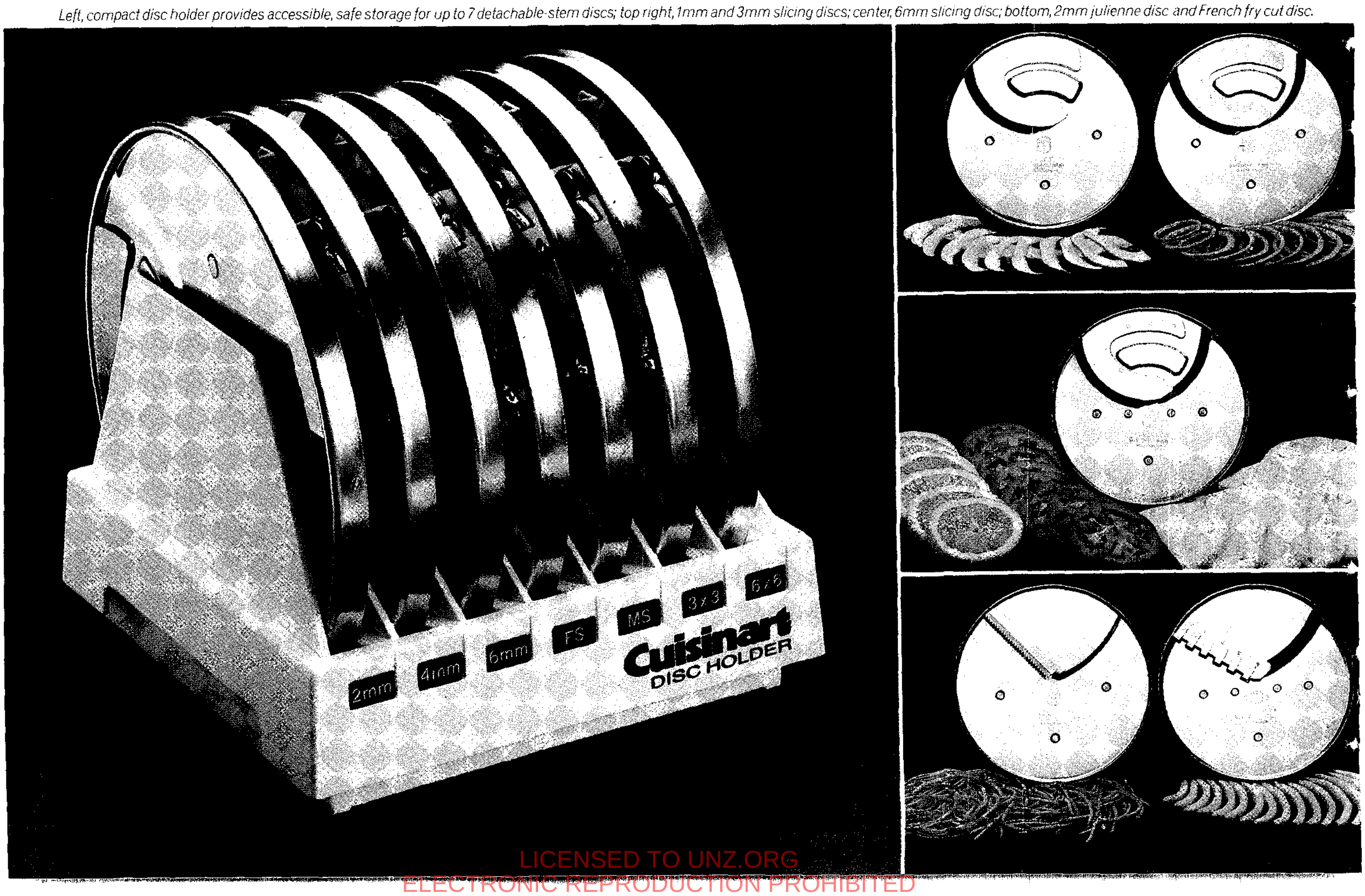
Our Large Feed Tube Kits bring some of our latest improvements to owners of earlier model Cuisinart food processors. These kits contain a cover with the Large Feed Tube opening, a large and a small pusher, and two of our improved slicing discs. (The discs in the kits for our DLC-7 and DLC-8 series feature the convenient detachable stem.)

Giving a Large Feed Tube Kit is the next best thing to giving a new Cuisinart food processor.

FOR SOMEONE WITH AN APPETITE FOR FRESH PASTA.

By giving a Cuisinart Pasta Attachment, you will introduce someone to the pleasures of fresh home-made pasta.

Left, compact disc holder provides accessible, safe storage for up to 7 detachable-stem discs; top right, 1mm and 3mm slicing discs; center, 6mm slicing disc; bottom, 2mm julienne disc and French fry cut disc.



(This attachment is available for any of our DLC-7 and DLC-8 model food processors.)

Our Pasta Attachment takes advantage of the powerful Cuisinart food processor motor to produce pasta of professional quality, faster than most pasta machines. And it's easy to be creative, because the dough is mixed in the bowl of the food processor. For example, adding some Parmesan or Romano cheese produces an appetizing yellow color along with the taste of the cheese. Other good variations: some chopped spinach, a touch of curry—even some ground-up hot chili peppers.

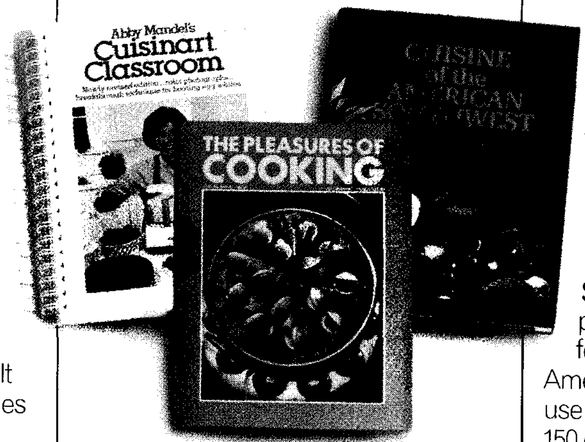
The Pasta Attachment comes with 6 interchangeable discs to produce lasagne, fettuccine, spaghetti, linguine, macaroni, and spaghettini. It also makes surprisingly large quantities of crackers, cookies, and even tortilla chips in many flavors.

FOR SOMEONE TO WHOM COOKING IS A JOY, A MEANS OF EXPRESSION.

Anyone who receives a Cuisinart food processor soon discovers a whole new world of creative cooking. Complex and time-consuming recipes become quick, easy, and fun.

For the creative cook on your gift list, we suggest these publications from the Cuisinart Cooking Club, Inc.

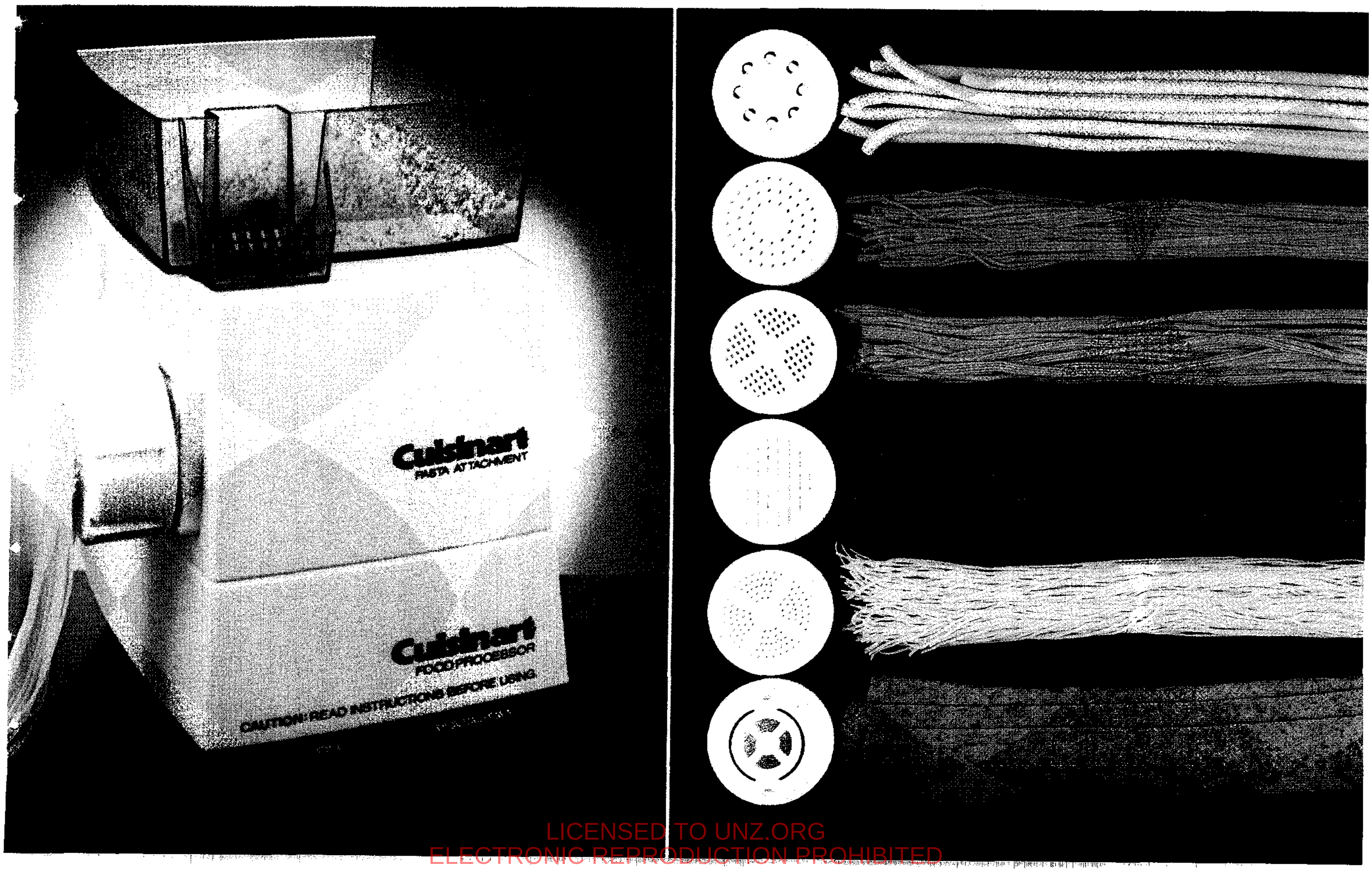
"The Pleasures of Cooking," our bimonthly magazine, is truly a cooking school in print. It contains no advertising; each issue is entirely devoted to cooking, with step-by-step pictures to make every procedure clear. All our recipes are so well presented it is practically impossible to fail. Many of them cannot be found anywhere else. Every issue features articles by bright, new stars in the cooking world, as well as by the great names of the gourmet establishment. Subscriptions are $15 for 1 year (6 issues), $27 for 2 years (12 issues). Add $3/year for subscriptions mailed to Canada, Mexico and overseas.



"Abby Mandel's Cuisinart Classroom" is the outstanding cookbook of the food processor revolution. Abby Mandel, food processor columnist for *Bon Appétit* magazine, is one of the few American teaching chefs to have worked in the 3-star kitchens of Europe. Her book contains 230 outstanding food processor recipes, many of them from these great restaurants. She reveals her exclusive technique for whipping egg whites in the food processor, for perfectly textured mousses, soufflés, omelets, sponge cakes, tortes . . . all in one work bowl. The easy-to-handle spiral-bound book comes in a durable transparent slip case to display and protect recipes while cooking. It is $19.95 plus $1.00 shipping charge.

"Cuisine of the American Southwest" by Texan Anne Greer presents over 263 tempting recipes featuring new and old Mexican-American favorites. Almost all recipes use the food processor and more than 150 color photographs teach techniques and illustrate this festive food. Food columnist and television chef, Anne Greer is an expert on food processing techniques. The book is $19.95 ($22.50 after 1/1/84) plus $1.00 shipping charge.

Any of these publications may be ordered by sending the indicated payment to: Cuisinart Cooking Club, 411 (N) W. Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830. Or call toll-free: (800) 243-8540. We accept Visa, Master Charge and American Express. Orders received by December 16 should reach their destination in time for Christmas.



FOR SOMEONE WHO APPRECIATES DURABILITY AS MUCH AS BEAUTY.

Cuisinart cookware is a gift that will give pleasure for a lifetime—and always look almost as beautiful as the day it was given.

Made of exceptionally high quality stainless steel, it is easy to clean and retains its luster. Forever.

Its performance may astonish you. Sandwich bottoms (a copper disc inlaid between two layers of stainless steel) distribute the heat quickly and evenly sideways as well as upwards. This eliminates hot spots and provides constant heat flow over the cooking surface.

There are two superb collections: Cuisinart Original Stainless Cookware (with beautiful wood handles, treated to withstand oven temperatures to 375°F) and Cuisinart Commercial Stainless Cookware (our professional line with stay-cool stainless steel handles). Both are available in sets at considerable savings, or in an extensive selection of individual pieces.*

**Demand for our cookware has exceeded supply. If by chance your store is temporarily short of stock, please be patient. We are catching up.*

FOR ANYONE WHO LOVES GOOD FOOD.

We would like to send you some of our favorite recipes to help make your holiday cooking faster, easier, and more creative. Our holiday stollen, for example, is an unusual combination of fruits and nuts, all chopped and mixed in the yeast dough in the Cuisinart food processor with just a few touches of the "Pulse" lever. Our colorful festive salad (from Gérard Boyer's 3-star restaurant in Reims) takes less than 2 minutes in the DLC-7 PRO. Each of our delicious cookie doughs takes 1 minute to make in any of our machines (over 3 lbs. in the DLC-7 PRO, more than 6 lbs. in the DLC-X).

For these and other recipes, as well as more information about our food processors and accessories, our cookware and our publications, write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) W. Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinarts®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (Film Forum; Dec. 9-10.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Manhattan; Dec. 2-8.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Regency; Dec. 6-7.)

Pal Joey (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel-hero—a hoofer in the Broadway version—is now a crooner, in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and isn't as laborious as Rita Hayworth's performance. (It is said that the studio was out to break Hayworth; she certainly doesn't seem to be getting a fair shake here.) This sad botch was directed by George Sidney; choreography by Hermes Pan. The songs include "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "Bewitched," "The Lady Is a Tramp," and "There's a Small Hotel." With Elizabeth Patterson and Barbara Nichols. Script by Dorothy Kingsley, based on O'Hara's stage version of his stories in *The New Yorker*, written as a series of letters signed "Your Pal Joey." The singing voice of Novak was dubbed by Trudy Erwin; Hayworth's singing was dubbed by Jo Ann Greer. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 4.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

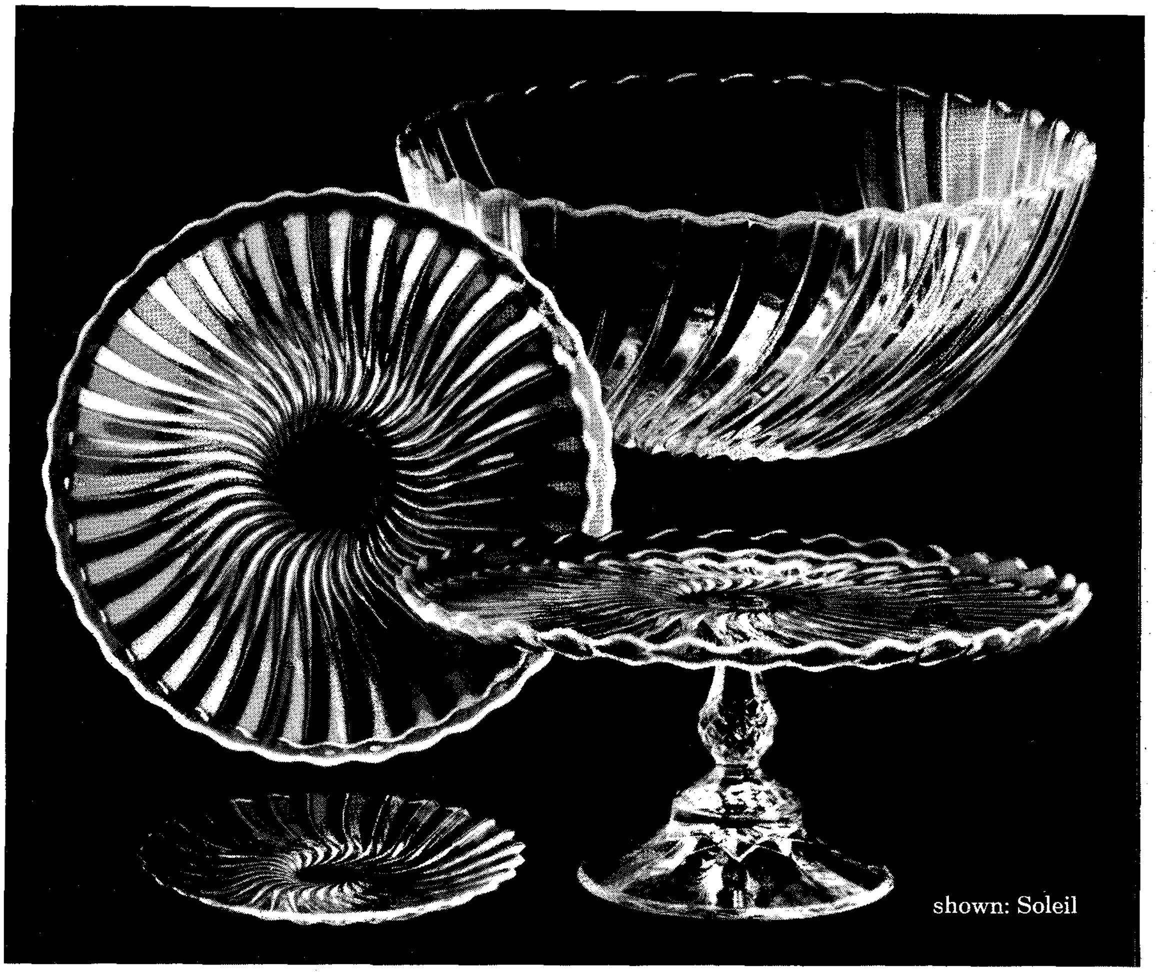
Peppermint Soda (1979)—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 4-5.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—one of the more elaborate celebrations of those trailblazing episodes that Hollywood used to glorify as "historical events"—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. (The cattle in this production are not to be passed over lightly: they are impressive, and they were very expensive. Six thousand head were rented at ten dollars a day each—and then it rained and rained while the cattle waited and the film's cost rose from $1,750,000 to $3,200,000. Figures like that help make a movie an epic.) The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. Russell Harlan's photography makes the rolling plains the true hero; the setting has epic grandeur. The screenplay is by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee, from Chase's story "The Chisholm Trail," but, as Chase admitted, it's actually "Mutiny on the Bounty" turned into a Western, with Wayne as Captain Bligh and Clift as Fletcher Christian. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and frantic Joanne Dru, who acts as if the Old West were Greenwich Village. Music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Film Forum; Dec. 7-8.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, and Beekman. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 9.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away, the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. You can read a lot into the movie, but it isn't very enjoyable. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work and as a key influence on them is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece (whose mother he loved) and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup, as if she were going to a fifties prom), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there. Ford's attempts at comic relief are a fizzle—especially the male knockabout humor. Throughout, the performances are highly variable. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon, Ken Curtis, Hank Worden, Peter Mamakos, Olive Carey, John Qualen, Antonio Moreno, Harry Carey, Jr., Walter Coy, Pippa Scott, Pat Wayne, Nacho Galindo, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. From a novel by Alan LeMay, adapted by Frank S. Nugent; music by Max Steiner. (There are allusions to this film in



shown: Soleil

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Cristal d'Arques is the world's most cherished genuine lead crystal for good reason.

Only genuine lead crystal captures every pinpoint of light with such unparalleled beauty. And Cristal d'Arques combines that brilliance with exquisite French design and craftsmanship.

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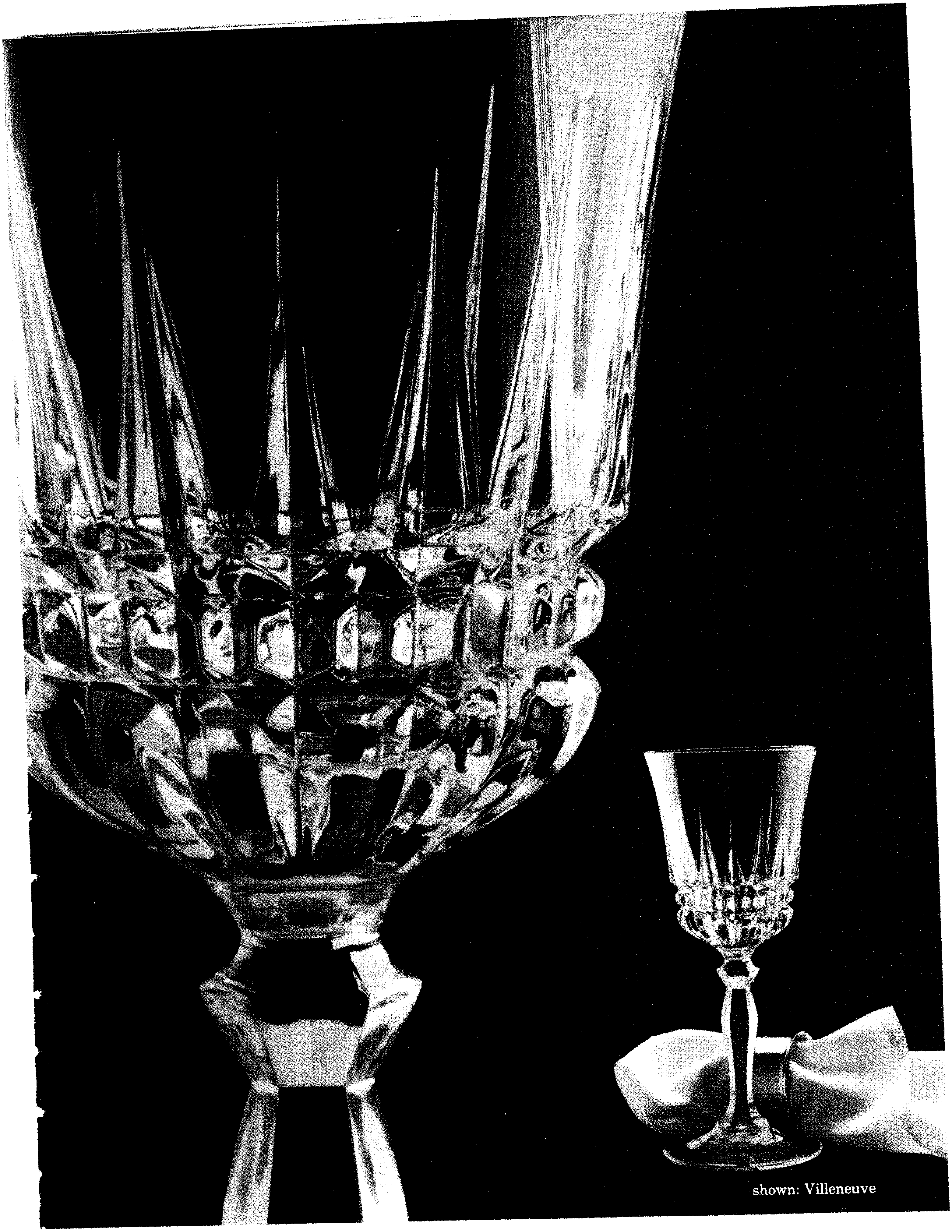
By J.G. DURAND



shown: Villeneuve

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"Star Wars," "Mean Streets," "Hardcore," and many others.) (Film Forum; Dec. 7-8.)

Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. He had been a sensitive but milder actor before, and even the despairing range he demonstrated in "Sunset Boulevard" hadn't prepared audiences for the edge and distinctively American masculine energy he showed in this role, which is rather like the roles that catapulted Bogart to a new level of stardom in the early forties. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski—two ex-G.I.s who were interned in the actual Stalag 17—is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather broad roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Neville Brand, Peter Graves, and Sig Rumann. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 7.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on Teresa Carpenter's "Death of a Playmate," in the *Village Voice*, and other accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, a pimp and a two-bit promoter, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Paul Snider, Eric Roberts uses a wet, mushy voice here, and he makes you feel the man's squirminess and rage. He gets the film's central idea across: that Paul Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. But Fosse keeps him shouting and sweating and twisting his face for what seems an eternity. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse must believe that he can make art out of anything—that he doesn't need a writer to create characters, that he can just take the idea of a pimp murdering a pinup and give it such razzle-dazzle that it will shake people to the marrow. He uses his whole pack of tricks—flashbacks, interviews, shock cuts, the works—to keep the audience in a state of fixated dread. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, who, as Dorothy's mother, manages to suggest that the woman has some substance; Josh Mostel as a private detective; and Cliff Robertson and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

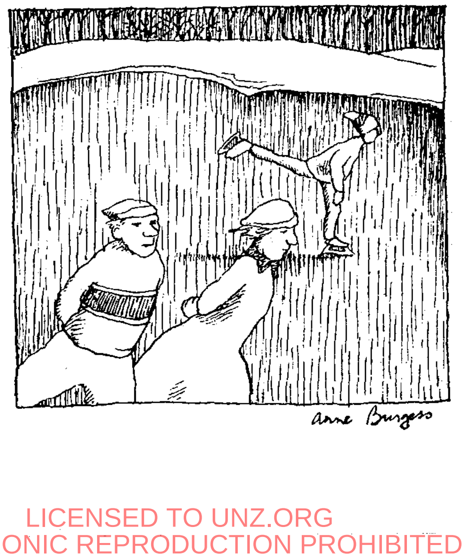
The Strange Love of Martha Ivers (1946)—Enjoyable glossy melodrama that reaches a boil. At the outset, the moody, adolescent Martha prevents her rich, sadistic aunt from killing her pet cat with a cane by using the cane to kill Auntie. Regrettably for Martha, a couple of her playmates, both boys, are around the house when the old lady is done in. Boy One (whom Martha loves) leaves town and becomes Van Heflin, a gambler. Boy Two, a sheepish sort in glasses, stays on, marries Martha (Barbara Stanwyck), and becomes Kirk Douglas, the district attorney. Robert Rossen, who wrote the script from a story by John Patrick, knew how to grab the audience, and the director, Lewis Milestone, knew how to hold it. With Lizabeth Scott, Judith Anderson, Darryl Hickman, Roman Bohnen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

10 Rillington Place (1971)—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new rape victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Regency; Dec. 6-7.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man-beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 2.)

Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness, by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 10.)

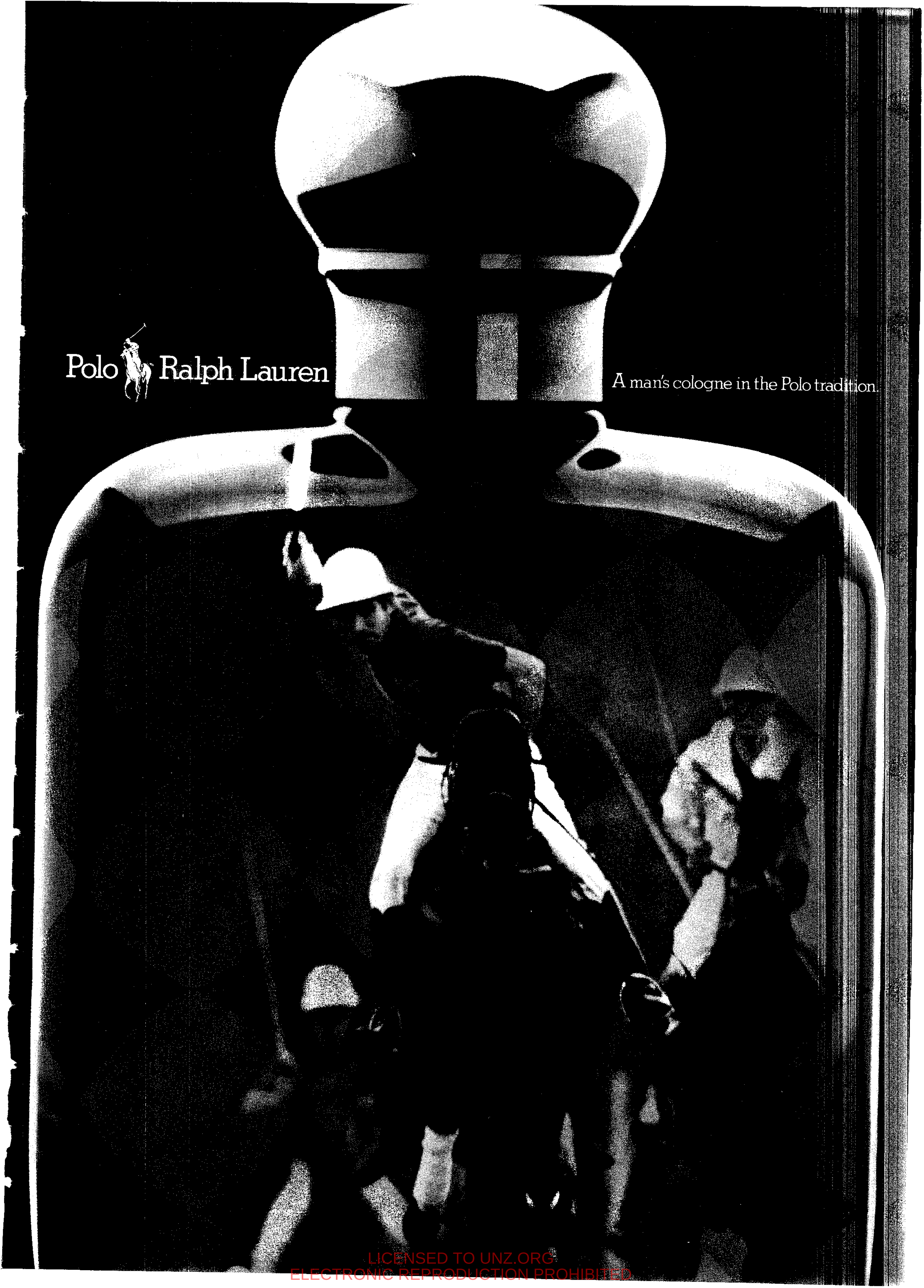


Wizards (1977)—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in "War and Peace." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 7-8.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it has a distinctive and surprising spirit. It's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. There's a running theme in Singer: human beings keep trying to flirt with God, hoping that someday a line of communication can be established, but sex always gets in the way. Dressed as a boy, Yentl is no longer resentful of male privileges, and for the first time she feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The director keeps her balance; her vision is sustained until the end (which is a misstep), and as the yeshiva boy she's a wonderful, giddy little shrimp. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction, and as the director she does graceful tricks with the songs. She also brings out the other performers' most appealing qualities; the cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitest commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual, immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race, and Sara Kestelman as May. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Cinema Village; Dec. 4-6.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (St. Mark's Cinema; through Dec. 1.)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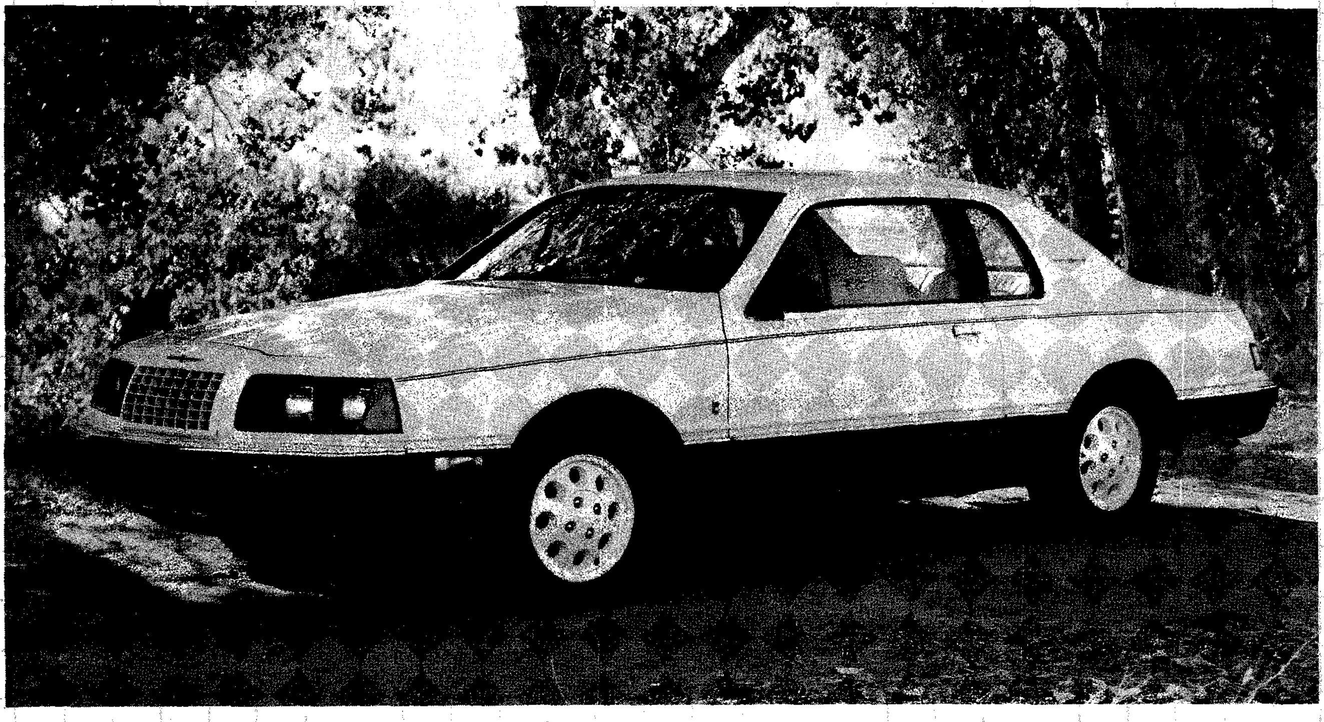


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

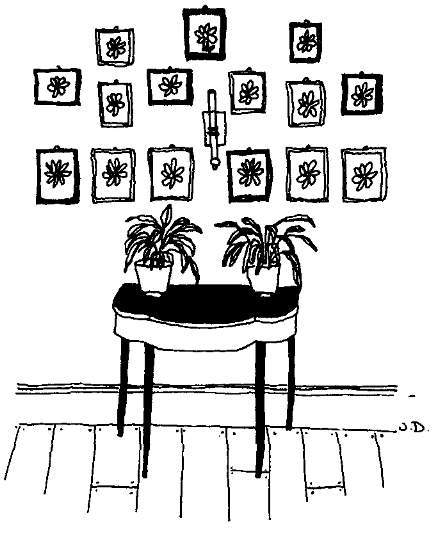
Notes and Comment

LETTER from a reporter we know: It has been several weeks now, and I'm still mad—about Defense Secretary Weinberger's concern for my safety, as he expressed it in a news conference the day after the Grenada invasion. The government's decision not to allow reporters to accompany the invading troops has got a lot of response, but nothing I've heard or read so far has made me feel much better. At one point in the news conference, Secretary Weinberger said that the military could not provide enough personnel to guard all the camera crews, the gripmen, and so forth. The assembled reporters did not respond to this with an instant, unanimous yell of derision; instead, one asked whether the decision to ban press coverage might have come about because the government was afraid of the way the public would perceive the invasion if it were on television. In the press and on TV and radio, most of the responses to the news blackout have taken this approach—as if one powerful segment of our society (the executive branch of government, including the Pentagon) had cagily and unfairly outmaneuvered another powerful segment ("the media"). I know that the government's treatment of the press is an important subject, but the excitement I feel about it is mainly theoretical. What I get more excited about is the government's attitude toward reporters—i.e., me.

I once listened to a minister deliver a sermon on the subject of Heaven. He told the congregation that they should not think of Heaven as some vague, idyllic place of harps and clouds but, rather, imagine a more specific kind of bliss. People who loved to garden, he said, might think of Heaven as gardening. I decided that for me Heaven is answered questions. You know what it's like when you try and think of someone's name that has slipped your mind, and the name won't come, and you worry at your memory without result, and then, the next morning, while you're shaving or stirring your oatmeal, the name suddenly comes to you out of nowhere? That relief, that joy, seems to me as good an example of divine grace as any, and I can imagine Heaven as an eternity of that feeling, with everything I've ever wondered about answered in an unending burst of revelation.

I am a reporter because I like finding things out. Many reporters share this trait. Their curiosity is a job qualification that does not knock off every afternoon at five-thirty, requires no equipment or baggage other than the information of their senses, and will always exist inside them, no matter what they do for a living. Curiosity has been leading reporters around for years without stopping first to inquire of Secretary Weinberger what the hazards might be. Of course, the Secretary seized on fear for the reporters' safety merely as an excuse. But it makes sense that a man in a position of great power might consider such an excuse a plausible one. Providing and taking away safety are the means by which power moves, after all; fear is what it runs on. If our government misunderstands people around the world—in Lebanon, in Central America, in Europe—as seriously as Secretary Weinberger misunderstands people like me, then our government is in trouble. If its assumption is that people's primary worries are for their safety, their well-being, their position safety, their position in relation to its power, then it will trip up again and again. Listening to the Secretary, I wanted to fly to the Florida Keys, charter a boat, and go to Grenada immediately. The impulse was pure, mechanically simple, free of ambiguity.

The reporters at the press conference did not defend themselves from his contempt. They were "the media," he was "the Administration;" the reporters divided up the contempt among them—no one took it personally. But, listening to the tone of the Secretary's voice as he enumerated the camera crews and the gripmen for whom he could not provide adequate security, I remembered Floyd Gibbons, correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* in the First World War. On purpose, Floyd Gibbons crossed the Atlantic aboard a steamer that he knew would pass through the German U-boat zone, in the hope that the steamer would be torpedoed. Off the coast of Ireland, it was; Gibbons survived the sinking. Rescued from his lifeboat and returned to land after thirty hours, he cabled his story. Later, he received three bullet wounds and lost an eye at the Battle of Belleau Wood. And I remembered Ernie Pyle, who covered



the Second World War from foxholes in Europe and the Pacific until he was killed by Japanese machine-gun fire on the island of Ii Shima in 1945. And I remembered Sean Flynn and Dana Stone, news photographers of the Vietnam War, who were last seen in 1970 heading off into Cambodia on motorcycles. I thought of all the brave reporters who died trying to find out what was going on, and I wished that their ghosts would descend to the news conference and laugh a thousand-decibel laugh in Secretary Weinberger's face.

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Homecoming

AND a friend who has emigrated to the Midwest writes:

Where I am living, the law requires every citizen to be vitally interested in football. Have your car safety-inspected, be home by nine-thirty, always know the score—those are the rules.

So I'm vitally interested, down to the fine details. My favorite football team is the Classen Comets—they're the public-high-school team in my neighborhood—and it specializes in homecomings. A lot of other schools around here schedule their homecoming activities the weekend of the Classen game, because they believe it's good for morale to punctuate the festivities with a sure win. Two years ago, Classen played Crooked Oak in Crooked Oak's homecoming game and won, 20–6. The outcome surprised and bummed out Crooked Oak so badly that it decided to drop Classen from its future schedule—a rash move. That was the only game the Classen Comets won that season. The year before that, they won one game and lost the eight others. Last year, they lost all nine. This year, they lost their first eight games by scores of 36–6, 53–0, 53–0, 40–0, 56–0, 36–6, 40–6, and 51–6.

Classen's attempts to win football games are chronically undermined by what coaches call a "personnel shortage." Looking at it another way, you could say that Classen is blessed with a pluralistic student body. About a third of Classen High's students were born in Cambodia or Vietnam or Laos. No other high school in town enjoys that distinction. One of the things that the American government neglected to export to Southeast Asia—besides peaceful democracy—was a love of football. The Asian students at Classen don't try out for spots on the football team, and this leads Classen diehards to complain that having to compete against schools with approximately equal enrollments places the Comets at an unfair disadvantage. The simple fact, however—the fact that makes the Classen Comets so endearing—is that losing is a Classen football tradition. If you want to know the last time Classen had a winning season, you have to look it up.

The other night, the Classen Comets played the final game of the season, and this one was *their* homecoming. The game took place on a Friday. There was a big pep assembly that morning and a parade around the school that afternoon and a dance after the game. The All-Sports Queen and her princesses were crowned during halftime. I went out to the stadium—it's called Taft Stadium, I think in honor of the President who was in office the last time the dressing rooms were painted—about an hour before the game. The team bus had just arrived, and the players were milling near the dressing-room door, wearing their uniforms but not their shoulder pads. There weren't very many of them, of course, and they didn't look big. I was aware that the opposing team, the Ardmore Tigers, was the defending state champion. I mentioned to the Classen head coach, Richard Nance, that I hadn't played varsity football during high school and therefore had four years of eligibility remaining. I said, "If you want me to suit up, I'm available." Coach Nance thanked me, and said, "I appreciate that. I try to help these kids with their attitude. I tell them, 'Do it while you can.' I say, 'One of these days, you can tell your grandkids, "Man, I played football for Classen High School." ' "

Several players told me their plans for the evening. Sam Eggleston, a defensive tackle, said, "I'm gonna bust some heads and get some tackles." Kevin Phyffor, the quarterback, said, "A forty-four-yard touchdown pass, a twenty-two-yard T.D. pass, and a two-yard sneak in the last minute, to win." Wayne Tillman, a noseguard, said, "Three sacks." Charlie Mooney, who is my next-door neighbor, and who plays wide receiver and deep safety, said, "Hi." One player introduced himself as Maurice (No Comment) White.

About a half hour before the kickoff, the Comets had gathered in the middle of the field to do warmup exercises, the Ardmore Tigers were massed near one of the goal lines performing running and passing drills, and Coach Nance stood on the sideline talking to the referees.

"Any funny plays we need to know about, watch out for?" one of the referees asked. "Flea-flicker, or anything like that?"

"No, no trick plays," Coach Nance said.

"Any injuries or special pads on your boys, anything we need to look at?"

"Nope. All healthy."

"What kind of ball will you be playing with, Coach?"

"A Wilson TD."

"Homecoming at halftime?"

"Yep, homecoming at halftime," Coach Nance said.

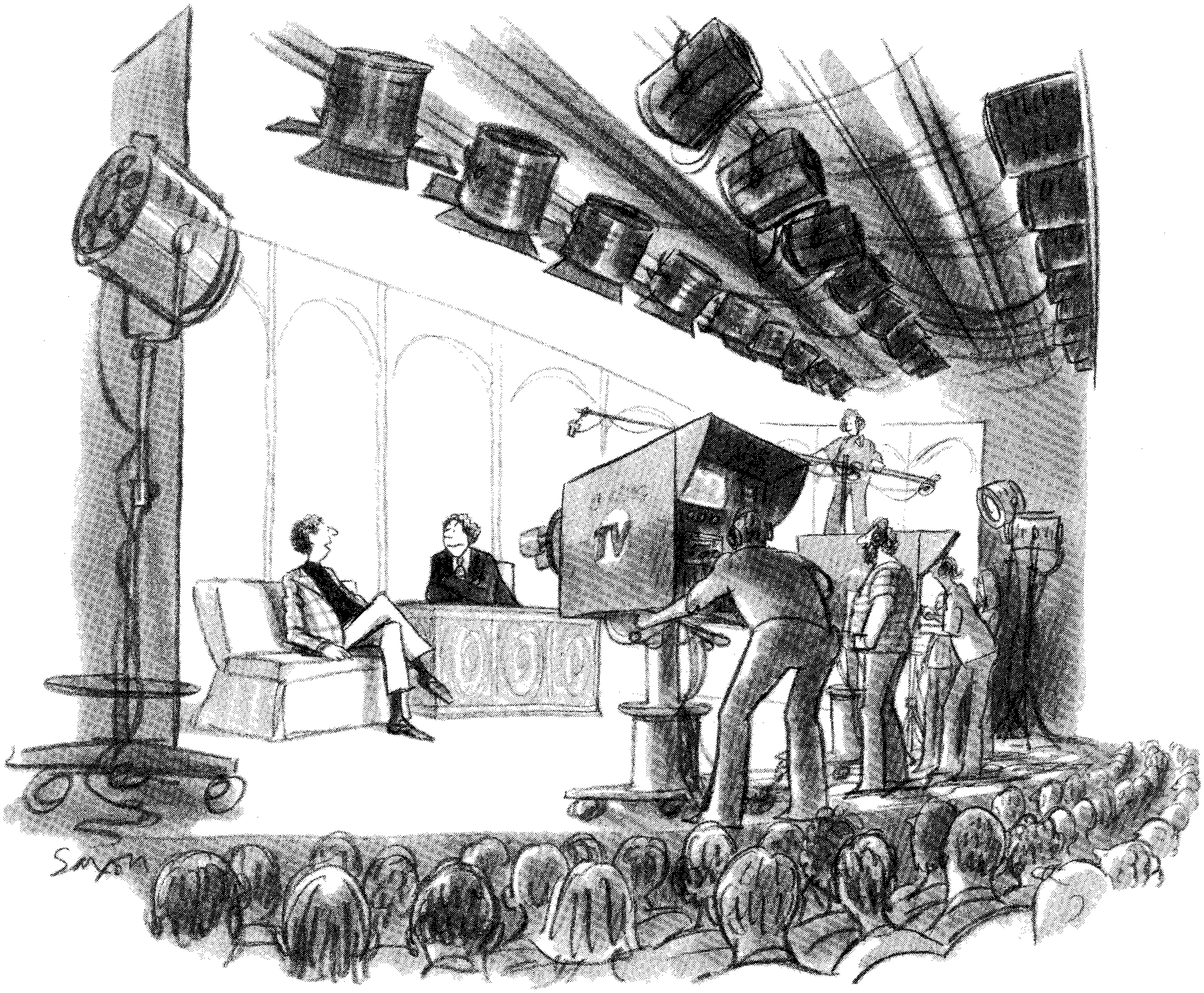
"One of your players gonna crown the Queen?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Tell him not to kiss her too long. We don't want to be here all night. All right. We'll have the coin toss in fifteen minutes."

The Comets went back to the dressing room for a few minutes before the kickoff. The players yelled, "Fire up! Fire up! Fire up!"—a technique, apparently, for helping themselves fire up—and then Coach Nance and his two assistants, Willie Case and Gary Crane, dispensed last-minute advice: "O.K., we won the coin toss. We got the ball. We got to use it," and "Guards, be aware of those linebackers. Last year, they tried to shoot on us," and "All right, let's look good, let's look crisp." After that, Coach Nance said, "Let's go ahead and get our prayer in right now." The players all knelt and held hands.

When the prayer ended, the Classen Comets ran out to the field, received the opening kickoff, and proceeded to fall behind, 34–0. First, the Comets had the ball, then they punted and Ardmore had it, then Classen got the ball back, then Ardmore intercepted a pass and ran it in for a touchdown, and the score was 7–0. Then—whoops!—it was 14–0, and so forth. On one play, a Classen pass receiver ran a beautiful pattern and was wide open, so it was all the more disappointing when he neglected to look over his shoulder and see that a pass



"Why, no, Ken—I don't want to talk about it."

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had been thrown to him. I noticed that mistakes like that caused Coach Nance to stomp around and say "Son of a gun!" in an intensely expressive way.

The atmosphere in the dressing room during halftime was sombre—also, the place still hadn't been renovated—so I didn't dawdle there. Instead, I went and sat in the stands and watched the halftime ceremonies. Had I stuck around, I would have heard whatever it was the coaches said that motivated the Comets to go out in the second half and hold Ardmore to three points while scoring eight of their own, to make the final score 37–8—Classen's least devastating performance all year. The touchdown came on a seventy-yard pass from Kevin Phyffor to Jack Thompson. When Jack crossed the goal line, the Comets reacted as if they had just won the Super Bowl or a bunch of Guggenheim fellowships. Back in the dressing room after the game, everyone ate ice cream and cake that had been prepared by Jesse Campbell's grandmother. Jesse played a fine game at center and noseguard. His grandmother also has talent.

I'm glad I did see the halftime show. The All-Sports Queen candidates—Juanita Dominguez, Tanya Gates, LaShonda Johnson, Trevia Tillman, and Angie Trotter—rode to the fifty-yard line in antique automobiles. They waved—in slo-mo, the way queens are instructed to wave when they ride on parade floats—and during their recessional they sat in the rear of a flatbed truck that had been covered with yellow tissue-paper carnations and blue and gold streamers, and they waved some more. There were a couple of other floats, including an entry from the Science Club. Someone in a Merlin costume tossed handfuls of gold glitter into the air while stirring a jar filled with water and dry ice. A sign on that float said, "THE FUTURE BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE COMETS SCIENCE CLUB."

When the announcement was made that Juanita Dominguez had been elected All-Sports Queen, she suddenly became very shy. Naturally, Juanita is quite pretty. She is also tall, although not as tall as her escort, Terry McCleveland. He is six three, weighs a hundred and ninety-five pounds, and plays defensive end. He kissed her a long time. I timed it with a stopwatch. Nineteen seconds.

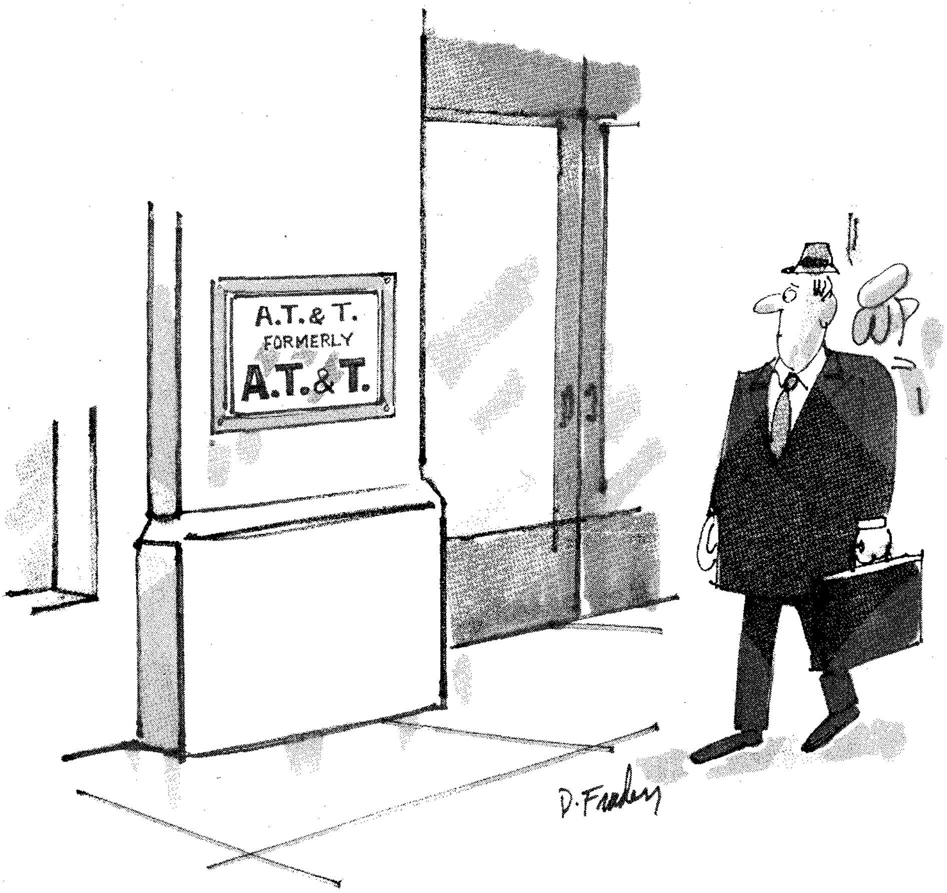
Folding Paper

COUNTING the individual grapes in each bunch—they're folded from different shades of green-gold foil paper to show subtle variations in ripeness—and numbering each leaf carefully created for the cherry branches, and then totalling up the frogs and swans and turtles and cats and horses and stegosauruses, you come up with no fewer than five thousand origami figures on the American Museum of Natural History's Christmas tree. Many of them were folded from squares of colored paper at the museum, in an airy room with a park view. The door to the room reads "Alice Gray, Insects and Origami." When we first met Alice Gray, the year was 1950 and she was a scientific assistant in the Department of I. & S. (Insects and Spiders) charged with choosing the sixty or so prettiest moths and butterflies in the museum collection for a show. These days, in a state that does not resemble the retirement she claims she is in, she bears chief responsibility for the mighty tree—an artificial twenty-five-foot evergreen, which went on display November 23rd—and also tends a score of cages of hissing cockroaches from Madagascar, tarantulas (which have a bad press and are in fact relatively harmless), and black-widow spiders (whose word-of-mouth is essentially correct). "When the museum gets calls about insects or spiders, they're still switched up to me," Miss Gray said. "I get a cockroach call or two nearly every day, and give my little speech on boric acid. And yesterday a neurosurgeon called from California. He was worried because his tarantula hadn't eaten since April. It wasn't unusual, I told him. Tarantulas are desert animals, and are used to long stretches without food. A scientist once tried to starve a tarantula to death, and it took nearly two years. So I told the neurosurgeon that as long as his tarantula gets enough water there's not much to worry about except old age."

Miss Gray can fold an origami cockroach, but it is not considered prime tree material. When we visited her, shortly before the tree was finished, she was working on a plesiosaur. ("Nessie, in the Loch, is a plesiosaur," she said.) She folded while she talked, breaking off only to help her volunteer staff decide the correct frog-pollywog ratio for an origami mobile (one to five) and to conduct a good-natured argument with her chief disciple, Michael Shall, about whether or not cutting and pasting paper is legit for the paper-folder. "Alice has been my teacher for twenty-five years, and I love her like my mother, but I *do not* cut and glue," he told us. Shall is the executive director of the Friends of the Origami Center of America, a nonprofit autonomous outfit operating out of Miss Gray's office, and he folds paper for a living—folds it at birthday parties and in classrooms and anywhere else he gets a chance to. "I make a living, but I have lean periods, like most artists," he said. "Christmas is Cinderella time for me—the Japan Air Lines tree, the Donnell Library Central Children's Room tree, the Newark Museum tree. Christmas comes, and people love origami. Christmas goes, and people think paper is for wrapping garbage."

Shall gave us a tour of the origami-warehouse crawl space—a cramped room, behind a defunct display of "stingless bees," that for much of the year is packed to the ceiling with boxes labelled "Fish & Whales," "Swans," "Mums & Strawberries," and "Bats & Butterflies." He also taught us how to fold a hexahedron—an accomplishment that requires a small arsenal of origami techniques, including the "blintz." While we were feeling pretty pleased with our success, Peter Engel, another aficionado, let slip that he was currently at work on a book that will contain his diagram for a knight on horseback, foldable from a single sheet. Engel told us of a recent trip to Japan, where he met Akira Yoshizawa, "generally considered the grand master" of the art, who claims to have developed fifty thousand original designs. Japanese origami masters rarely speak to each other, Engel said, because they are embroiled in such ancient squabbles as whether origami paper should be square or rectangular, foil or plain, cut or untouched. "As for myself, I disdain cutting and pasting," Engel added.

None of the controversies affect the museum tree, Miss Gray assured us. "The only thing we have to be sure of is that all the ornaments have to do with natural history. When we have something that doesn't quite fit, we just say, 'That's *anthropology*.' A unicorn, for instance, is a myth, and a myth is anthropology, and so on the tree it goes."

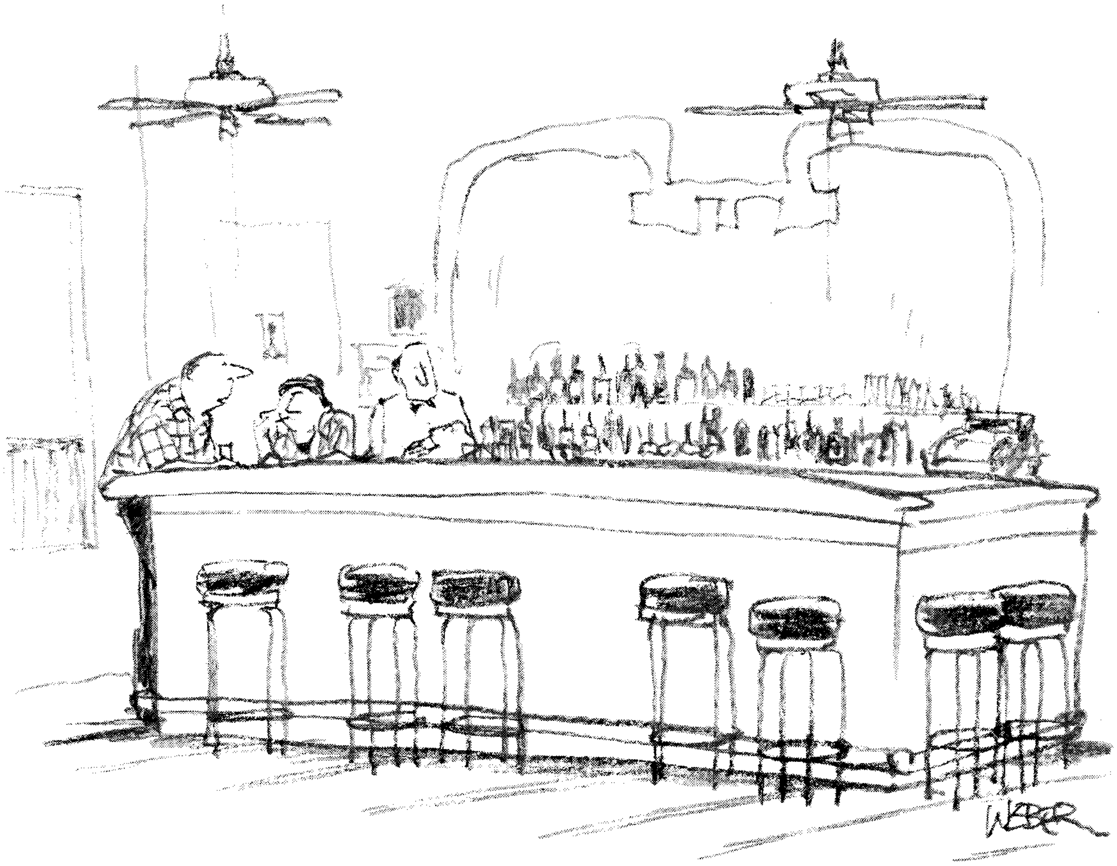

A.T.& T.
FORMERLY
A.T.&T.
D. Fradon

Hunch

ONE-SHOT wonders crowd the halls of world history, groping along by the light from flashes in the pan. Columbus, yeah, he discovered America, and no one can take that away from him. But then what? No *other* continents. And Neil Arm-strong—what's he done lately? In vivid contrast, there's June Roche, the engaging and with-it fashion director for Milliken & Company. June didn't stop with plum. (She was the *mother* of plum.) She didn't halt at teal. ("I launched the teal crusade," she says.) Twice each year for more than a decade, June has issued the Milliken color chart and predicted the colors that she thinks will be hot the following fall and the following spring—not only in the world of fashion but in the realm of cars, and the field of artificial flowers, and everything else. Usually, she hits the mark—and not by being timid, as the plum episode proves. "Until five or six years ago, there was a thought in the fashion industry that purple wouldn't sell," she told us. "That's because twenty years ago there had been a magenta bandwagon. Everyone got on it, and overdid. They got stuck with it. Magenta became a dirty word, and it taught the industry a lesson: Don't mess with the purple family! But then, for fall, '79, I put *three* purples in our fabric line. What nerve, I thought. I mean, there was the notion that purple was *funereal*, that it was for *white-haired ladies*. I displayed the purples in my show, and it was outrageous. The audience was *hostile*. But that season plum was *there*. And it's stayed there ever since."

It was a gray day that saw us walk down Sixth Avenue to receive June's predictions for fall, 1984—a gray day that tended toward charcoal in the east but lightened toward beige out over the Atlantic. Inside the Milliken Building, an audience of about fifty garment-industry executives waited. (June repeats her show daily for several weeks, to accommodate all who want to see it.) When the crowd sat down and the lights dimmed, she made her entrance waving a feathery fan—her way of saying that next year is going to be a year for Feminine Beauty, which means, colorwise, peach and its fellow-travellers Chic Cheek, Baby Blush, English Rose, Rose-Coral, and Powder Puff. "These are winter pastels. Not to be confused with spring pastels. They're much more powdered and dusted off, and they certainly won't end up on the markdown racks, like your standard baby blues. They will be especially big in your warmer markets, like Dallas," June said. Her hunch hinges on a number of things, including soaring lingerie sales in recent years and the popularity of the Manet show at the Met. Also, some pastel currents are flowing in Europe at the moment, she said, though gray ("At first it seemed so sophisticated, but after a while it gets so *heavy*") is dominating Parisian shopwindows for the second year in a row. She showed a number of photographs from a recent trip to Europe, including one of London's hottest new shop, Nostalgia of Mud, and one of young people in Copenhagen break-dancing. When the lights went back up, most of the audience looked very pleased, except for people dressed in gray, who looked—well, heavy.

June—she was wearing a beautiful coral blouse—chatted with us for a few minutes once the buyers and designers had filed out. She reminisced about some past extravaganzas, such as the New York theme she used in the show one year to introduce colors like Stage Deli Mustard and Tavern-on-the-Green, and she told us that the world grows more colorful with each passing year. "When I came to Milliken, twenty-three years ago, men wore only white shirts—that's all there were," she said. "Refrigerators were all white once. *All* kitchen appliances were white. But then, slowly, color came in. At first, for a long time, there was only avocado. But things got better. We've had to buck an awful lot of mores along the way. What changed things most of all was the flower-power explosion. The way kids revolted was through color. And then the men started wearing their doubleknits, their leisure suits. They looked awful, of course, at first. They had the license to use color, but they just didn't know how to handle it. Colors keep getting better all the time, though. They say there's never a new color under the sun, and that may be true, but there sure are a lot of shades."



"I work hard, I play hard, and I hang out hard."

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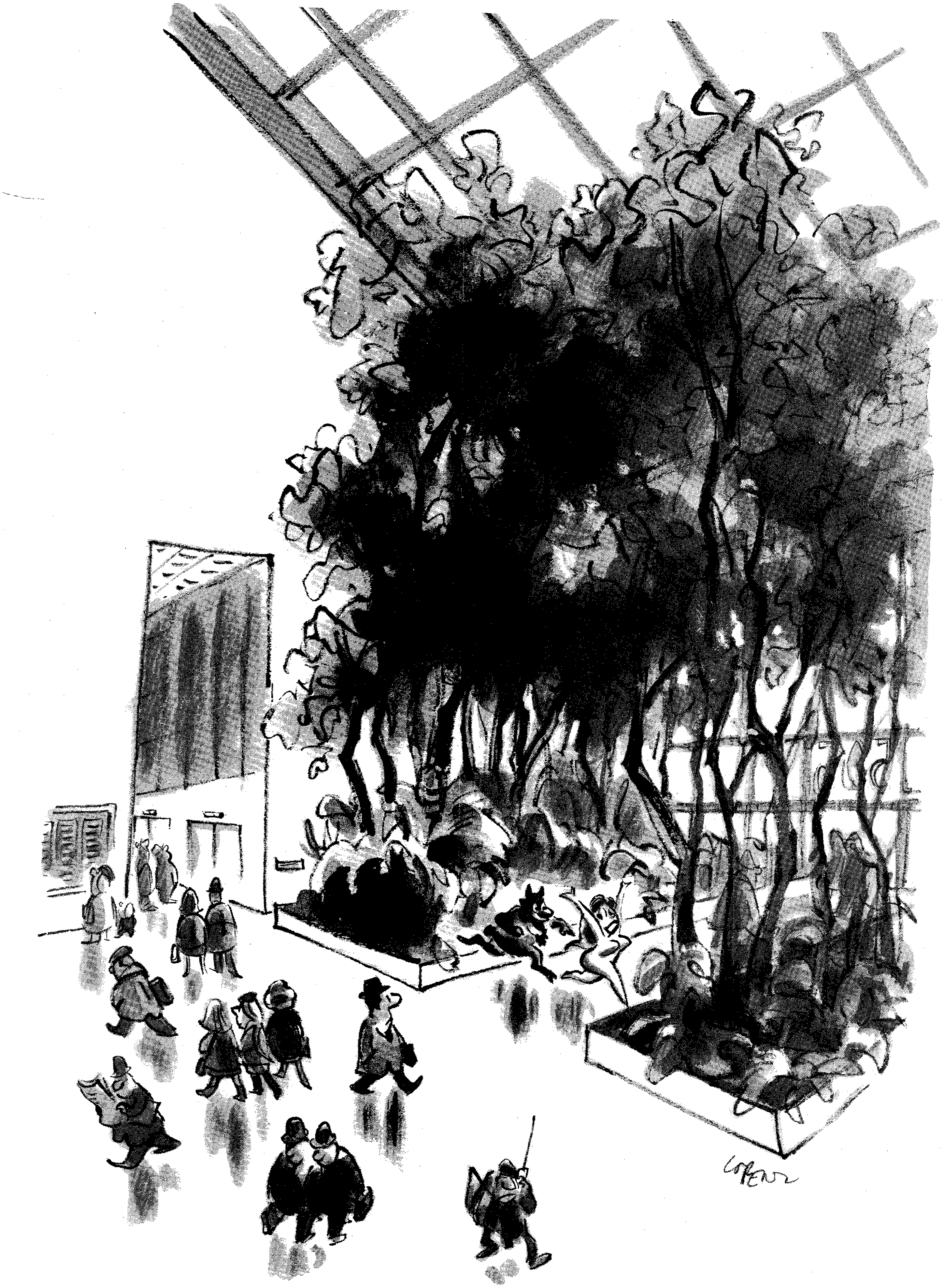

LORENZ

WEDDINGS!

OUR boys, Will and Phil, are getting married. Will met Lucy in a CVS store on a Saturday night. All those mirrors, and all those lights and shimmering shampoos and pink pocket combs—of course they fell in love. Phil saw Betsy in a McDonald's Town House. It was the last day of summer, and she was standing by the napkin dispenser, smiling. One wedding's next week (Will's), and one wedding's next month (Phil's). It all happened so fast. My wife and I like to stand in the doorway to Phil's bedroom, where the surface of every remaining object is bright and calm. We'll cross the hall to Will's, a triangular room with an inch of dust, and linger.

Will, the older boy, plays the piano in a Sheraton piano bar. We go to see him all the time; we close our eyes when he plays. The piano's two feet off the ground, and gives Will a lovely superiority. On my wife's insistence, we sit behind him, at his heels, so he won't have to look down and see my bald spot. Nowadays, every evening, Lucy comes to listen. A sweet, serious girl who holds a beer as if it were a candle, she stays front and center and stares up into Will's open face. (I get to see his face only when I go to the men's room.) Will fills the air with mournful tunes, which move his mother to tears, or sad stares into space, and surprise his father. Pretty wistful longings for a Sheraton, if you ask me. During breaks, Will goes down and sits with Lucy. They seem so solemn. After Will's last song, when the second-shift pianist starts to play, they come by our table. Will kisses his mother. Lucy kisses us both. Lucy holds Will's hand and reports the latest wedding news: three hundred people under a tent in her parents' back yard, a twelve-piece orchestra, waiters in frock coats, a fountain of baby's breath and lilies, elaborate ice sculptures, a cake in the shape of a piano (which embarrasses Will), five hundred balloons, "Will and Lucy" napkins and matches and mints. While Lucy talks, Will usually studies his other hand and nods his head, as if he were listening to something far away and slightly improbable. At some point, I'm sure to look his way and wink. He'll protest mildly, and try to wave me off, and I'll slip him a few dollars. Then he'll just shrug and fix his tie.

They're shy boys at eye level.

Phil's a housepainter. We take car rides in the country and look for his work. He specializes in big white houses with monumental fencing. Usually, there's an enormous barn. The prettiest houses have a profusion of something, rows of carriage lamps or thin classical pillars, which Phil wraps in white. It can be like a snow scene, or a wedding cake. Every time we see him, he's got a speck of paint somewhere on his face. When we first heard about Betsy Brown, we pictured a white house and a girl in red. We never imagined the golden arches. When Phil finally brought Betsy over to meet us, she was pale, awkward, nervous, and smiling. (I've never seen a girl hold a smile longer than Betsy Brown.) But she kept a few fingers spread on Phil's knee and touched Phil on the ear whenever he said something funny, and that endeared her to us. We're captivated. Phil's captivated. Betsy blushes and shakes when someone mentions the wedding. She and Phil plan a small one, without photographs.

I'VE been around the neighborhood a hundred times, looking at things. Will and Phil always liked it here, I think. There are hills (though not as big as they wanted) and plenty of shade trees. There are green lawns and blue pools. Depending on the season, mysterious mounds of cut grass, dried leaves, or chunky snow. Everybody I see cries, "Congratulations!," honks the horn. "Thank you" is all I can say. Couples walk to the edge of their property and wave at me. Around the bend, if I keep going, a brand-new Woolworth's appears, full of promise.

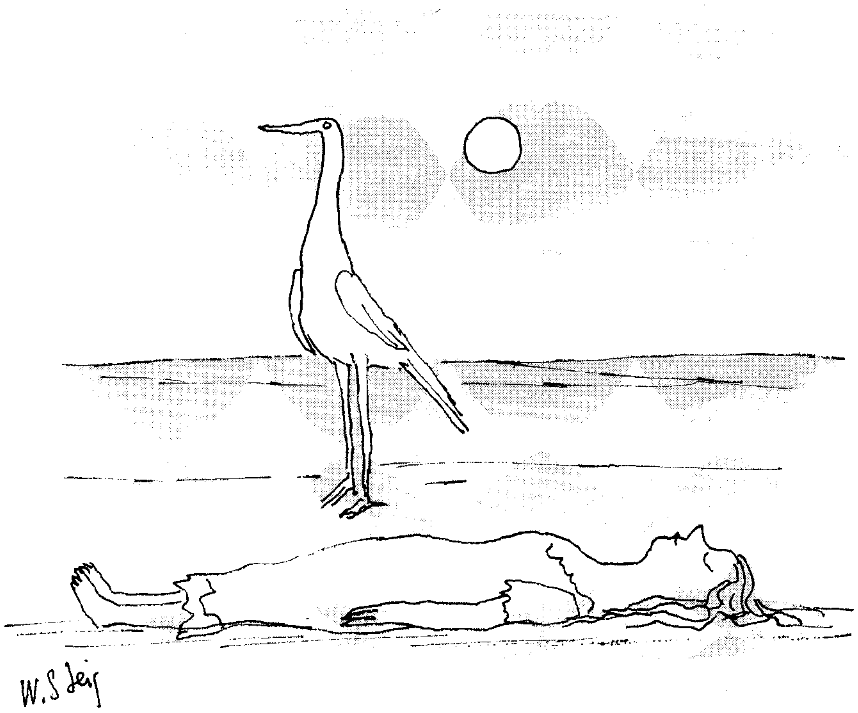
Sometimes, late at night, my wife catches me at the refrigerator. "I'm nervous," I say. "I can't sleep."

She stares at the rows of jars behind me. "You won't get into your tuxedo," she says. "You'll have to take small steps and hold your breath when you dance."

Phil and Betsy. Will and Lucy. It's a giant, strange happiness. It's too big for our house. It lies across our front lawn and half onto our neighbors'. I want to yell, "Hey, boys, come look at this animal!" I want to pull my saddle from the wall, my hat from the hook, and try to ride that thing.

Weddings!

My wife is watching me these days. "Jimmy, you'd better behave yourself," she says. We laugh. She swears she's serious. She's called the boys to warn them about me. "I know you," she says mysteriously, wagging her finger. "You're a monkey in the trees." As we lie in bed and I keep rolling over and flipping my pillow, she whistles. "A snake in the grass," she says. Sometimes she looks at me as if I were capable of anything. The brides, after all, have arrived. We're happy. We're lucky. "Jimmy," my wife pleads, "don't do anything crazy." —PETER GORDON



Dreamless Sleep

MY FIRST COUSIN

LIFE turned my first cousin into a criminal. It seems to me he was lucky. Otherwise, he would inevitably have become a high-ranking Party functionary.

The wildest assortment of preconditions contributed to this outcome. However, I shouldn't jump ahead.

My Aunt Tanya was a well-known literary editor. Her husband, Efim, was the director of a research institute. Along with this, he lectured and collected stamps. It was a good, close-knit family.

My cousin, though, had been born under rather curious circumstances. Before her marriage, my aunt had had a love affair. She had fallen in love with a prominent official, Vladimir Borisovich Lukyanov, who had once even been a deputy to Party Secretary Kirov. Some old Leningraders still remember him. He had a family, but he loved my aunt along with his marriage.

Eventually, my aunt discovered that she was pregnant. When it came time to give birth, she was taken to the hospital.

My mother went to Party headquarters. She managed to get an appointment, reminded Lukyanov about her sister and her problems. Lukyanov gloomily gave some orders. The flunkies of the regional Party office trooped to the maternity clinic with flowers and fruits. They also delivered to my aunt's lodgings a little inlaid card table, apparently requisitioned from nonproletarian-class elements.

My aunt gave birth to a healthy, sweet little boy, who was named Nikolai. My mother decided to go to Party headquarters once again. This time she couldn't get an appointment, and not because Lukyanov was suddenly putting on airs. Quite the contrary, in fact. Just a few days earlier, the happy father had been arrested as an enemy of the people.

It was the year 1938. My aunt was left alone with the infant. It was a good thing Lukyanov hadn't been her husband, or my aunt would have been exiled. As it was, his wife and children were deported—which was also, of course, not very pleasant.

My aunt apparently knew how to handle herself. She was a handsome, energetic, and independent woman. If she was afraid of anything at all, it was the judgment of the Party.

Besides, Efim had come on the scene. It was obvious that he loved my aunt. He offered her his hand and heart. Efim was the son of a Jewish hat manufacturer, but he didn't look like the stereotype of a Jew, nearsighted and frail. He was a tall, strong, attractive man: a former revolutionary student, a soldier in the Red Army, and an entrepreneur and enthusiast during the NEP period, the experiment with limited free enterprise. Later on, an administrative official, and finally, in his declining years, a revisionist and dissident. Efim idolized my aunt. Little Kolya called him Papa.

The war began. We found ourselves in Novosibirsk. Kolya was already three years old and in nursery school; I was a nursing infant.

Food was very scarce, and Kolya brought home some lumps of sugar for me. He carried them inside his cheek. At home, he took them out and put them on a plate. I raised a fuss and refused to eat the sugar. In alarm, Kolya said to his parents, "But the sugar's melting!"

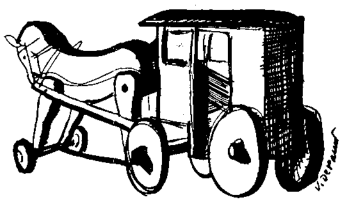
Then the war ended and we no longer went hungry.

MY cousin grew into a handsome adolescent of the Western European type. He had light eyes and dark, wavy hair. He looked like the young heroes of the progressive Italian cinema, in the opinion of our relatives.

He was an exemplary Soviet boy—a Pioneer, a top student, a soccer player, and a collector of scrap metal. He kept a diary, in which he wrote down wise sayings. He planted a birch tree in his courtyard. In the drama club, he always played the Young Guard.

I was younger, but worse. And he was always held up to me as an example. He was upright, modest, and well read. I was always being told: Kolya does well in school, helps his parents, is good at sports. Kolya won the school chemistry competition. Kolya nursed a wounded nestling. Kolya put together a crystal set receiver. (To this day, I have no idea just what that is.)

And then suddenly something unreal happened. Something almost beyond description. It's hard to find words. To put it briefly, my cousin Kolya urinated on the school director.



Kolya was sitting in the Pioneer room, working on the bulletin-board newspaper for Physical Culture Day. Around him was a crowd of schoolmates. Someone looking out the window said, "Here comes the Stoolie." The Stoolie was the nickname of the school director, Chebotaryov. Whereupon my cousin climbed up onto the windowsill. Asked the girls to turn around. Skillfully calculated his trajectory. And doused Chebotaryov from his feet up to his head.

This was incredible and crazy. It was impossible to believe it. In a month, several people who had been present doubted it had actually happened, so insane did the whole scene appear.

Director Chebotaryov's reaction was also highly unexpected. He completely lost his composure and suddenly began screaming in a rush of labor-camp slang, "I used to give it to the likes of you back in the camp! I'll make you— You son of a bacilli-laden bitch!"

The old prison kapo had awakened in Director Chebotaryov. And had it not been for this incident, who would have ever guessed his past? Always wearing a green felt hat, a fancy Chinese cloak, and carrying a tightly stuffed, worn-out briefcase.

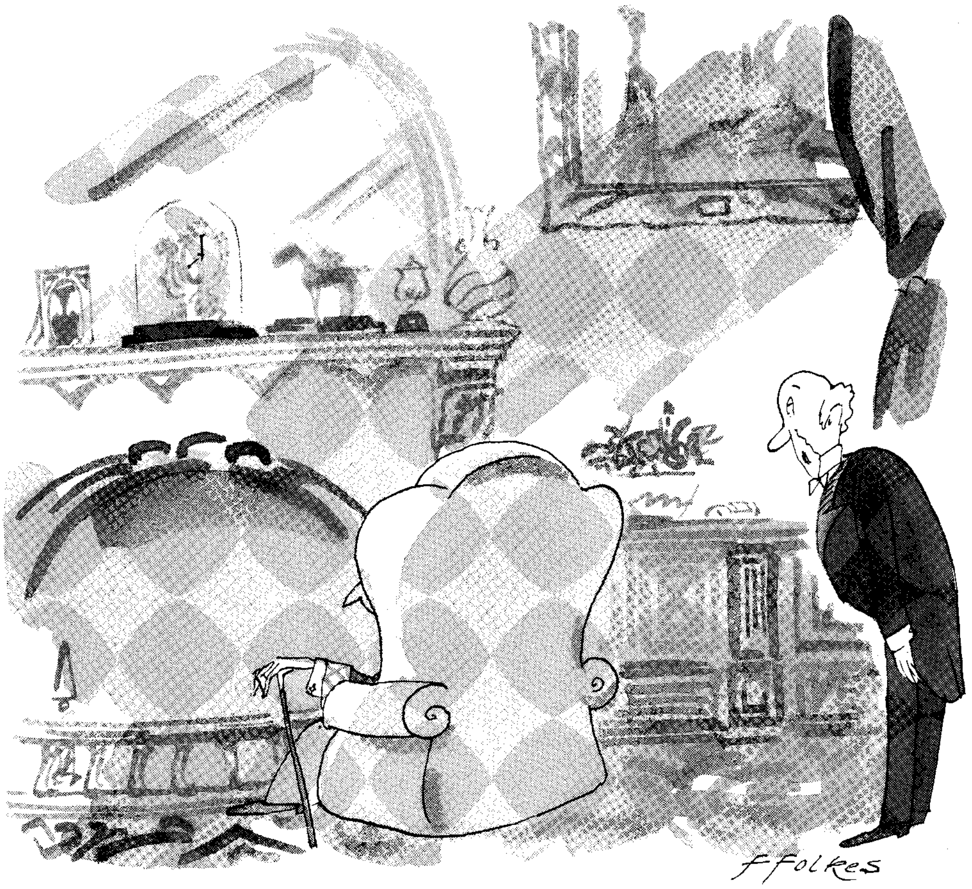
My cousin performed this act one week before the end of school, thereby depriving himself of a gold medal. With difficulty, his parents persuaded the director to give Kolya a graduation certificate.

I asked my cousin why he had done it.

"I did what every student secretly dreams of doing," he replied. "When I saw the Stoolie that day, I thought, It's now or never! I'll do it—or else I'll stop respecting myself."

By that time, I was already a rather malicious adolescent. I told my cousin, "In a hundred years, they'll hang a memorial plaque on our school: 'Here Nikolai Gubarev attended school, with all the ensuing consequences.' "

The family discussed my cousin's wild action for several months. Then Nikolai entered a theatre institute. He had decided to become a drama specialist. People began to forget about his offense—especially since he did so brilliantly at school. He was the secretary of the Komsomol organization,



"She wouldn't leave her name. Just said Room 14, Hôtel Balzac, Rue de Seine, '34."

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and a blood donor, the editor of the bulletin-board newspaper, and a goalie besides.

As he grew up, he became even handsomer. He looked even more like an Italian movie star. Girls pursued him with undisguised enthusiasm. Despite such attention, he was a chaste and shy young man. Feminine flirtatiousness sickened him. I remember one notation in his student diary: "The main thing in a book and in a woman is not the form but the content."

Even now, after countless experiences and disappointments, this position seems to me a little boring. And now, as then, I like only beautiful women. I even have prejudices on this score. It seems to me, for example, that all fat women are liars. Especially if they have small breasts.

However, this story is not about me.

MY cousin graduated from the theatre institute, took his diploma with highest honors. An impeccable Komsomol dossier trailed after him: he worked on virgin-lands projects and commanded a construction unit; took an active part on a squad that assisted the police; was a terror to petit-bourgeois thinking and all vestiges of capitalism in the consciousness of the people. He had the most honest eyes in the whole neighborhood.

He became a literary administrator, got a job in the Lenin Komsomol Theatre. This was almost unbelievable. So young, just out of school, and already such a position!

As head of the literature department, he was demanding and businesslike. He fought on behalf of progressive art, and managed to do so with tact, restraint, and caution, while skillfully slipping Vampilov, Mrozek, Borshchagovsky into production. Established Soviet playwrights were rather afraid of him. Rebellious young theatre enthusiasts admired him.

He was sent on important business trips. He participated in a few Kremlin conferences. It was delicately suggested to him that he join the Party. He hesitated. It seemed to him he wasn't worthy.

And then suddenly my cousin once again distinguished himself. I don't know how to put it any better. Briefly, Kolya committed twelve robberies.

He had a close friend, named Tsapin, who worked for Intourist. And it came about that he and Tsapin managed a heist involving twelve tourist buses. They carried off suitcases, shortwave radios, tape recorders, umbrellas, raincoats, and hats. And a spare tire.

Twenty-four hours later, they were arrested. We were in shock. My aunt ran to her friend Yuri German. He telephoned his friends; these included generals in the militia.

My cousin was defended by the best lawyer in town, Kiselyov. In the course of the trial, certain fine points and details were brought to light. It turned out that the victims of the robbery were representatives of developing nations and members of progressive socialist organizations.

Kiselyov decided to turn this to use. He asked my cousin, "Did you know that these people happened to be citizens of developing nations? As well as representatives of socialist organizations?"

"Unfortunately, no," Nikolai answered sensibly.

"Well, and if you had known? Would you still have attempted to encroach on their private possessions?"

My cousin's face expressed an extreme degree of hurt. The lawyer's question seemed to strike him as completely tactless. He raised his eyebrows in vexation, as if to signify, "How can you ask? How can you even think it?"

Kiselyov perked up noticeably. "And now, one last question," he said. "Wasn't it rather your belief that these gentlemen were representatives of reactionary strata of society?"

At this point, the judge broke in. "Comrade Kiselyov, do not attempt to portray the accused as a fighter for world revolution."

But my cousin had managed to nod. Indicating, as it were, that such an assumption had flashed through his mind.

The judge raised his voice. "Let us confine ourselves to the facts that the inquest has at its disposal."

Throughout the trial, my cousin conducted himself bravely and without affectation. Smiled at the judge and bantered with him.

My cousin was given only three years. When the sentence was read, he didn't flinch. He was led away from the courtroom under guard.

There was an appeal, all kinds of solicitations, negotiations, and telephone calls. And all useless.

My cousin was sent to Tyumen, to a high-security labor camp.

We corresponded. All his letters began with the words "Things are normal here with me." Then there would be a list of requests—numerous, but restrained and sober: "Two pairs wool socks . . . an English-language textbook . . . underwear . . . composition notebooks . . . a German-language textbook . . . garlic . . . lemons . . . a fountain pen . . . a French-language textbook . . . and also a manual for *teaching yourself the guitar*."

News from camp came through as entirely optimistic. The senior warden wrote my aunt, "Nikolai Gubarev undeviatingly obeys all the injunctions of camp regulations . . . enjoys respect from the other prisoners . . . systematically overfulfills his labor assignments . . . takes an active part in arranging cultural activities . . ."

My cousin wrote that he had been appointed an orderly. Then a brigadier. And finally—chief administrator in charge of the bathhouse.

As a career, this was dizzying. And to move up in labor camp was extraordinarily difficult. Equivalent advances outside jail would have led to the perquisites of a bureaucratic administrator—access to special shops, dachas, and travel abroad.

My cousin skyrocketed toward rehabilitation. He was the camp beacon. He was envied, he was admired. In a year's time, he was transferred to chemistry—that is, to a free settlement where he was assigned to work in a local chemical industrial complex.

That was where he married. A self-sacrificing classmate named Liza came out to join him. She acted like the wife of a Decembrist. They became man and wife.

As for me, during this time I was kicked out of the university. Then I was drafted into the Army. And I was assigned to serve as part of the military police, as a labor-camp guard.

So I was a guard. And Kolya was a prisoner. And it even came about that I stood guard over my cousin. True, not for very long. I don't really want to write about it. It would all come out sounding overliterary, like Sholokhov's "Tales of the Don." It's enough to say that I was a guard and my cousin a prisoner.

WE returned home at almost the same time. My cousin was released and I was demobilized. Our relatives arranged a grandiose banquet at the Metropole. First and foremost they were honoring my cousin, but now and then a good word was put in for me, too.

Our Uncle Roman expressed himself as follows: "There are people who remind you of reptiles. They live in swamps, and hide among the rocks. And then there are people who remind you of mountain eagles. They soar higher than the sun, they spread their wings wide. So let us drink to Kolya, our mountain eagle! Let us wish that the clouds be left behind!"

"Bravo!" the relatives cried. "Our good boy, our eagle, our brave young warrior!"

In my uncle's speech I could detect motifs from Gorky's "Song of the Falcon."

Roman lowered his voice slightly and added, "Let's also drink to Seryozha, our eaglet! True, he's still young. His wings aren't so strong yet, but wide expanses await him, too!"

"God forbid!" my mother said rather loudly. My uncle gave her a reproachful look.

Once again, my aunt made telephone calls to various people, and my cousin got a job in the film industry as something like a lighting assistant.

I began working for a factory newspaper, and started to write short stories on the side.

My cousin's career developed with gathering momentum. Soon he became a lab worker, then a dispatcher, then senior dispatcher—and, finally, assistant to the director of a film. That is to say, he became someone of stature, with material responsibility. It was no accident that in labor camp my cousin had moved so swiftly toward rehabilitation. Now it was clear he couldn't stop.

In a month, his photograph hung on the Board of Merit. He was loved by directors, by cameramen, and by the studio chief himself. More important, he was loved by the cleaning ladies. He was promised a film of his own in the near future.

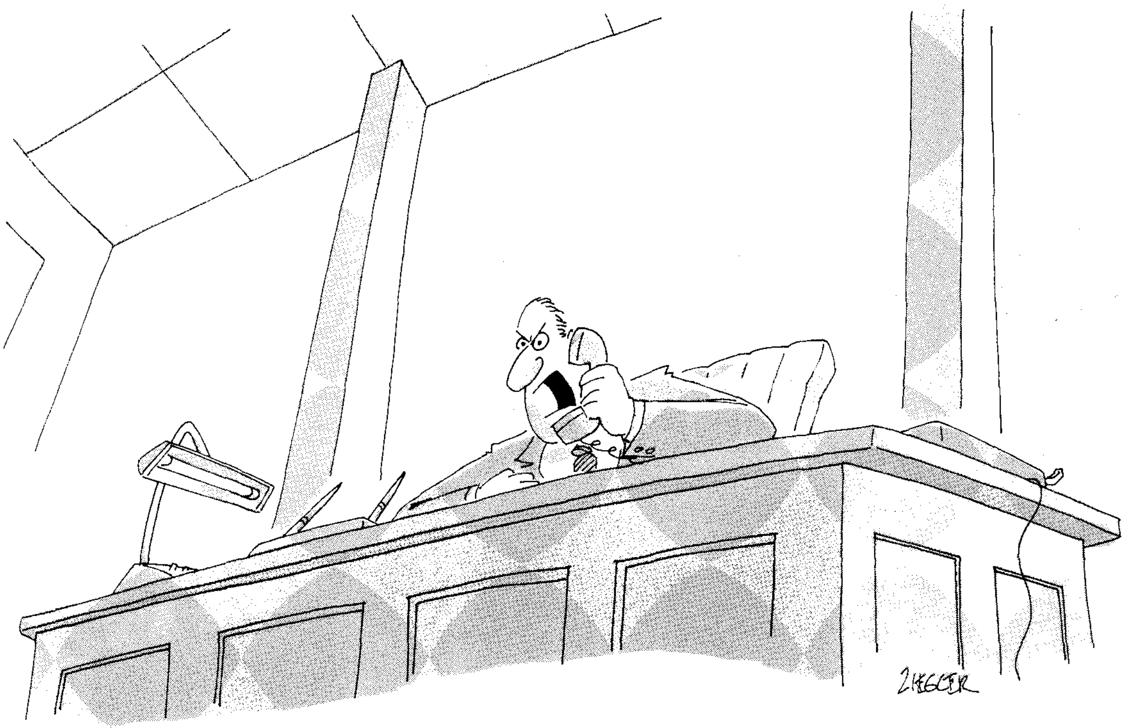
Sixteen old Communists at the studio were ready to recommend him for admission to the Party. But my cousin hesitated. He reminded me of Levin in "Anna Karenina." On the eve of his marriage, Levin lamented that he had already lost his virginity in his youth. My cousin tormented himself with a similar problem—namely, how one could be a Communist and have a criminal past.

The old Communists assured him it was possible.

My cousin's accomplishments stood out all the more sharply against the pallid backdrop of my own. He was cheerful,

56 years old.
Whew! That's
8 big ones!
M. Twohy

dynamic, and laconic. He was sent on important business trips. Everyone foresaw a brilliant administrative career for him. It was impossible to believe that he had been in prison. Many of our superficial acquaintances thought I was the one who had done time.



"Software? Software? Nobody around here deals in software!"

• •

AND then again something happened, though this time not all at once. Strange lapses began to occur—as if the stately notes of the "Appassionata" were being wrecked by the shrill wails of a saxophone. My cousin pursued his career as before—gave speeches at meetings, went on business trips. But parallel to this he began to drink. And go after women, with unexpected enthusiasm.

He began to be seen in suspicious company. He was surrounded by drunkards, boastful old soldiers, black marketeers. . . . Whenever he was sober, he would hurry to a meeting. After he had given a successful speech, he ran to meet his friends. In the beginning these paths didn't intersect.

There were times when he didn't show up at home for three days straight. He would disappear with some indecent woman. The majority of his women were unattractive. One of them, I remember, was named Greta. She had a goiter.

I said to my cousin, "You could do better than her."

"What are you, crazy?" he answered indignantly. "Don't you realize that she can get pure alcohol at work? And in unlimited quantities at that?" Evidently my cousin was still governed by the doctrine of his youth: "In a woman and in a book the main thing is not the form but the content."

Then my cousin beat up a waiter in the Narva restaurant. He had wanted the waiter to sing "Suliko."

He began to be brought before the militia. Each time, the Party bureau at the studio bailed him out, but each time less willingly. We waited to see how it would all end.

In the summertime he went off to Chita for the shooting of a film called "Dauria." Then suddenly we learned that while driving an official car my cousin had run over a man. What's more, an officer in the Soviet Army. Fatally.

There was a terrible period of suppositions and guesses. Information of the most contradictory kind kept coming in. It was said that Kolya had been driving completely drunk. It was also said, true, that the officer had not been too sober, either, though this had no significance, considering that he was dead.

Everything was kept secret from my aunt. My uncles put together about four hundred rubles. I was supposed to fly to Chita, to learn all the details, and to undertake some practical actions: to arrange for packages to be forwarded, to hire a lawyer. "And, if possible, to bribe the prosecuting attorney," Uncle Roman told me.

I started to get ready.

Late at night, the telephone rang. I picked it up. The calm voice of my cousin floated out of the silence. "Were you asleep?"

"Kolya!" I shouted. "Are you alive? They're not going to shoot you? Were you drunk?"

"I'm alive," my cousin answered. "They're not going to shoot me. And remember—it was an accident. I was driving—sober. They'll give me about four years, not more. Did you get the cigarettes?"

"What cigarettes?"

"Japanese. You see, Chita has a separate trade agreement with Japan, and they sell excellent cigarettes here called Hi-Lites. I sent you a carton for your birthday. Did you get them?"

"No. That's not important—"

"What do you mean, not important? They're first-class cigarettes, manufactured under an American export license—"

But I interrupted him. "Are you in custody?"

"No," he said. "What for? I live in the hotel. The investigator comes to see me. Her name is Larissa. She's a nice, plump girl. By the way, she sends you regards."

An unfamiliar female voice sang into the receiver, "Cuckoo, my little chickie!"

Then my cousin got on the line again. "It's absolutely useless for you to fly to Chita. The trial, I hope, will be in Leningrad. Does Mama know?"

"No," I said.

"There's going to be some racket. . . ."

"Kolya!" I shouted. "What should I send you? You must be in a terrible state of mind! After all, you've killed a man! Killed someone!"

"Don't shout! Officers are created in order to perish. And once again I

TIME

It may be we are in the last days.
Seven hundred years ago to the week,
on the eleventh of December, the kingdom of Wales went under.
Today, the sixth of the twelfth month of the nineteen-hundred-eighty-second year, according to the current reckoning,
there are roses the size of the old English threepenny bit—
one fingernail-pink, another minute, extravagant crimson—
flanked by masses of sweet alyssum
and one time-exempt purple pansy
on the site of what was formerly the Women's House of Detention
at the triangular intersection of Tenth Street with Greenwich and Sixth Avenues
at the back of the old Jefferson Market courthouse,
whose tower clock, revived, goes on keeping time.
And I think again of October violets,
of their hardy refusal to adhere to conventional expectation—
so hardy that I've finally ceased to think of it as startling,
this phenomenon which, in fact, I devoted myself in October to looking for:
a tame revenant of the blue fire alarm of the original encounter with the evidence,
among the dropped leaves and superannuated grass of the season of hickory nuts,
that neither time nor place could be counted on to remain self-sufficient,
that you might find yourself slipping back toward the past at any moment,
or watch it well up in artesian springs of anachronism,
with the prospect of being drowned in that aperture's abrupt blue,
in that twinkling of an eye, at any moment.
It was November, or near then, I found violets massed at the foot of the foundations of the castle of Chepstow,
at the edge of Wales—not any longer, as once, covert, fecklessly undermining
that sense of fitness, so fragile that at any moment of one's childhood,
whatever sense of continuity has not ebbed or been marked for demolition,
may break like an eggshell, and be overrun from within by the albumen of ruin—
their out-of-season purple not any longer hinting at something, but announcing it with a flourish:
the entire gorgeous, intractable realm of the forgotten,
the hieratic, the heraldic, the royal, sprung open
at the gouty foot of that anachronism
on the fringes of a kingdom that went under
at or near the downward slope of the thirteenth century. I have seen
the artesian spring of the past foam up at the foot of the castle of Chepstow
on a day in November, or thereabouts. I have seen a rose the size of a perfectly manicured crimson fingernail
alive in a winter that does not arrive, though we plunge again toward the solstice.

—Amy Clampitt

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repeat—it was an accident. The main thing is, where have those cigarettes gotten to?"

SOON, people who had firsthand knowledge of the events arrived from Chita and cleared up the details of the whole business.

It had been somebody's birthday, an outdoor celebration. Kolya arrived late, already toward evening, in an official car. As usual, there wasn't enough alcohol. The guests were getting a little depressed. The stores were closed.

Kolya announced, "I'm going for moonshine. Anyone with me?"

He was tipsy. They tried to talk him out of it. In the end, three people went with him. This included the driver assigned to the car, who dozed in the back seat. Half an hour later, they knocked down a motorcyclist, who died instantly.

The members of the expedition became completely hysterical. My cousin, on the other hand, got very sober. He took precise and immediate action —namely, he still went to get the moonshine. This took fifteen minutes. Then he generously poured it out for the members of his expedition. Included was the slightly sobered official driver. He dozed off once again.

Only then did my cousin call the militia. A short time later, a police van pulled up. On arrival they found a corpse alongside a smashed motorcycle, and four drunken persons, among whom my cousin seemed the most sober.

Lieutenant Dudko asked, "Which of you is the driver?" My cousin pointed to the sleeping driver. He was carried into the police van. The others gave their addresses and were taken to their separate lodgings.

Kolya hid out for three days, till the alcohol had ventilated off. Then he appeared at the police station and acknowledged his guilt.

By this time, quite naturally, the driver had sobered up. He was being held in a pre-trial investigation cell. He was convinced that he had run

WOODMAN
SANTA THE GREEK

over the man in a drunken stupor. Now my cousin appeared and declared that he had been at the wheel.

"Then why did you indicate Krachmalnikov Yuri Petrovich?" the lieutenant asked, growing angry.

"You asked who the driver was, so I told you."

"And where have you been for three days?"

"I got frightened—I was in shock." He tried to mimic the way someone with a fearful nature would act. The attempt rang false.

"Were you drunk while at the wheel?" the lieutenant asked.

"Not a bit," my cousin answered.

"That I doubt."

However, by now it was impossible to prove anything one way or the other. The members of the expedition swore that Kolya hadn't been drinking. The driver escaped with a professional reprimand.

My cousin had acted cunningly. Now he would have to be tried not as a drunken driver but simply as someone who had caused an accident. The female investigator Larissa told him, "Even in bed you continue to deceive the investigation."

In a week, he showed up in Leningrad. My aunt already knew everything. She didn't carry on. She made telephone calls to writers who had connections with the militia. To Yuri German, as always; to Metter, Saparov . . . As a result, my cousin was left in peace until the trial. All he was asked to do was to sign a pledge that he wouldn't leave town.

On one of his first days home, my cousin dropped in to see me. He asked, "You did guard duty near Leningrad, didn't you? Do you know the local system of labor camps?"

"In general, yes. I was in Obukhovo, Gorelyova, at Piskarovka . . ."

"Which one would be best, in your opinion, for me to be in?"

"In Obukhovo, I think. The security is not as tight."

"Then let's not waste time. I'd better go there and look around."

We went to Obukhovo. We stopped by the barracks, had a talk with the orderly, found out who was still there of the reënlisted men I knew. After a moment, Sergeants Goderidze and Osipenko came running into the barracks.

We embraced. I introduced them to my cousin. Then I asked who was still there of the old prison-camp administration.

"Captain Deryabin," the soldiers answered.

Captain Deryabin I remembered well. He was a comparatively goodhearted, harmless lush. The prisoners used to sneak off with his cigarettes. At the time that I was doing my service, Deryabin had been a lieutenant.

We telephoned into the camp. In a minute, Deryabin appeared at the checkpoint.

"Ah!" he cried. "Seryozha's shown up! Let's have a look at you and see how you turned out. I heard you went and became a writer. Here, write up this incident from real life: One of my prisoners catapulted himself out of an exterior work zone. I had brought a brigade of these zeks out of the camp on sanitation duty. I left the convoy. Took off to have a quick one. I come back—one zek is missing. He just flew off! They bent down a pine tree, see, and buckled the guy to the top branch with a rigging belt. Then let go. Then in mid-flight the zek unbuckles himself, and it's goodbye! He flies just short of the railway crossing. However, it turns out he was just a little off in his reckoning. He was hoping to land in the snow by the sawmill. But it turns out he bangs down in the yard of the regional military committee. And there's also this detail, pure literature: when they grabbed him, he bit the commanding officer on the nose."

I introduced Deryabin to my cousin.

"Call me Lyokha," Captain Deryabin said, holding out his hand.

"Nick," my cousin said.

"So what do you think?" I said. "It wouldn't be bad to go have a little nip ourselves."

We decided to leave the barracks and go to the nearest wooded area. We invited Goderidze and Osipenko. Got four bottles of booze out of a briefcase, sat down on a fallen spruce.

"Well, best of luck!" the prison guards said.

Five minutes later, my cousin was already embracing Deryabin. And meanwhile he kept asking him questions. "How's the heating? Are there many dogs on guard? Do they do a lot of solitary confinement here?"

"You'll be all right here," the soldiers assured him.

"A good camp," Goderidze kept repeating. "You'll get your health back, rest up, look like a weight lifter."

"And there's a store right nearby," Osipenko put in, "just beyond the railroad crossing. White wine, red, beer . . ."

In half an hour, Deryabin was saying, "Get yourselves jailed, boys, while I'm still around. Because they're going to retire Lyokha Deryabin, and then you'll regret it. Then the troubles will begin. Then you'll be in for it. Creeps will come, university dropouts. Then you'll think of Lyokha Deryabin."

Kolya jotted down Deryabin's home telephone number.

"And I'll write down yours," said Deryabin.

"No sense to that," my cousin answered. "I'll be here in two weeks."

On the train going home, he said, "So far, things don't look too bad." I almost burst into tears. Apparently the booze was having its effect on me.

Soon the trial began. My cousin was again defended by the same lawyer, Kiselyov. The public was continually breaking into applause for him.

"Oh, please don't go yet. Or are you just arriving?"

Curiously enough, the victim of the events, as Kiselyov portrayed them, was not the deceased man, Korobchenko, but my cousin. In his concluding speech, the lawyer said, "A human life reminds one of a mountain road with many dangerous turns. One of these turned out to be fateful for the defendant. . . ."

My cousin was given three years. But this time in a maximum-security labor camp. The day of the trial, I received a package from Chita. It contained ten packages of Japanese cigarettes—Hi-Lites.

Kolya was sent to Obukhovo. He wrote me that the camp was a good one, and the camp administration fairly humane. Captain Deryabin proved to be a man of his word. He assigned Kolya the job of bread slicer. This was a much-envied privileged position.

Meanwhile, my cousin's wife, Liza, gave birth to a little girl named Natasha. One day Liza called me and said, "We've been granted a group visit with Kolya. If you're free, let's go together. It will be hard for me to go alone with the baby."

Four of us went—Aunt Tanya, Liza, two-month-old Natasha, and I. It was a hot August day. Natasha cried the whole way there. Liza was nervous. My aunt got a headache.

We pulled up to the checkpoint and found the visiting room. There were six other visitors there. The prisoners were separated from us by a glass barrier.

Liza unswaddled the baby. My cousin still hadn't appeared. I went over to the soldier on duty.

"And where is Gubarev?" I asked.

"Sit down and wait," he answered.

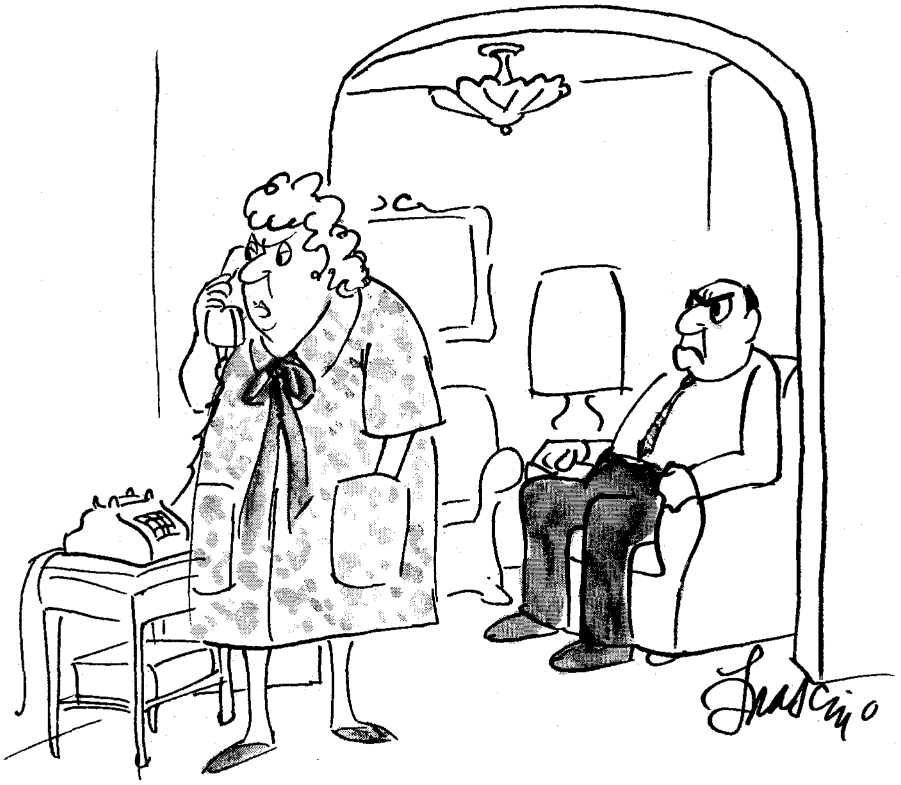
I said, "Telephone the orderly and call out my cousin. And tell Lyokha Deryabin that I said to have you disciplined."

The duty guard changed his tone. "I don't take orders from Deryabin. I take orders from the intelligence officer."

"Go on," I said. "Telephone."

Just then my cousin appeared. He was wearing a gray prison outfit. His hair, shaved close, had grown out a little to a crewcut. He was tanned and his body seemed longer.

My aunt pushed a package of apples, sausage, and chocolate to him through the embrasure in the glass



"Can I call you back, Syl? We're right in the middle of a lovers' quarrel."

barrier. Liza told her little daughter, "Tatusya—this is Papa. See, this is Papa!"

But my cousin kept looking at me. Then he said, "You're wearing revolting trousers. And they're such an awful crap color. How about if I put you in touch with a tailor here? There's a Jew in here who sews incredible pants. Not only is he a *portnoy* by trade, but his name is Portnoy. Some coincidence, right?"

I yelled, "What are you talking about? What difference does it make what I'm wearing?"

"Don't worry," he said. "It won't cost you a thing. I'll lay out the money, you'll buy the material, and he'll sew you the pants. The Jew says, 'The backside is the face of a man.' And just look at yours, all those creases."

It seemed to me that for a repeat offender he was acting excessively fastidious.

"The money," my aunt said, suddenly tense, "where does it come from? I know that in labor camp you're not supposed to have money."

"Money is like microbes," Kolya said. "They're everywhere. When we achieve true Communism, it will all be different."

"At least take a look at your daughter," Liza begged.

"I saw," my cousin said. "A fine little girl."

"How's the food?" I asked.

"Pretty bad. Though, it's true, I don't eat in the mess hall. We send one of the guards out to the food store. But if often happens that you can't get a thing there. After one o'clock it's too late to get sausage or eggs. . . . Yes, Nikita really messed up agriculture. And to think there was a time when we fed all of Europe. Our one hope is the private sector, the restoration of NEP—"

"Not so loud," my aunt said.

My cousin beckoned to the soldier standing guard to come over, said something to him in a low voice. The guard started making excuses. We could only catch fragments of sentences.

"Look, I asked you to get it by twelve-thirty," my cousin said.

"I remember," the guard told him. "Don't worry. Tolik will be back in ten minutes."

"Dima, I'll get insulted . . ."

"Kolya, you know the kind of man I am: I promise something, that means I'll do it. Tolik will be back in literally five minutes."

"But my cousin wants a drink right now."

I asked, "What's going on?"

My cousin answered, "He sent some ace out to get vodka, and that was the end of him. It's a real bordello around here. No military discipline at all."

"They'll put you in solitary confinement," Liza said.

"So? You think there are no human beings around solitary?"

The child started crying again. Liza took offense. My cousin seemed inattentive and indifferent to her. My aunt kept taking one medicine after another.

Visiting time was running out. One of the zeks was led away almost by force. He kept trying to tear himself free and then yelled out, "Nadka, if you fool around I'll kill you. I'll search you out and cripple you like a monkey—this I guarantee. And remember, you bitch, Vovik loves you!"

"Time to go," I said. "Time's up."

My aunt turned away. Liza rocked the baby.

"And the vodka?" my cousin asked.

"You'll drink it yourself."

"I wanted to drink it with you."

"It's not worth it, brother. This isn't much of a place for drinking."

"Well, you would know. But that guard—I'll let him have it all the same. For me the main thing in a person is reliability."

Suddenly Tolik appeared with a bottle. You could tell he had been hurrying to get there. "Here it is," he said. "A ruble-thirty change."

"Do it so I don't see anything, fellas," the soldier standing guard said, handing Kolya an enamelled mug.

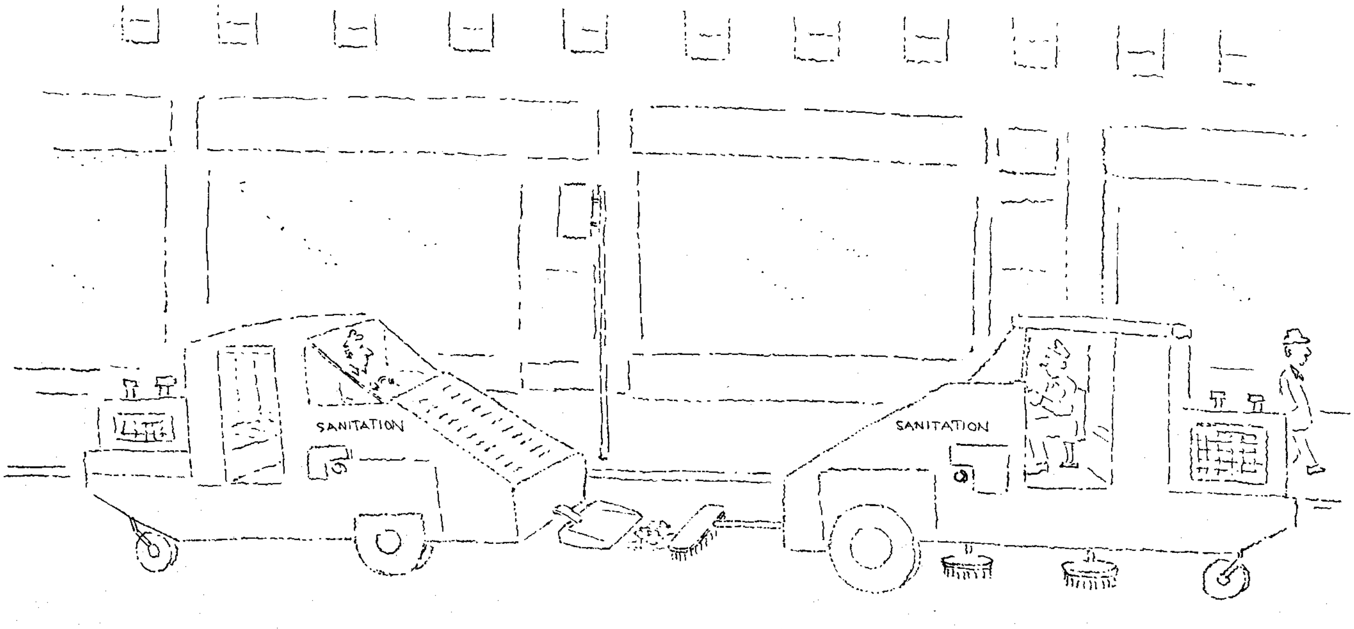
My cousin filled it quickly. Everyone took a swallow—the zeks, their relatives, the guards, the soldiers, the one on duty himself.

Lifting the mug, one unshaven, tattooed zek said, "To our mighty motherland! To Comrade Stalin personally! To our victory over Fascist Germany! Let's hear it from the surface missiles—ba-boom!"

"Long live the reactionary clique of Imre Nagy!" said another zek.

The guard touched my cousin on the shoulder. "Nick, I'm sorry, your time is up."

We said goodbye. I shook my cousin's hand through the embrasure. My aunt looked at her son in silence. Liza suddenly burst into tears, waking



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Natasha, who had just fallen asleep. She started to yell.

We walked out and began looking for a taxi.

ABOUT a year went by. My cousin wrote that everything was going well. He continued to work as a bread slicer, and when Deryabin retired, Kolya became an electrical repairman.

Then a representative of the Ministry of Internal Affairs got in touch with my cousin. They had decided to have a documentary film made about labor camps, to show that Soviet camps were the most humane in the world. The film was intended for internal consumption. It was entitled, dryly, "Methods of Detainment in Maximum-Security Labor Colonies."

My cousin travelled around to distant prison camps for locations. A GAZ-61 government car was put at his disposal. He was consigned all the appropriate equipment. Two escorts would invariably accompany him—Goderidze and Osipenko. My cousin often managed to make short visits home. He visited me a few times.

By summer, the film was ready. My cousin had done the work of cameraman, director, and narrator, all at the same time. A preview was arranged, with generals and colonels in the audience. At the panel evaluation afterward, General Shurepov said, "A good, much-needed film. . . . As pleasant to watch as 'The Thousand and One Nights. . . .' " Kolya got a lot of praise.

I finally understood the ruling trait in his character: He was a natural-born existentialist. He could act only in extreme situations: build a career only in prison, fight for life only on the edge of the abyss.

Finally, that fall, he was released. What follows will sound familiar. My aunt telephoned Yuri German. My cousin was hired as an unskilled workman at a documentary-film studio. Two months later, he was working as a sound technician. And in another half year he was head of the department of acquisitions.

Just about the same time, I was laid off from work, this time for good. I wrote short stories and lived off my mother's pension.

When my aunt fell ill and died, a portrait of a gray-eyed, charming man was found among her papers. It was Kirov's former deputy, Vladimir Lukyanov. He looked like my cousin, though by now a considerably younger version of him. Even before this, Kolya had known who his father was. From then on, everyone spoke openly about it.

My cousin could have attempted to get in touch with his relatives. But he didn't want to. He said to me, "I have you, and no one else."

Then he thought a moment and added, "How strange! Me with a Russian father, you with a Jewish one—but we both like vodka with beer."

IN 1979, I decided to emigrate. My cousin could have applied, too, because his official father was Jewish, but he said he wouldn't go.

He had once again begun to drink and get into fights in restaurants. He was threatened with being laid off from work. It was as though he could only live in confinement. When he was out of prison, he let himself go and even got sick.

I said to him one last time, "Let's both go."

He reacted listlessly and sadly. "That whole business isn't for me. You have to take all those official steps . . . you have to assure everyone that you're Jewish. I'd find it embarrassing. If only it was one-two-three, in the middle of a hangover, and there you are in Rome, right on Capitoline Hill."

At the airport, my cousin cried. Apparently, he had aged. Besides which, it's always harder to stay than to leave.

For four years now, I've lived in New York, and for four years I've been sending packages to Leningrad. And suddenly one arrived from there.

I opened it in the post office. In it lay a blue knitted pullover with an emblem of the Olympic Games. And a heavy metal corkscrew of the latest Soviet model. With greetings from Kolya.

I thought to myself, What were the most precious things I ever got in my life? And I realized: four lumps of sugar, some Japanese cigarettes called Hi-Lites, and now this corkscrew. I covered my face with my hands. I understood that I was alone.

—SERGEI DOVLATOV

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Anne Frydman.*)

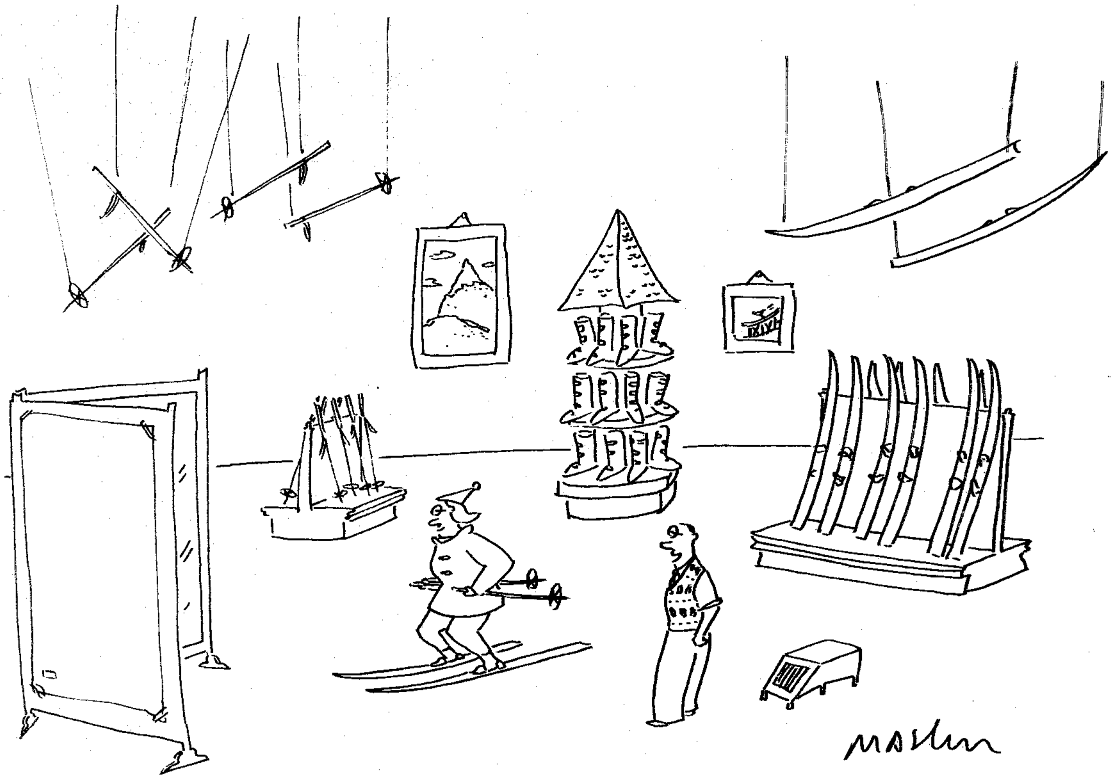
ANNALS OF SCHOLARSHIP

TROUBLE IN THE ARCHIVES—I

IN the mid-seventies, a young man named Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson began to appear at psychoanalytic congresses and to draw a certain perplexed attention to himself. He was an analyst-in-training at the Toronto Institute of Psychoanalysis, but he wasn't like the other analytical candidates one sees at congresses—quiet and serious and somewhat cowed-looking young psychiatrists who stand about together like shy, plain girls at dances, talking to one another with exaggerated animation. Masson (to continue the metaphor) not only assiduously steered clear of the wallflowers but was dancing with some of the most attractive and desirable partners at the ball: with well-known senior analysts, such as Samuel Lipton, of Chicago; Brian Bird, of Cleveland; Edward Weinshel and the late Victor Calef, of San Francisco; and—the greatest catch of all—Kurt Eissler, of New York.

Masson was lively, inquisitive, brash, very talkative, anything but cowed. He was not a psychiatrist but a Sanskritist. He had become a tenured associate professor of Sanskrit at the University of Toronto at the age of thirty (by thirty-five he was a full professor), and he gave off a sheen of the intellectual big time that even those who disliked him from the start were grudgingly impressed by. He was good-looking in a boyish, dark, mildly Near Eastern way. (The photographs of Masson that were presently to appear in the *Times*, *Newsweek*, and *Time* make him look more exotic than he does in life, and a bit plump and spoiled.) At the congresses, Masson would sometimes be accompanied by his wonderfully intelligent, thin, elegant, mockingly witty wife, Terri; she stood out from the wives of analysts as Masson stood out from his fellow-candidates. Victor Calef, in recalling his first meeting with the dazzling Massons, at a congress of the International Psycho-Analytical Association in Paris in 1973, spoke of them as if speaking of the young Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. "They were so beautiful, so brilliant, so delicious," Calef recalled. (And felt compelled to add, "She was smart as a whip.") At the Paris congress, Masson read a paper criticizing Erik Erikson's book on Gandhi—a paper that was much admired and was subsequently published in the *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*. (While other candidates were still copying out exercises with inky fingers, Masson, with irritating precocity, was already delivering and publishing papers.) The following year, at the spring meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, in Denver, he read a paper entitled "Schreber and Freud," which caused a New York analyst in the audience named Leonard Shengold to rise and say, "I've never heard of this man, but he's a find. Canada has sent us a national treasure."

It was at the Denver congress that Masson and Eissler had their first, fateful meeting. Eissler was then (and remains) one of the grand old men of contemporary psychoanalysis. He is tall, gaunt, and unmistakably European. He speaks with an accent whose dominant tone of Viennese asperity is incongruously coupled with and (one realizes on closer acquaintance) rendered all but pointless by an underlying, insistent, almost pathological kindheartedness. There is a class of people, however, to whom this kindheartedness does not extend. These are the enemies of Sigmund Freud (as Eissler sees them), for whom he has nothing but fierce enmity and a kind of bewildered derision. Eissler has thin gray hair, very thick glasses, and a full mouth, whose flat, downward-curving upper lip is startlingly familiar: one has seen this mouth in German Expressionist art—on the faces of the writers and intellectuals in the drawings of Pascin, the paintings of Kokoschka, the photographs of Sander. Recently, speaking of his first meeting with Masson (whose letters he now returns unread), Eissler said bitterly, "I realize now that there was something already wrong. He came up to me in the lobby of the hotel and said 'Dr. Eissler?' How did he know who I was?" But (as Masson points out) how could it have been anyone *but* Eissler? Who else would have looked like that? Eissler stands out from American analysts the way a lady's slipper leaps out at you in the woods. When I met



"*Whoosh.*"

him for the first time, in his apartment on Central Park West, I, too, felt a shock of recognition.

Eissler's eminence in psychoanalysis rests on a vast underpinning. He is a training analyst at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute and the author of several dozen brilliantly intelligent and quirky papers on such subjects as deviations from classical analytical technique, the treatment of schizophrenics, the treatment of delinquents, and the debate on vaginal orgasm. He is a scholar of profound erudition and prodigious industry, who has written book-length psychoanalytic studies of Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, and "Hamlet," as well as essays on literary, historical, and biographical subjects. (The Goethe book is 1,538 pages long.) He is an extraordinary clinician. And, finally, he is the Secretary (euphemism for head, originator, and only active member) of the Sigmund Freud Archives, an organization that started quietly and inconspicuously in the early nineteen-fifties and has since become the subject of growing controversy and acrimony—and even, improbably, of a thirteen-million-dollar lawsuit filed against it in April, 1982, by Masson. In a 1974 paper entitled "On Misstatements of Would-Be Freud Biographers, with Special Reference to the Tausk Controversy," Eissler gives a history of the Archives:

> After the Second World War, at a time when there was little interest in Sigmund Freud's life history, a small group of psychoanalysts—Hartmann, Kris, Lewin, Nunberg, and myself—became alarmed by the fact that a large number of letters by Freud had been lost as a result of the ravages brought about by the war. It was feared that if no measures were taken, the surviving documentation of Freud's life would be dispersed all over the world, and most of it would be lost to future research. The need for a Sigmund Freud Archives was thus recognized. Subsequently, the Library of Congress agreed to accept as a donation all documents collected by the Archives, and to make them accessible to scholars after prearranged dates, to be determined by the Archives.

The dates set ranged from a few years after the time of the donation to the year 2102. Along with collecting documents for deposit in the Archives, Eissler undertook to interview all the surviving friends, colleagues, relatives, and patients of Freud he could find, making tape recordings of the interviews. As the collection of letters, manuscripts, publications, photographs, and tape recordings grew, attempts were made to pry open the closed doors of the Archives. Freud scholars beseeched Eissler to lift the restrictions, but he refused, arguing that they were necessary to reassure prospective donors and interviewees, who might otherwise think twice before handing over delicate material or speaking about intimate matters. Moreover, as Eissler wrote in a memorandum to the New York Psychoanalytic Institute in 1969, "by having the promise of the Archives that no publication was being planned, the contributor was assured that the Archives was not motivated by any self-seeking aims but merely by the desire to have the source material collected and preserved for future biographers and scholars." When contemporary Freud scholars and biographers protested that they were being discriminated against, Eissler was unmoved by their plight. In a footnote of magnificent weirdness in his book "Talent and Genius," he wrote, "Those who are truly interested in the general question of the creativity of scientific geniuses, or in

GRAY EYES

When she speaks it is like coming onto a grave
at the edge of a woods, softly, so we
do not enter or wholly
turn away. Such speech
is the breath a brush makes through hair,
opening into time
after the stroke.

A tree is bending
but the bird doesn't land.

One star,
earthbound, reports a multitude of unyielding
others. It
cannot help its falling falling
into the dull brown earth of someone's back yard,
where, in daylight, a hand reaches
in front of the mower and tosses it, dead stone,
aside. We who saw it fall

are still crashing with light into the housetops,
tracing in the mind that missing
trajectory, rainbow of darkness
where we were—children
murmuring, "There, over there," while the houses
slept and slept on.

Years later she is still nesting on the light
of that plundered moment, her black hair
frozen to her head with yearning,
saying, "Father, I am a colder green
where the mower cut a swath
and I lay down
and the birds that have no use for song
passed over me
like a shovel-fall."

She closed her eyes. It was early morning. Daybreak.
Some bees
were dying on my wing—humming
so you could hardly hear.

—Tess Gallagher

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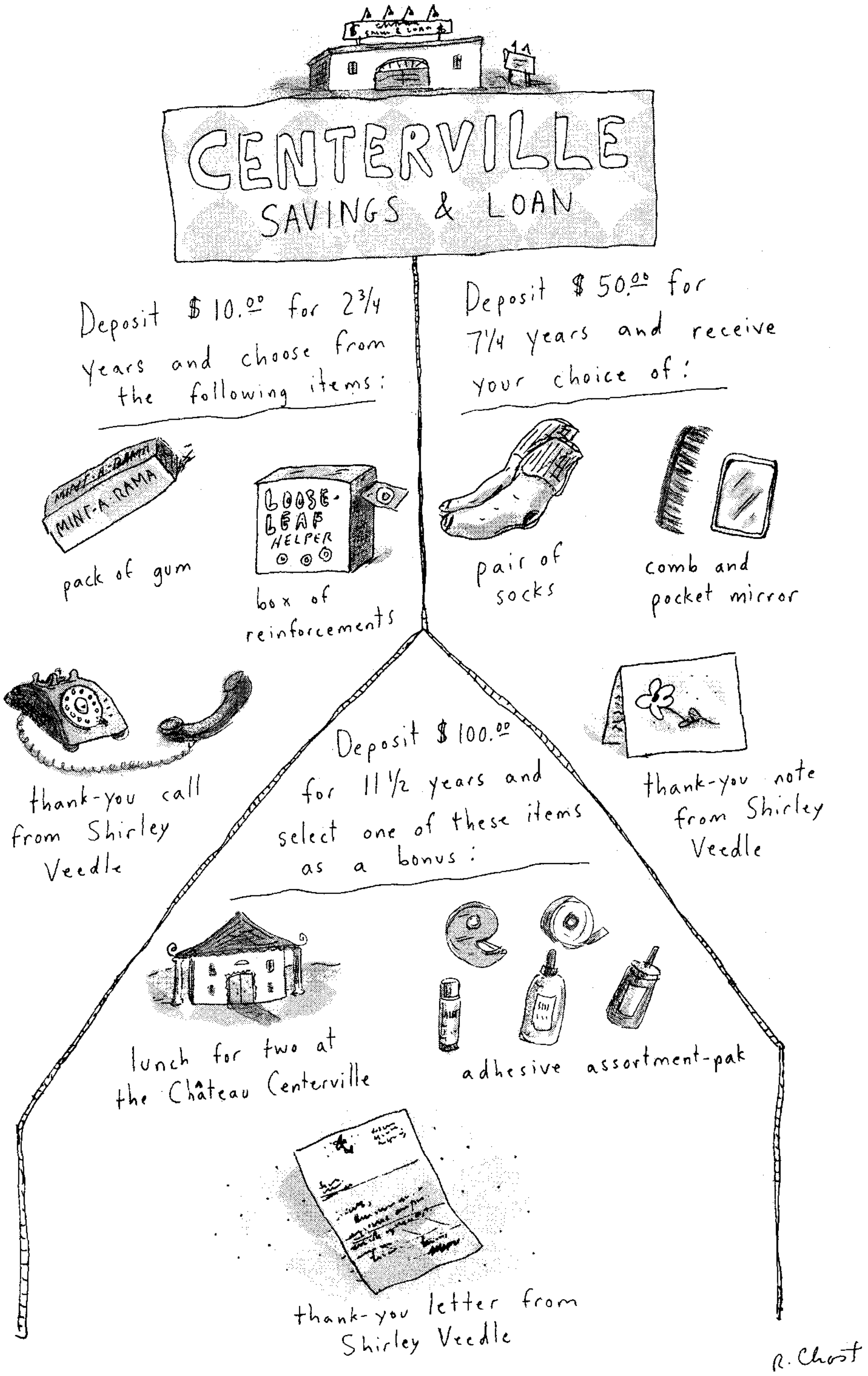
the general psychology of creativity, will not be deprived by this policy [of restriction], because there is outside the Archives a mass of material concerning other geniuses that has as yet remained untapped by research." In other words, the sensible contemporary Freud scholar should cash in his chips and find himself another, less well-protected genius—Newton, Galileo, and Mozart were three whom Eissler seriously proposed in conversation.

"Talent and Genius," published in 1971, is itself a work of extreme eccentricity. It was written in response to another book, published two years earlier, entitled "Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk," by Paul Roazen, which implicated Freud in the suicide, at the age of forty, of one of his early disciples, Victor Tausk. Roazen's book is trivial and slight. Its scholarship, like that of many other works of pop history, does not hold up under any sort of close scrutiny. But, unlike most pop historians, whose sins against the spirit of fact go undetected because nobody takes the trouble to check up on them, Roazen had the misfortune to attract the notice of someone who was willing to go to any lengths to catch him out. In "Talent and Genius," Eissler administers one of the most severe trouncings of one scholar by another in the annals of scholarly quarrelling. Like Superman rushing to the aid of a victim of injustice, Eissler hastened to defend Freud against what he believed "may properly be called the most brutal attack ever directed at him"—Roazen's insinuation that Freud was to blame for Tausk's death because, motivated by sexual and professional jealousy, he turned away from him at a crucial moment. Eissler had little trouble in routing his enemy; no one who reads Eissler's book can remain unconvinced of the insubstantiality of Roazen's thesis or of the unsoundness of his scholarship. But—and here is the rub—almost no one has read (*can* read) Eissler's book. It is an impenetrable thicket, a work of total disorganization and shapelessness, a maze of wandering thoughts, associations, notions, and meditations. This book, perhaps more than any of Eissler's other works, reflects his character: its singular mixture of brilliance, profundity, originality, and moral beauty on the one hand, and willfulness, stubbornness, impetuosity, and maddening guilelessness on the other.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R. Chast

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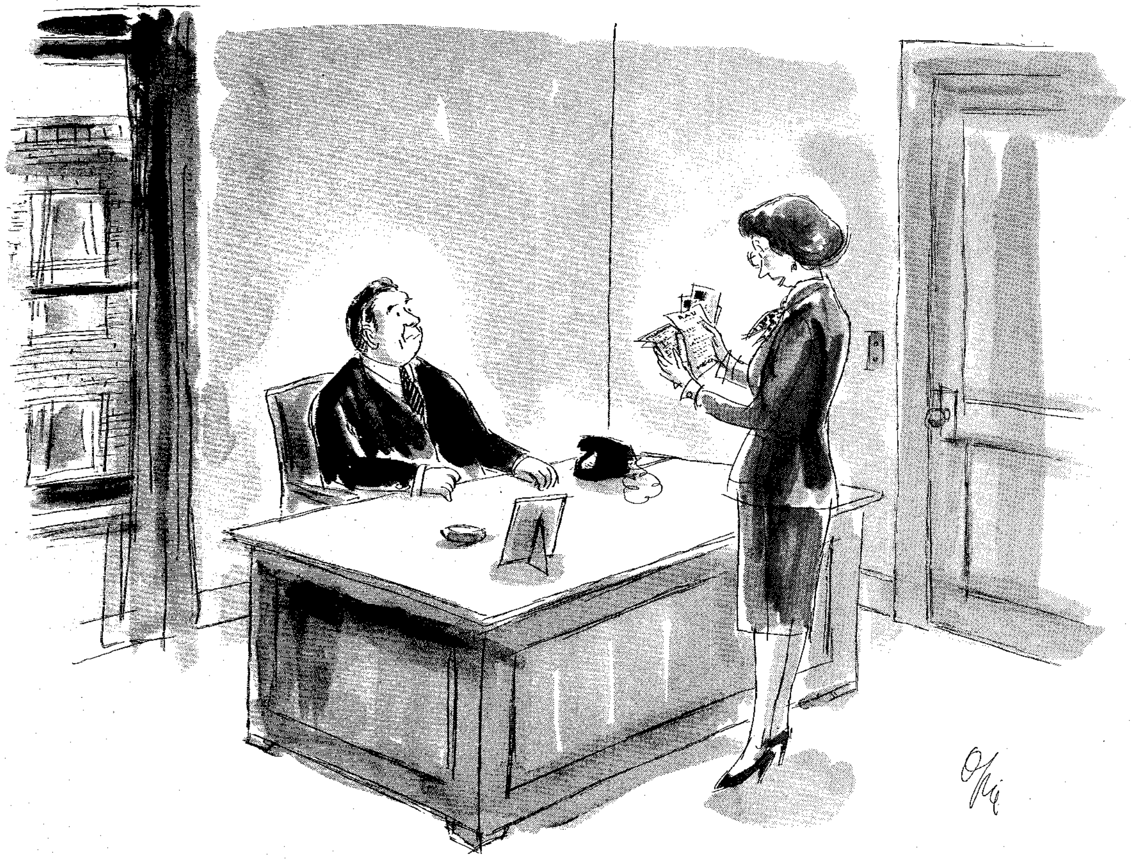
Eissler's devotion to Freud is known throughout the analytic world, and is considered a kind of lovable nuttiness. Today's analysts have an admiring but somewhat cool attitude toward Freud. The popular picture of psychoanalysis as a religion of fanatical followers of Freud is far from a true one. Most Freudian analysts can take or leave Freud himself. Their interest in his life, and in the early history of psychoanalysis, is minimal, and their sensitivity to slurs on Freud's character is quite dulled. What Eissler sees as a "denigration" of Freud and a "desecration" of his memory other analysts are apt to shrug off, or even possibly take a little malicious pleasure in. Eissler's position as Defender of the Faith has caused rumors to circulate about him that range from the not improbable notion that he was a member of Freud's circle in Vienna in the thirties to an incredible tale of his having been adopted by Freud as a boy after the death of his



"Oh, some bills, some junk mail, a gallery opening, a forum at the Columbia Business School, a board meeting of the Pinhook Corporation, an invitation to the Owens' annual New Year's Eve shindig, and you have been asked to participate in an invitational mile run."

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father. But in fact, as Eissler writes in "Talent and Genius," "I never met Freud, and I know little more about his life than does any reader who has studied the pertinent literature."

As Freud's archivist, Eissler inevitably came to have close dealings with Freud's daughter Anna, who took up Freud's mantle after his death and wore it until her own death, in October, 1982. Eissler's idolatry of the father did not extend to the daughter. "She was not my type," he confessed to me during a recent conversation, and went on, "She was very strict, very German—more like a person from Hamburg than a Viennese. In the early days of the Archives, my contact with Anna Freud was very flimsy, very superficial. Gradually, I got closer to her, but, frankly, it was against my will. When we met, after the war, she was very mistrustful of me. I had offered to raise funds for her—for a Sigmund Freud Foundation at Hampstead [where the Freud family lived in London after their escape from the Nazis]—and for a long time she said no, I should not collect any money. I had the feeling that she was afraid of the price she might have to pay if I did her a favor. It's always dangerous to accept favors. And only after she found out that I would not ask her favors did she consent. I asked her only once for a favor—twice, maybe. No, once—in the matter of Masson I asked her for no favor; I just told her that he was reliable. She was very mistrustful of him, too, at first, but as time went on he impressed her with his ebullience, his juvenile high spirits. He is a permanent adolescent, and that infects you. It's very appealing and attractive. Anna Freud and I grew personally closer over the years, but we never became really close. I could never entirely relax in her presence—she was so animated by a sense of duty. And she was not emotional. I don't think I could have been in analysis with her. I would have been ashamed to tell her my fantasies—simply impossible. I have heard of one patient of Anna Freud's who on her way to treatment took off her lipstick. I understand that."

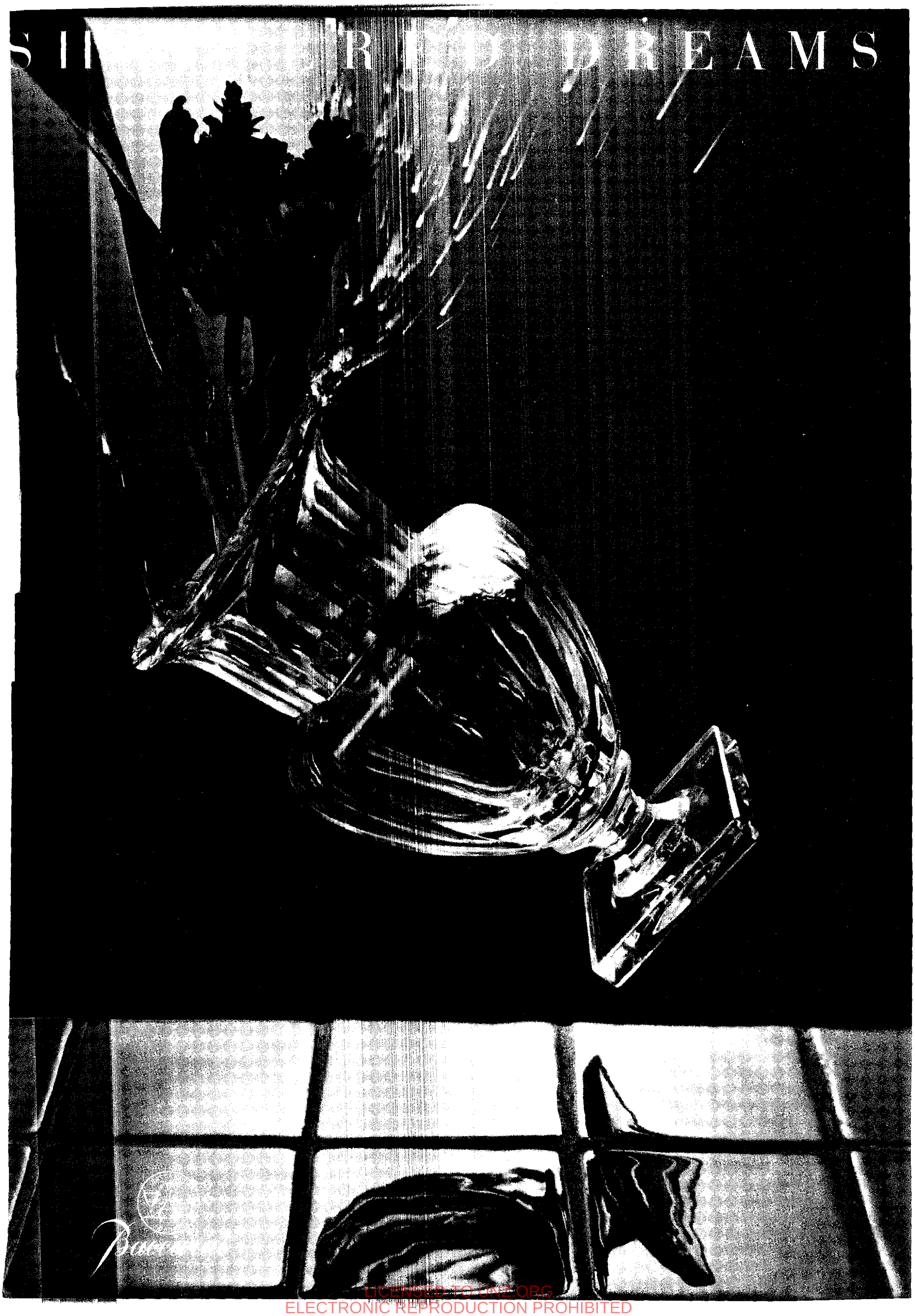
"Does it strike you as curious that Freud should have had a daughter with such a forbidding character?" I asked.

"Freud himself had a very strong superego," Eissler replied. "Fulfillment of duty was more important in his life than pleasure. But he had the faculty of enjoyment—which Anna Freud also had. That always touched me about her: her capacity for finding something beautiful and enjoyable in small things, like being taken out to dinner, or looking at a building."

"People say she was sexless," I said.

"I had the feeling of a great personality, not of an old maid. I once accompanied her to the house of a man who had given money to the Foundation—a very wealthy man with some terrible disease that had paralyzed him—and she listened to his complaints, and it was quite an experience. I've never seen anyone listen with such intensity. One gets a similar feeling from a home movie of Freud that shows him reading a magazine. His eyes have a colossal intensity of taking in. In both cases, one felt in the presence of someone for whom listening and reading were not passive but real actions. Also, her lecturing was superb. No notes, very clear, and always proceeding from one problem to another in a very appealing way. In her seminar, her clinical acumen was outstanding. But Anna Freud's writing does not have the depth and passion of Freud's. When reading Freud, one always feels that there is more there than actually is there. Anna Freud's writing does not have this quality. This is because—I'm sorry to say it—she was a woman; she was not a genius. When a genius writes, there is always so much more, and it is open to the whole world."

In contrast to the gradually and cautiously developing, and never totally satisfying, friendship of Anna Freud and Eissler, the friendship of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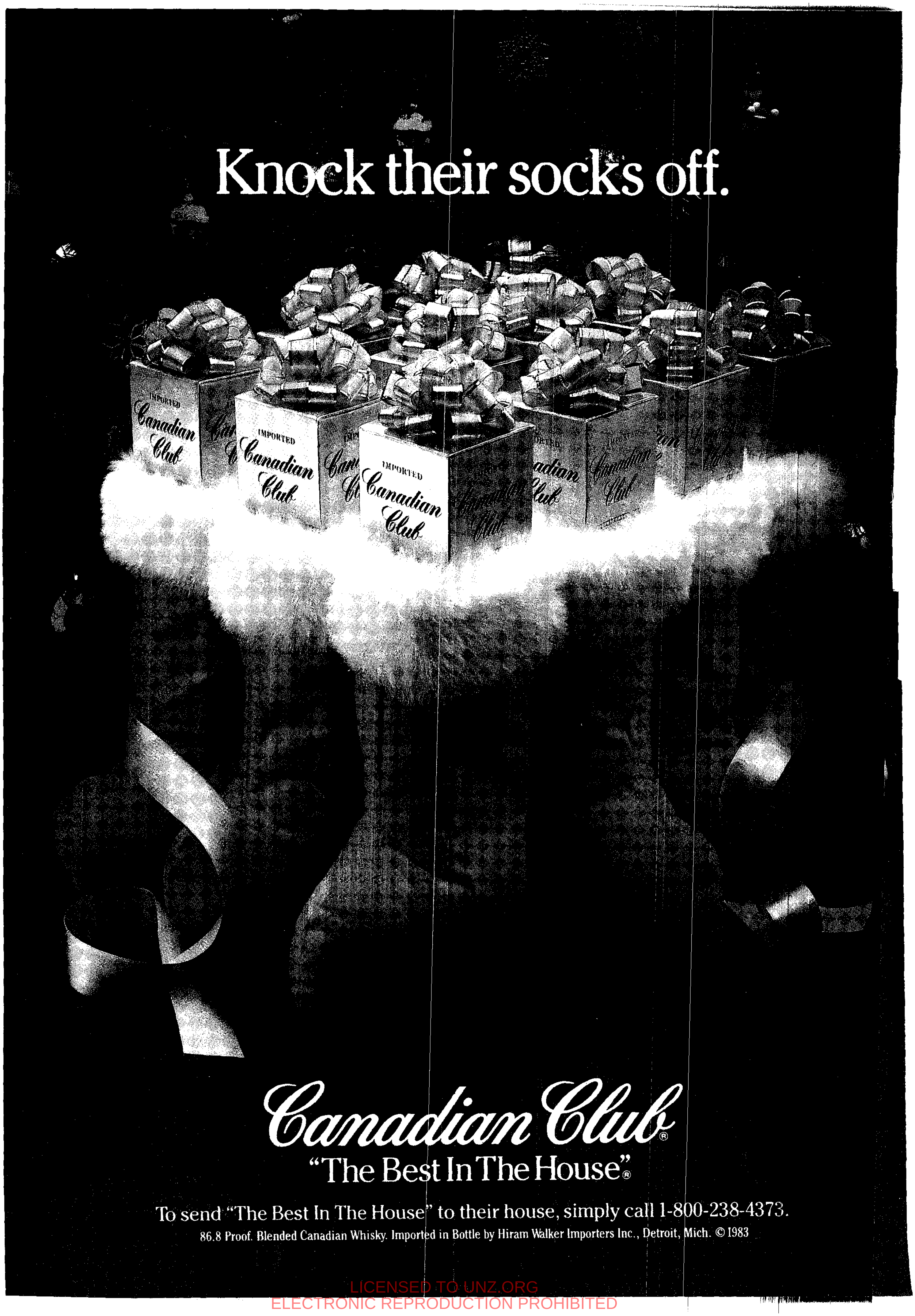

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"Ladies and gentlemen and bunny rabbits of the jury . . ."

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Jeffrey Masson and Eissler took off like a rocket. When they met in Denver in 1974, the sixty-six-year-old analyst and the thirty-three-year-old candidate immediately hit it off. There had been some correspondence between them: long, deferential letters from Masson, asking for advice and enlightenment, and polite and encouraging replies from Eissler. But, unlike many relationships that begin and flourish in the benign, self-inventing atmosphere of letters and then wither in the rugged terrain of actuality, the friendship of Masson and Eissler was grounded in personal magnetism, in the attraction between their two personalities. The quality of the friendship does not come across in their decade of correspondence; the letters of neither have the intimacy, affection, emotion, and plain fun that colored their relationship. Eissler's letters remain somewhat stiff and staccato, betraying personal feeling only when he was irritated with his protégé and felt constrained to reprove him. Masson's letters retain their air of boyish deference and the A student's eagerness to show off. When they met, however—at psychoanalytical congresses or in Eissler's apartment in New York—the two men had a wonderful time, often staying up to talk past two in the morning. For Eissler, Masson was almost too good to be true. He embodied all that Eissler most cherished in people: intellect, erudition, energy, zest, color, sparkle, even a certain wildness—qualities that the early analysts evidently had in abundance but that today's sober practitioners entirely lack. During their late-night discussions, Masson would regale Eissler with horrid examples of the dullness, vapidity, banality, venality, and poor writing of American analysts, and Eissler—who was one of the first people within the profession to publicly deplore its medicalization, in a book called "Medical Orthodoxy and the Future of Psychoanalysis" (1965)—would listen entranced. Although he himself was more charitable—or, at any rate, more taciturn—about the cultural insufficiencies of his colleagues, he was not above hearing them retailed by his irrepressibly disdainful young friend. "It was very refreshing," Eissler recalls. "He spoke without hesitation. He had this nice, appealing, juvenile quality that I liked. What I call his hypomanic character was very stimulating." Eissler adds, "He had a very positive attitude toward Freud. There never was any indication that he did not think Freud was a great man."

For Masson, Eissler seemed a similar unbelievable stroke of good fortune. Masson was a practiced hand at seeking and winning the favor of older men in positions of power. As an undergraduate at Harvard, he had pressed himself on, and ultimately prevailed over the patrician reserve of, Daniel Ingalls, chairman of the Department of Sanskrit and Indian Studies; as a graduate student abroad, he had charmed the eminent French Sanskritist Louis Renou and the Belgian Buddhologist Étienne Lamotte; and now in the world of analysis he was again putting himself out for his elders and betters, and reaping the rewards of his eagerness to please and his ability to amuse. But Eissler was different from all previous mentors. None of them had wholeheartedly given himself over to Masson; each had held back some part of himself, refused some favor, failed some test of love. Eissler, incredibly, held back no part of himself, refused Masson nothing, loved him quite beyond all expectation. He gave him the greatest gift that it was in his power to bestow: he arranged to make him his successor as Secretary of the Freud Archives. And Masson, in return, fitted himself to the image that Eissler had formed of him. That things should have ended so badly between them was probably inevitable.

AT 11 A.M. on November 1, 1982, I came down to the lobby of the Claremont Hotel, in Berkeley, where I had arrived the night before, to meet Jeffrey Masson for the first time. A young-looking, well-built man with a mass of curly graying hair, wearing jeans and a denim jacket and tinted aviator glasses and carrying a leather shoulder bag, greeted me cheerfully

“‘To see a world in a grain of sand and a heaven in a wild flower, hold infinity in the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour.’ William Blake said that, and I concur.”

and immediately confessed to a problem. Another woman whom it was important that he see had, as it happened, also arrived at the Claremont. Would it be all right if we sat in the lobby for a few minutes and waited for her? She was Alice Miller, a Swiss psychoanalyst and the author of a book entitled “Prisoners of Childhood,” which was a best-seller in Germany and had recently come out in translation here. Alice Miller, Masson explained, was his only remaining supporter. “I am persona non grata in the analytic world, a pariah,” he said, with the air of one stating a mildly irksome and yet somehow not unamusing fact. He continued, with a rush of words, “Analysts won’t speak to me anymore. They avoid me on the street. They are afraid to be seen with me. A year ago, they were fawning on me—they were giving me huge grants, they were inviting me to speak at their institutes. But when Anna Freud and Eissler dropped me no analyst would touch me. They see me as a dangerous person. They are terrified of my ideas. They are afraid I will destroy psychoanalysis—and they are right to be afraid. I have discovered that Freud wasn’t honest. I’m writing a book called ‘The Assault on Truth: Freud’s Suppression of the Seduction Theory.’ And when my book comes out there is *not* a patient in analysis who will not go to his analyst with the book in hand and say, ‘Why didn’t you tell me this? What the hell is going on? I want an explanation. This man is telling me that there is something profoundly wrong at the core of psychoanalysis. Jesus Christ! If this is really true, what am I doing here?’ When I was fired from the Archives, Alice Miller, who shares my ideas and therefore can no longer call herself a Freudian analyst either, was the only person who had the guts to come out for me. She sent me a telegram of support and got me a contract for my book with her German publisher. Her own book isn’t very profound—it’s not scholarly—but it’s on the right track, and I owe her a great deal.”

Alice Miller presently appeared—a small, worried-looking woman in her early sixties. Masson embraced her warmly, introduced me, and asked her what he could do for her during her stay in Berkeley. Alice Miller said that she wanted to know more about psychotherapy in America. “No problem,” Masson said. “I’ll arrange an evening meeting with local psychotherapists. Would forty people be enough? I’ll call Danny Goldstine. He has a big house here in Berkeley—a mansion—and he’ll be able to get a group together in a few days.” Masson then asked Alice Miller how she was enjoying the Claremont—an enormous Victorian pile that had recently been refurbished and surrounded by an incongruously charmless landscape of parking lots, tennis courts, and swimming pools. Alice Miller said in an aggrieved tone that she had gone swimming in one of the pools and was having trouble with the chlorine in her eyes; the goggles sold at the hotel hadn’t worked properly. She used a different kind of goggles in Switzerland, and they worked better. “Yes, yes,” Masson said sympathetically. “I know the kind you mean. That’s the only kind that really keeps the water out of your eyes. You should have that kind. I’ll get you a pair today.”

Masson looked at his watch, and said that if he and I were to get a table at Chez Panisse, the fashionable restaurant where he had proposed we lunch, we had better go. He arranged with Alice Miller to take her to see the Muir redwood forest the next morning, and we parted from her. As he and I walked through the lobby, he sighed and said, “Goggles, yet. God, she’s kvetchy! She’s like my mother. Where am I going to find goggles? Where am I going to find the time to look for goggles?”

We arrived at Chez Panisse at ten minutes to twelve, but a line had already formed on the narrow staircase leading to the second-floor dining room. Masson, undaunted, made his way to the maître d’hôtel and explained to him—as if it were the most reasonable and self-evident proposition in the world—that he was being interviewed by someone from a magazine and therefore had to have a table right away, so the interview could proceed. He put forward this absurdity so nicely, pleasantly, and almost plausibly that only a very churlish person—or an experienced maître d’hôtel—could

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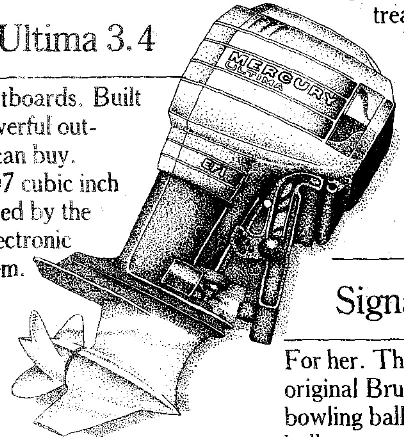

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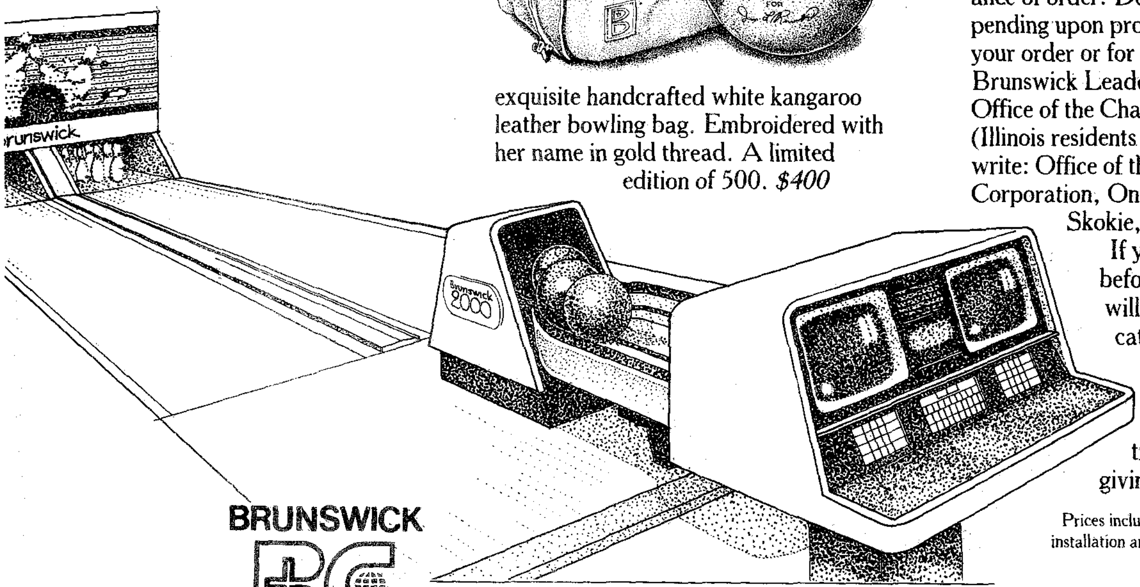

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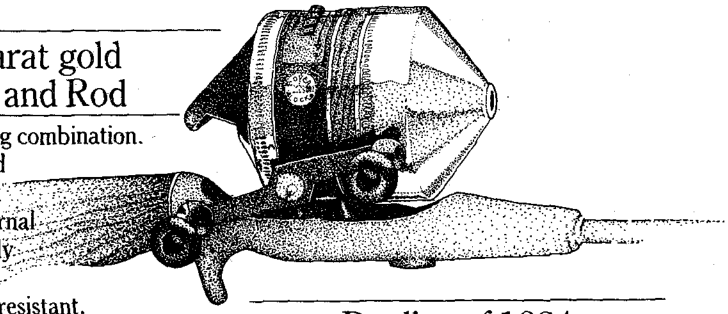

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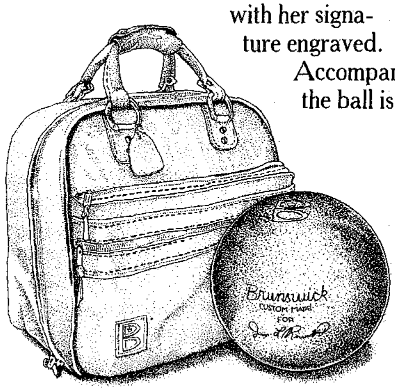

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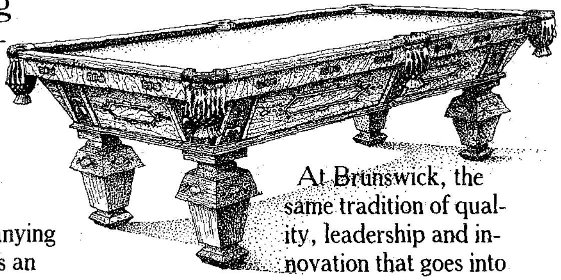

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have refused him. The Chez Panisse maître d' refused him, but relented to the extent of giving us permission to sit in the empty downstairs dining room—used in the evening only—while we waited our turn, so that the interview could go forward.

I sipped a glass of wine and Masson a glass of Perrier, and he continued the story he had begun to tell me on the telephone a week earlier, when I called him from New York. I had first heard of Masson in the summer of 1981—as had other readers of the *Times*—when two long articles by Ralph Blumenthal appeared in the science section. The first article, on August 18th, was headed "SCHOLARS SEEK THE HIDDEN FREUD IN NEWLY EMERGING LETTERS," and the second, on August 25th, ran under the headline "DID FREUD'S ISOLATION, PEER REJECTION PROMPT KEY THEORY REVERSAL?" The "newly emerging letters" were the one hundred and sixteen letters of Freud to Wilhelm Fliess that had been omitted from the edition of the Freud-Fliess correspondence published in 1950; Masson had received permission from Anna Freud to publish these missing letters in a new, complete edition of the correspondence. The "key theory" was the seduction theory, which Freud held between 1895 and 1897 and then dropped. This theory proposed that sexual abuse in infancy or earliest childhood was the root cause of hysteria, and traditional accounts of the emergence of psychoanalysis all agree that Freud's realization that his theory was wrong was the fulcrum of his momentous discovery of the cornerstones of psychoanalytic theory: infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex. This victory-snatched-from-the-jaws-of-defeat version of the story derives from Freud himself. In his "An Autobiographical Study," of 1925, he writes:

> Before going further into the question of infantile sexuality I must mention an error into which I fell for a while and which might well have had fatal consequences for the whole of my work. Under the influence of the technical procedure which I used at that time, the majority of my patients reproduced from their childhood scenes in which they were sexually seduced by some grownup person. With female patients the part of seducer was almost always assigned to their father. I believed these stories, and consequently supposed that I had discovered the roots of the subsequent neurosis in these experiences of sexual seduction in childhood. My confidence was strengthened by a few cases in which relations of this kind with a father, uncle, or elder brother had continued up to an age at which memory was to be trusted. If the reader feels inclined to shake his head at my credulity, I cannot altogether blame him; though I may plead that this was at a time when I was intentionally keeping my critical faculty in abeyance so as to preserve an unprejudiced and receptive attitude towards the many novelties which were coming to my notice every day. When, however, I was at last obliged to recognize that these scenes of seduction had never taken place, and that they were only fantasies which my patients had made up or which I myself had perhaps forced on them, I was for some time completely at a loss. My confidence alike in my technique and in its results suffered a severe blow; it could not be disputed that I had arrived at these scenes by a technical method which I considered correct, and their subject matter was unquestionably related to the symptoms from which my investigation had started. When I had pulled myself together, I was able to draw the right conclusions from my discovery: namely, that the neurotic symptoms were not related directly to actual events but to wishful fantasies, and that as far as the neurosis was concerned psychical reality was of more importance than material reality. I do not believe even now that I forced the seduction fantasies on my patients, that I "suggested" them. I had in fact stumbled for the first time upon the Oedipus complex, which was later to assume such an overwhelming importance, but which I did not recognize as yet in its disguise of fantasy.

In the Blumenthal articles, Masson was identified as one of a new generation of "critics" who believed that "Freud had it right the first time"—that the seduction theory was essentially correct, and that Freud's abandonment of it, far from being a triumph, was something of a disaster for psychoanalysis. The other New Critics cited by Blumenthal were two nonmedical, revisionist New York analysts, Milton Klein and David Tribich; a German sociologist, Marianne Krüll; and a French academic,

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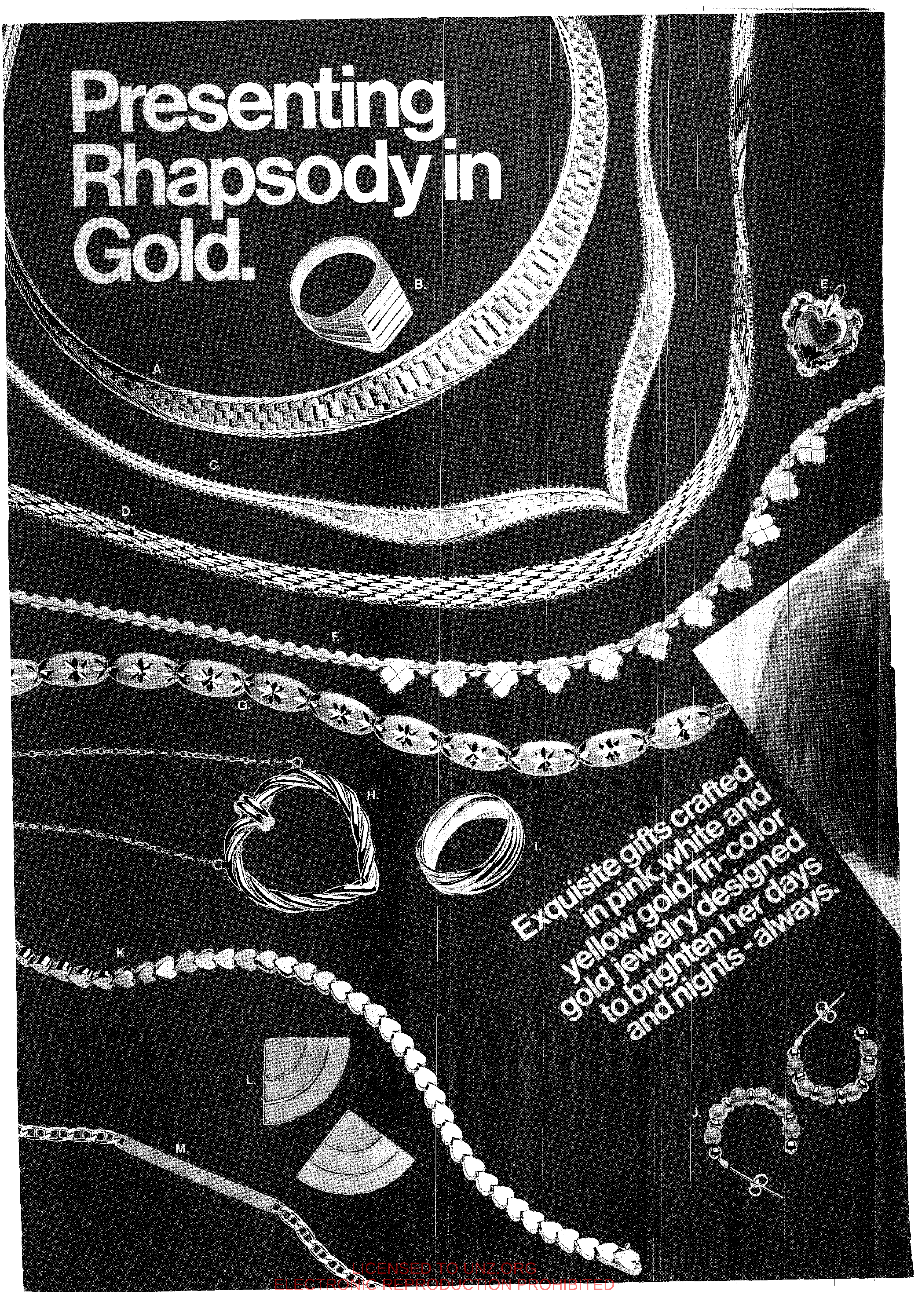
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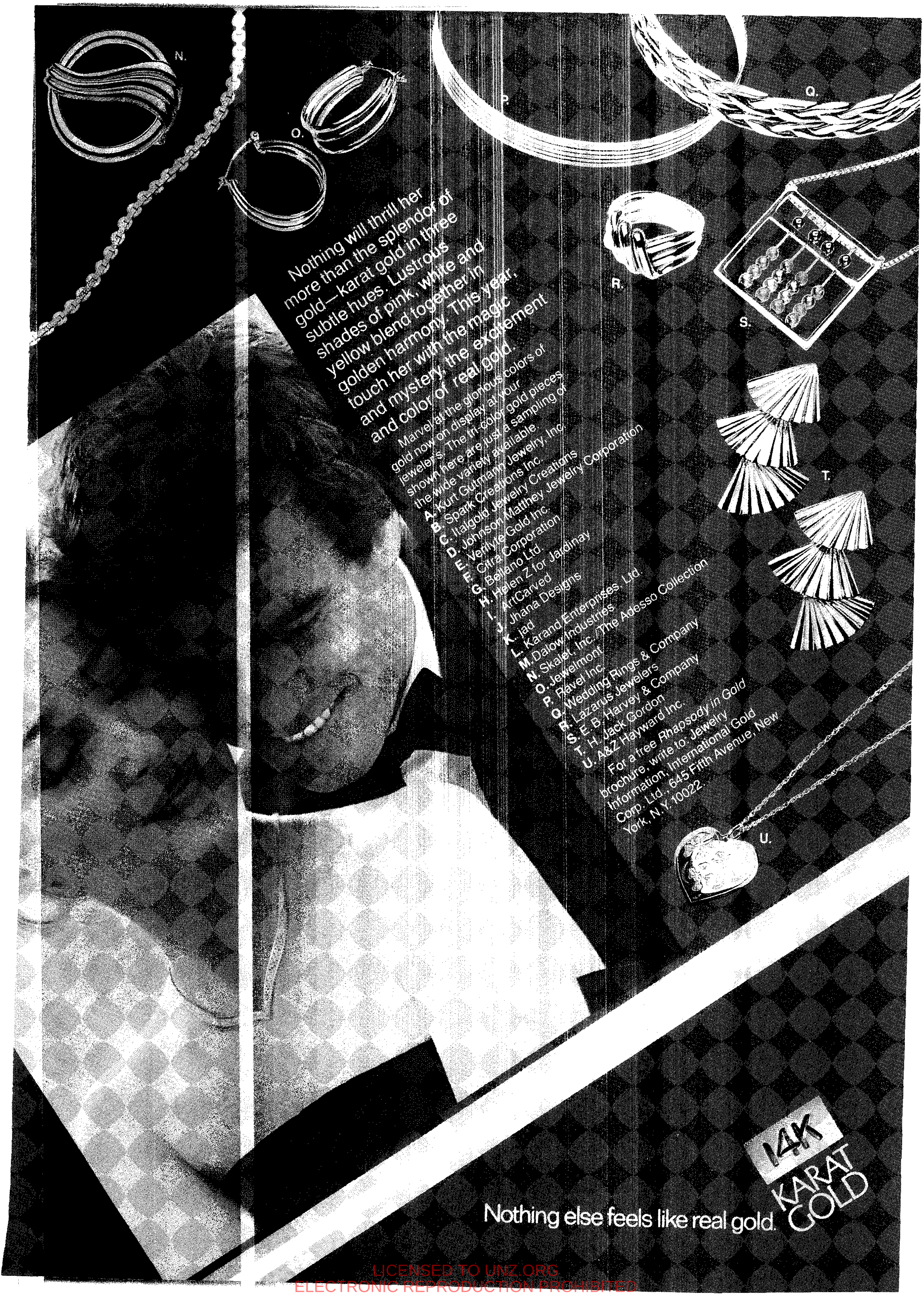

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Marie Balmary. Blumenthal found it "surprising" that Masson—"a prominent Freud archivist" and the "psychoanalyst selected by Anna Freud as director of the project to publish her father's complete letters to his closest confidant"—would hold such unorthodox views, and would even go so far as to say (in a lecture he had delivered in New Haven two months earlier, before the Western New England Psychoanalytic Society) that "by shifting the emphasis from a real world of sadness, misery, and cruelty to an internal stage on which actors performed invented dramas for an invisible audience of their own creation, Freud began a trend away from the real world that, it seems to me, has come to a dead halt in the present-day sterility of psychoanalysis throughout the world."

The Freudian establishment found it surprising, too. Two and a half months later, another article by Blumenthal appeared in the *Times*, with the headline "FREUD ARCHIVES RESEARCH CHIEF REMOVED IN DISPUTE OVER YALE TALK." It began, "A Berkeley scholar entrusted with private papers of Sigmund Freud has been removed as research director of the Sigmund Freud Archives in New York City after indirectly blaming Freud for 'the present-day sterility of psychoanalysis throughout the world.' " It went on to say, "The reaction culminated Thursday night in a vote by the 13-member board of the Freud Archives—a nonprofit foundation controlling the vast public and private papers of Freud—not to renew Dr. Masson's contract as projects director for a second year starting in January. The board voted to offer him a year's pay, $30,000, as severance and in recognition of his scholarship." Eissler was quoted as saying, "Would you make director of the Archives someone who writes plain nonsense? He must foresee that he cannot get an honorary place here." Anna Freud "declined comment . . . when reached by telephone in London, except to say 'I regret this publicity.' " Masson, identified as a "non-practicing psychoanalyst and Sanskrit scholar who taught at the University of California at Berkeley," got off a memorable line. Speculating about the effect of the "new view of the seduction theory" on psychotherapy, he said, with inspired impudence, "They would have to recall every patient since 1901. It would be like the Pinto."

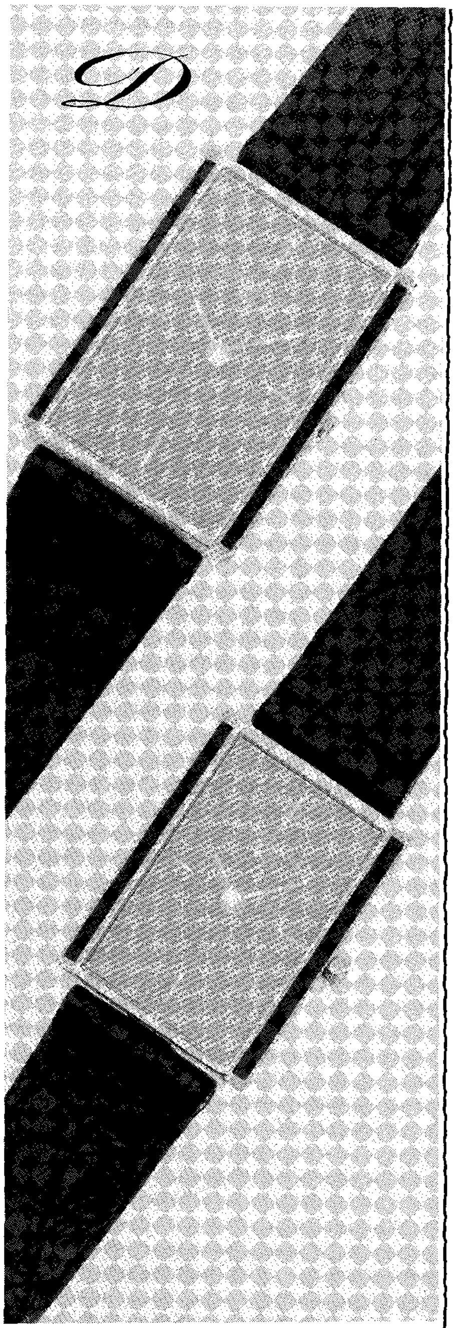
Now, at Chez Panisse, Masson looked back with alternating wonder, glee, and indignation at the rise and fall of his fortunes in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré of psychoanalysis. "The way to get one-up among analysts is to use the word 'Anna,' " he said. "Nobody ever called Anna Freud 'Anna' to her face, but they all pretended they did. They'd say, 'When I was with Anna at Hampstead.' Or 'I know Kurt Eissler. When Kurt and I were talking the other day, he told me . . .' That sort of thing. Analysts are the worst name-droppers in the world. So, you see, it was a traumatic experience for American analysts to see a young guy like me lounging around Anna Freud's house and running around with hundreds of Freud's letters sticking out of his pockets and being doted on by Kurt Eissler, who was so distant and formal with everyone else. They felt that I had been taken up by Eissler and Anna Freud and other powerful members of the international analytical community very unfairly—not because of any objective qualities I had but because of a certain psychopathic personality charm. It incensed them. They would say to me, 'I have spent my life trying to get one letter of Freud's, and you go there and Anna Freud opens up her father's bloody desk to you. Why? Why you, you little son of a bitch? What did *you* ever do?' When I spoke at the Chicago analytic institute last year, there was actually a question like that from the audience. One of the senior analysts got up and said, 'I just want to ask one question. Why you? Who's ever heard of you? We never heard of you. You're not famous. You haven't written much. You're a nobody. Why should you get all those privileges and we get nothing?' "

"How did you answer that?" I asked.

"I said, 'Because I'm smarter than you'—which is true. 'Because I know more than you, and I've got more guts, and I asked for the privileges, and I'm very good at what I do.' But I don't know. I suppose the real answer is 'Because Eissler adored me, and Eissler was all-powerful with Anna Freud.' Anna Freud would never have looked at me if it hadn't been for Eissler."

I asked Masson just how he had contrived to get Anna Freud's permission to publish the complete Freud-Fliess correspondence—a feat reminiscent of the (failed) scheme of the narrator of Henry James' "The Aspern Papers" to wrest the letters of the poet Jeffrey Aspern from the grasp of the old woman and her niece. The story of how the Freud-Fliess correspondence came to light is itself novelistic. Ernest Jones tells it in the first volume of his biography of Freud:

> Freud destroyed the letters Fliess had written to him, but Fliess preserved Freud's. Some time after Fliess's death in 1928, his widow sold the packet of 284 extremely private letters, together with the accompanying scientific notes and manuscripts Freud had from time to time sent him, to a bookseller in Berlin, Reinhold Stahl by name. But she sold them under the strict condition that they were not to pass to Freud himself, knowing that he would immediately destroy them. . . .
>
> Stahl fled to France for a while in the Nazi regime and there offered the documents to Mme. Marie Bonaparte, who at once perceived their value and acquired them for £100. She took them with her to Vienna, where she was doing some postgraduate analysis with Freud, and spoke of them to him. He was indignant about the story of the sale and characteristically gave his advice in the form of a Jewish anecdote. It was the one about how to cook a peacock. "You first bury it in the earth for a week and then dig it up again." "And then?" "Then you throw it away!" He offered to recompense Mme. Bonaparte by paying half of her expenses, but fearing this would bestow some right on him in the matter she refused. She read to him a few of the letters to demonstrate their scientific value, but he insisted that they should be destroyed. Fortunately she had the courage to defy her analyst and teacher, and deposited them in the Rothschild Bank in Vienna during the winter of 1937-38 with the intention of studying them further on her return the next summer.
>
> When Hitler invaded Austria in March, there was the danger of a Jewish bank being rifled, and Mme. Bonaparte went at once to Vienna where, being a princess of Greece and Denmark, she was permitted to withdraw the contents of her safe-deposit box in the presence of the Gestapo; they would assuredly have destroyed the correspondence had they detected it on either that occasion or earlier in Berlin. When she had to leave Paris for Greece, which was about to be invaded, in February, 1941, she deposited the precious documents with the Danish Legation in Paris. It was not the safest place, but thanks to General von Choltitz's defiance of Hitler's orders at the war's end, Paris, together with the Danish Legation, was spared. After surviving all those perils, the letters braved the fifth and final one of the mines in the English Channel and so reached London in safety; they had been wrapped



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These letters, written between 1887 and 1902, are collectively regarded as the single most important document of the early history of psychoanalysis. Fliess was a Berlin nose-and-throat specialist, two years younger than Freud, toward whom Freud formed what in psychoanalytic terms is called an idealizing transference, and with whom he shared all his thinking during the (for psychoanalysis) critical decade of the eighteeen-nineties. A selection of a hundred and sixty-eight letters (from the total of two hundred and eighty-four) was made in 1950 by Anna Freud, Ernst Kris, and Marie Bonaparte, and was published, first in German and four years later in English, under the title "The Origins of Psychoanalysis." The title is a very good one. From this book one indeed receives an awesome sense of being privy to the earliest stirrings of psychoanalytic thought, of witnessing the emergence, in all its rawness, newness, strangeness, and precariousness, of what was to become psychoanalysis. Reading the Freud-Fliess correspondence is like coming upon the earliest and roughest drafts of a great poem. From such records of the workings of the poetic imagination as we possess we have learned that poems do not, as a rule, arrive in a flash of inspiration but derive from much hard, stubborn, even somewhat prosaic work; drafts of poems are full of false starts, wrong turns, and dead ends as well as of cautious gropings, humble glimmerings, and dawning realizations. Freud's letters to Fliess similarly reveal that psychoanalysis did not spring from the head of Freud like Athena from the head of Zeus but was the product of years of characteristically perilous, error-fraught, uncomfortable, unpleasant creative struggle. The "error . . . which might well have had fatal consequences for the whole of my work," as Freud calls it in the "Autobiographical Study" (in "On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement" he calls it "a mistaken idea . . . which might have been almost fatal to the young science"), was part of a larger tendency in Freud's thought which was leading him astray in the eighteen-nineties—astray in the sense that it was not leading him toward psychoanalysis. This was the tendency to trace neurosis to disturbances of sexual life brought on by social and environmen-

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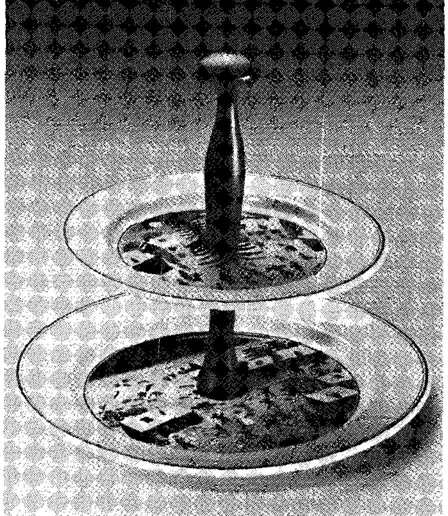

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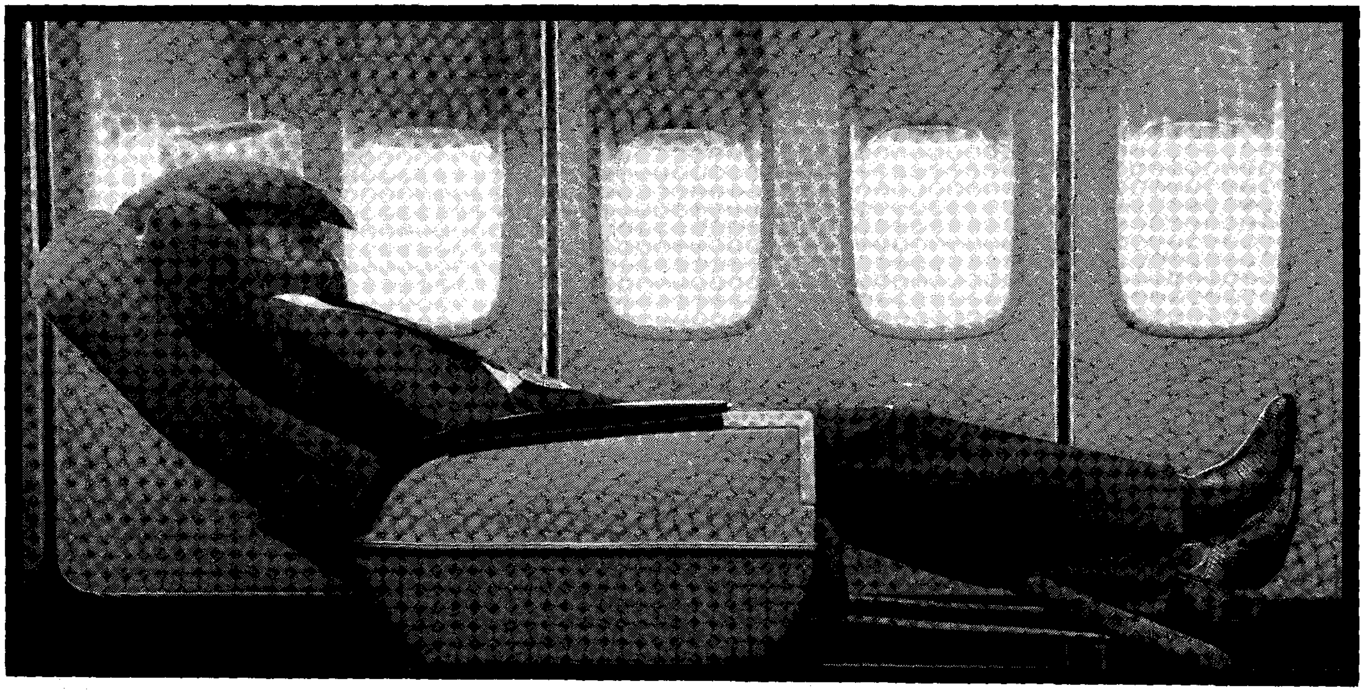

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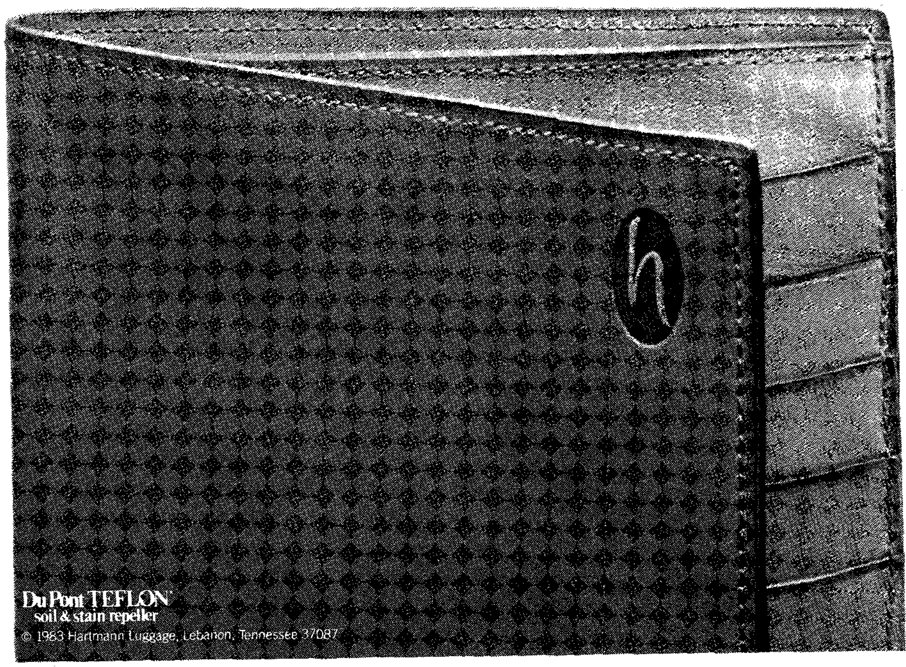

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tal evils. People, he then believed, became hysterics, obsessional and anxiety neurotics, melancholics, or neurasthenics (as the sufferers from neuroses were then classified) either because of what had been done to them in childhood by incestuous adults (the seduction theory) or because of what they had to endure in a society that was riddled with syphilis and gonorrhea, that lacked any acceptable and reliable contraceptives, and that was consequently pervaded by an atmosphere of sexual fear, guilt, aversion, and disgust. In a draft of a paper that Freud sent to Fliess in 1893, entitled "The Aetiology of the Neuroses," he cited *coitus interruptus*, *onanismus conjugalis*, and masturbation as the unhappy but only alternatives to unwanted pregnancy and to venereal disease contracted from prostitutes, all of which almost invariably led to neurosis. "It follows from what I have said that the neuroses can be completely prevented but are completely incurable," Freud wrote, and went on to gloomily conclude that "in the absence of such a solution [he meant prophylaxis against venereal disease and "an innocuous method of preventing conception . . . for the condom provides neither a safe solution nor one that is tolerable to anyone who is already neurasthenic"], society seems doomed to fall a victim to incurable neuroses which reduce the enjoyment of life to a minimum, destroying the marriage relation and bringing hereditary ruin on the whole coming generation." He added lamely, "Thus the physician is faced by a problem whose solution deserves all his efforts." If Freud had continued his own efforts in this direction, he would have become the inventor of a better condom, not the founder of psychoanalysis. His gradual and reluctant shift of focus from the miseries of the outer world to the woes, of a different order, of the inner world is what is meant by the "discovery of the unconscious."

The Freud-Fliess letters reveal the immense difficulty with which Freud negotiated his revolution from without to within; they document the resistance that accompanied each of his steps away from the familiar terrain of so-called objective reality to the uncharted wilderness of psychic reality. This resistance was never completely overcome by Freud—as it is never overcome by anyone. The most dedicated of Freudians do daily battle with the disinclination of the mind to accept the chastening evidence of the fossils

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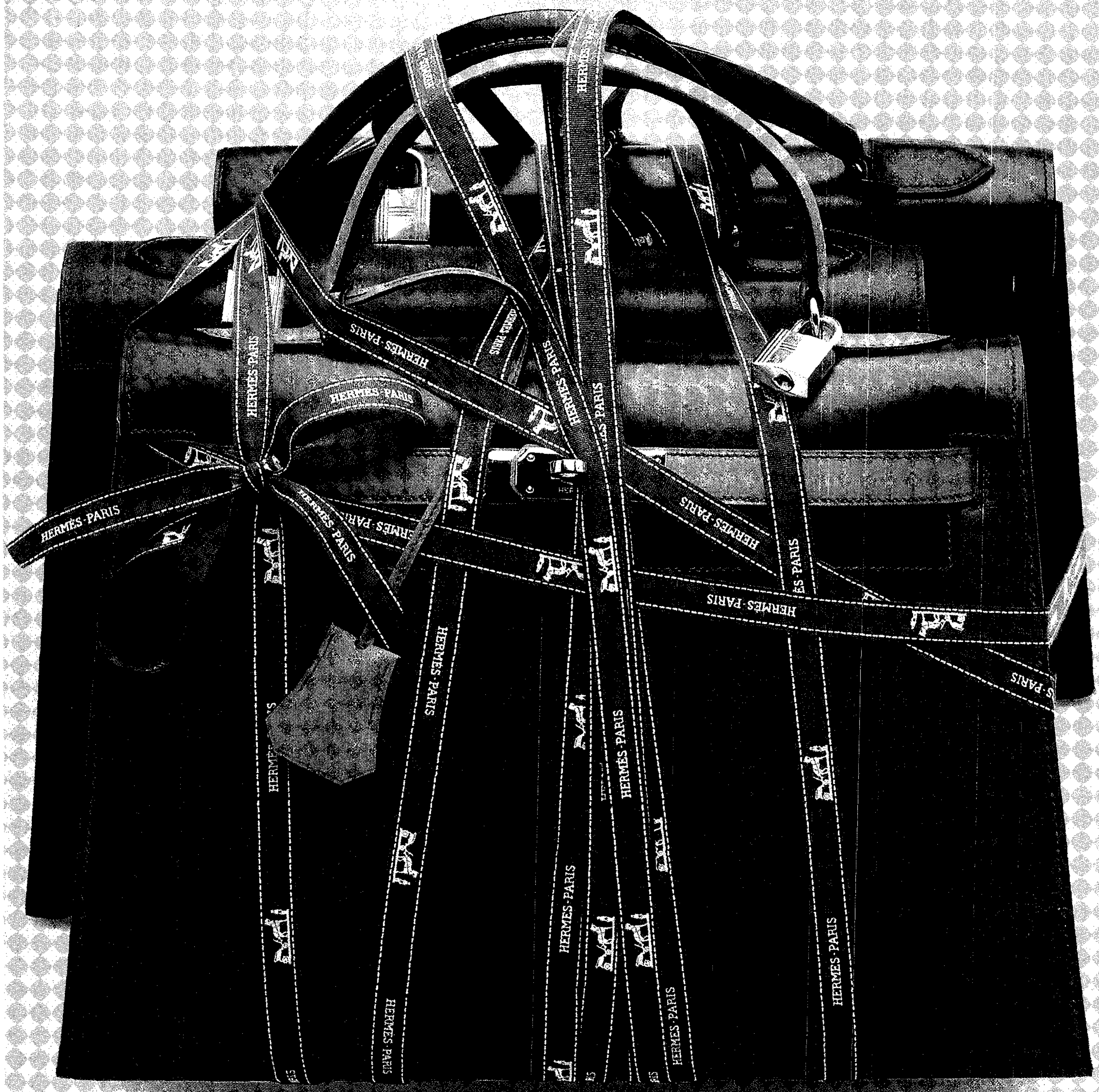

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of the unconscious (dreams, slips of the tongue, forgettings, accidents) in favor of the more acceptable testimony of the ordinary senses. The unexamined life may not be worth living, but the examined life is impossible to live for more than a few moments at a time. To fully accept the idea of unconscious motivation is to cease to be human. The greatest analyst in the world can live his own life only like an ordinary blind and driven human being. Like his patients, he receives occasional glimpses of the peculiar activity going on behind the curtain of consciousness; and, like his patients, he is always running a little behind. The crowning paradox of psychoanalysis is the near-uselessness of its insights. To "make the unconscious conscious"—the program of psychoanalytic therapy—is to pour water into a sieve. The moisture that remains on the surface of the mesh is the benefit of analysis.

From the resistance that even card-carrying Freudians put up against the Freudian unconscious, the resistance of the non- or anti-Freudians may be deduced. Writing of this resistance—as he frequently did—Freud said, in the "New Introductory Lectures," of 1933, "You can believe me when I tell you that we do not enjoy giving an impression of being members of a secret society and of practicing a mystical science. Yet we have been obliged to recognize and express as our conviction that no one has a right to join in a discussion of psychoanalysis who has not had particular experiences which can only be obtained by being analyzed oneself." This reluctant conviction of Freud's has become a tradition within psychoanalysis. Outsiders wishing to join in the discussion of psychoanalysis—which they feel entitled to do as members of the therapeutic community to which we all belong because Freud lived and wrote—are, in effect, told to go away and maybe come back after they've been analyzed. Writers on psychoanalytic theory or history who come from other fields are regarded with suspicion and skepticism by those within the field. The worst is expected from them—and the worst very often comes. Writings about psychoanalysis from outside the field (with a few notable exceptions, such as Philip Rieff's "Freud: The Mind of the Moralist" and Juliet Mitchell's "Psychoanalysis and Feminism") are, as a rule, uncomprehending, naïve, off the point, and biassed. Freud was wrong to say that no one who hasn't been analyzed has the "right" to discuss

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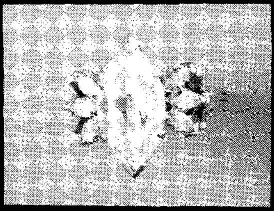

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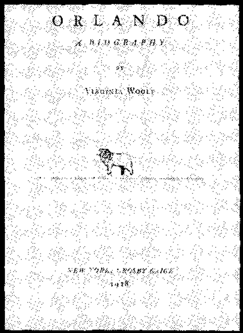
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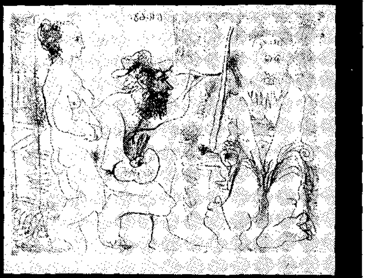

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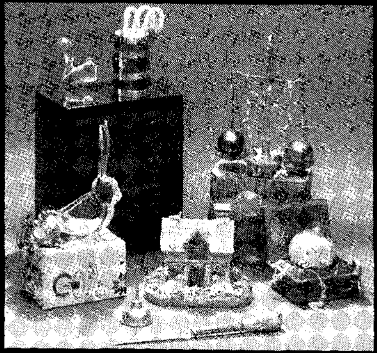

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psychoanalysis—you just can't say that—but he was correct in believing that people who have had personal experience of psychoanalysis are in a better position to grasp psychoanalytic theory than those who have not. This could be said of any other discipline: to do it is to gain an understanding of it that can be gained in no other way. The critics of psychoanalysis argue that people who have been analyzed are "brainwashed" into "believing in" psychoanalysis. But the same could be said of people who have come to a sympathetic understanding of Beethoven's genius through learning to play his piano sonatas.

There are people who play Beethoven and are left cold by him; and there are people who have been analyzed—and even people who are analysts—who remain impervious to Freud's theory of the mind. From the beginning of psychoanalysis to the present—from Adler, Jung, Rank, and Stekel to Fromm, Sullivan, Horney, Alexander, and, possibly, Kohut—there have been people within psychoanalysis to whom psychoanalysis was never really congenial. After sojourning for a while in the chilly castle of psychoanalysis, they pass on to smaller, cozier habitations. The present-day proponents of the seduction theory are new versions of those old revisionists. They are people in whom the germ of psychoanalytic thought has never caught hold. Masson's repudiation of psychoanalysis is hardly a new story to students of defections from the fold; nor is the idea that Anna Freud and Kurt Eissler were "taken in" by Masson a startling one. Here, too, there is a venerable precedent. It has become a kind of cliché about Freud that he was "no *Menschenkenner*." Throughout his life, he was beset (as who of us isn't?) by the affliction of overestimation. Breuer, Fliess, and Jung were the most prominent of those who came within the orbit of Freud's propensity for idealization followed by disillusionment. The story of Eissler and Anna Freud and Masson, like the story of Freud and Fliess/Breuer/Jung, is a cautionary tale whose moral seems so obvious that there may be another, more subtle one hidden behind it.

At Chez Panisse, the maître d'hôtel came to tell us that our table was ready, and after we had ordered from the interesting menu (the restaurant is itself a member of a revisionist movement: the reaction, known as *la nou-*

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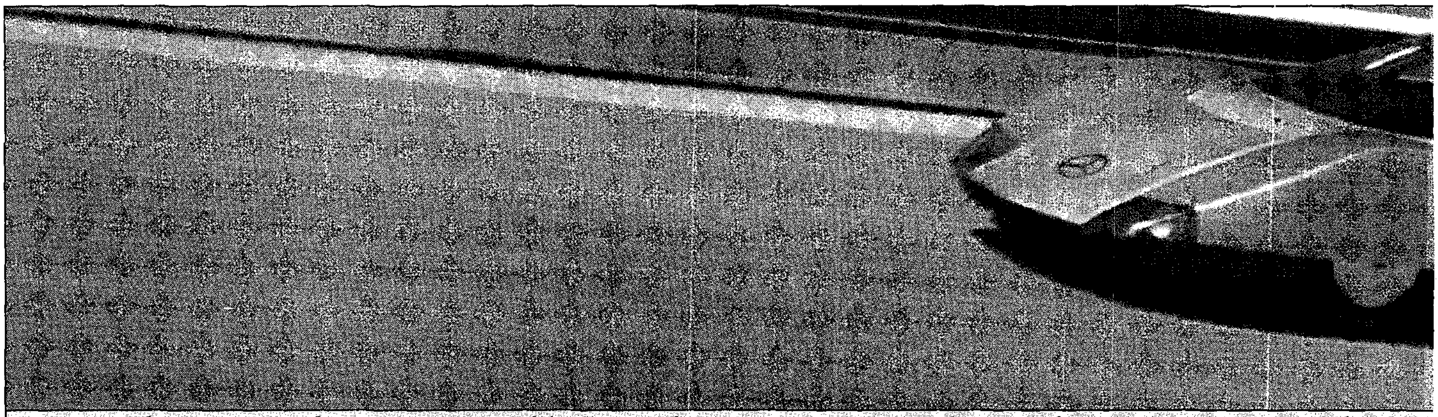

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*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates vary.

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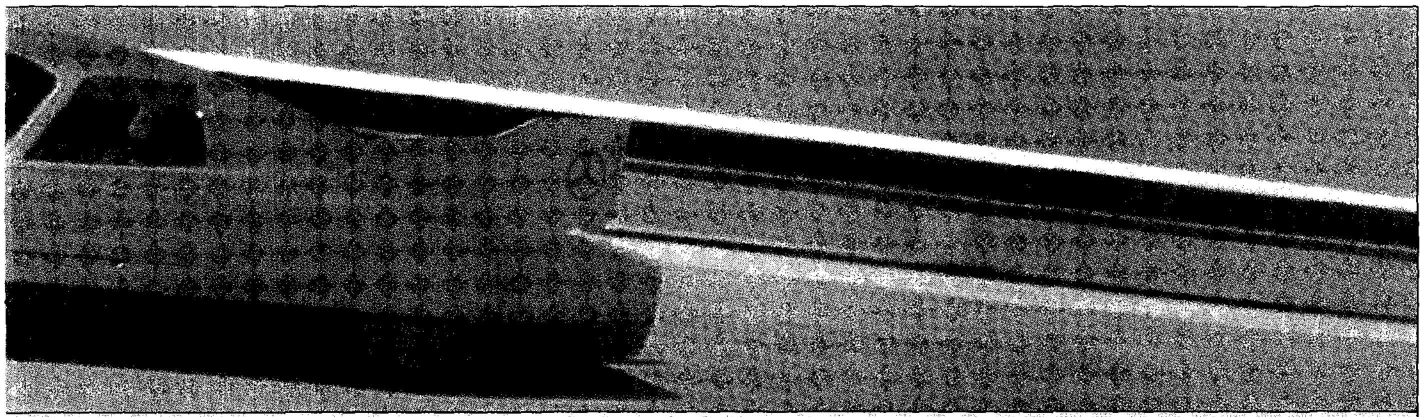

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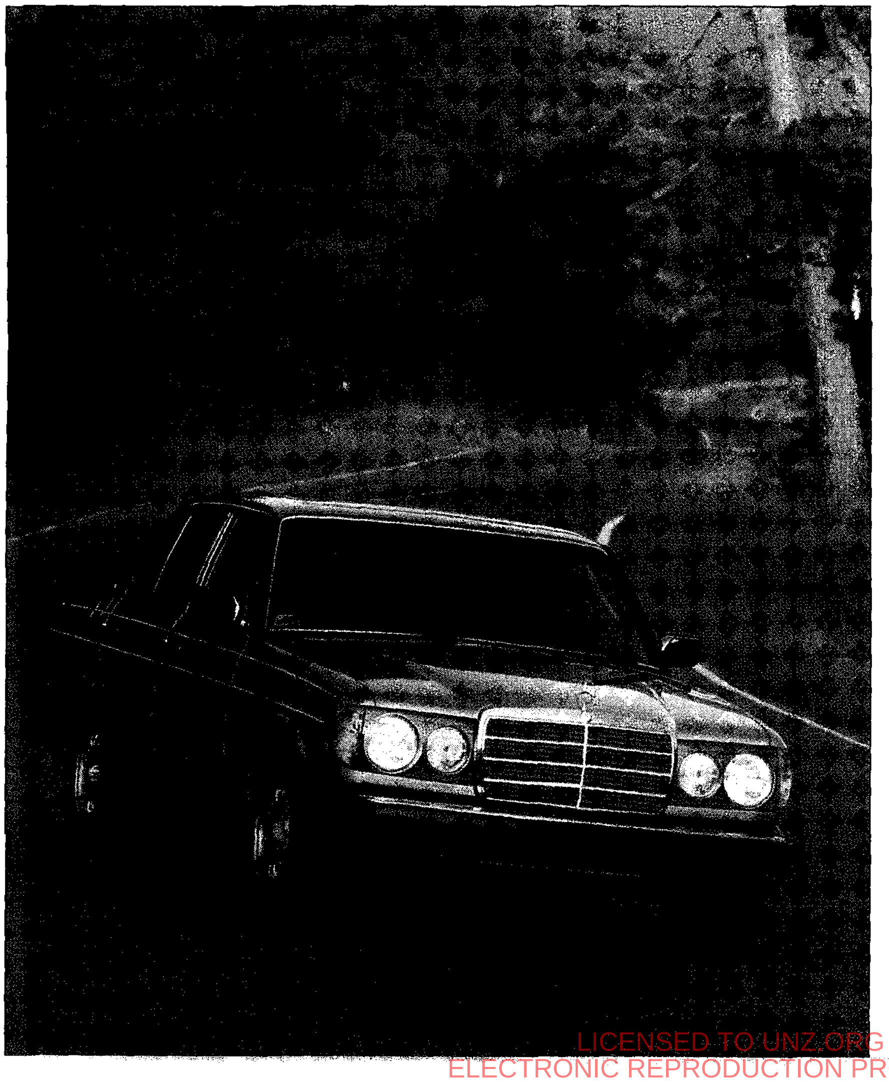

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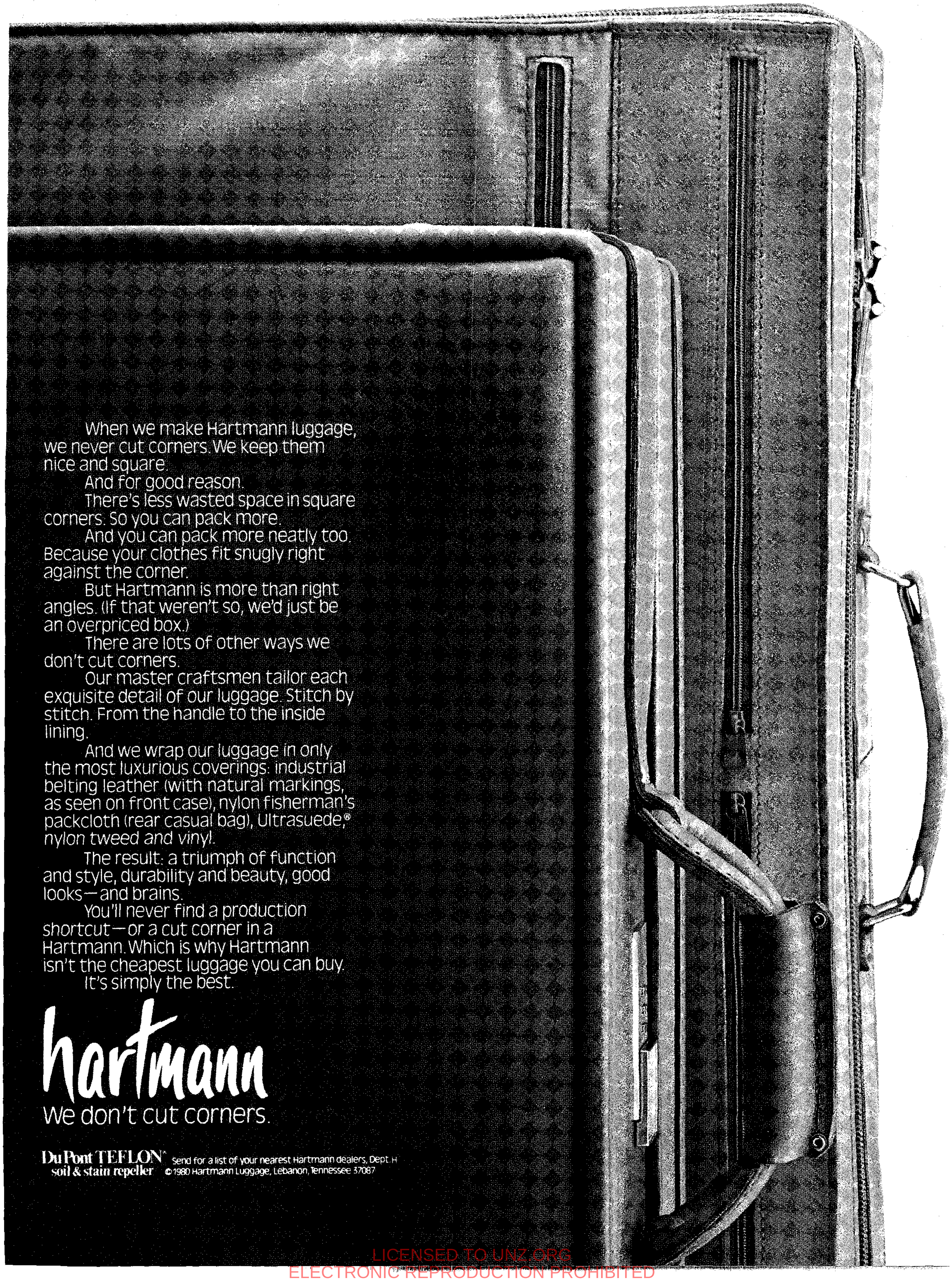

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velle cuisine, against French culinary orthodoxy), Masson told me with relish about how he had won the confidence of Anna Freud. "I had been corresponding with her since the early seventies, and I had met her a few times, but it wasn't until 1977 that she began to show any real interest in me. I did something then that really impressed her. I had asked her if I could see the Freud-Fliess letters of 1897, figuring that she'd tell me to get lost, and she told me to get lost. Then I said, 'I'd like to see just *one* letter from that year,' and she said O.K., and gave me permission to see that one letter. And I found a *major error* that Jones had made in his biography. He said that Freud wrote to Fliess about Breuer that he 'was glad he saw no more of him; the very sight would make him inclined to emigrate.' I discovered that what Freud had really written was 'How fortunate that I no longer see Breuer. He would have surely advised me to emigrate.' When I pointed out this mistranslation to Anna Freud, she was very impressed. I had asked for that particular letter because while reading Jones I had had the feeling that something was wrong—it just hadn't sounded right. But finding the error was a piece of incredible luck. Although Jones made many errors, this happened to be the biggest error he ever made. I never found another of its magnitude. And Anna Freud was quite dazzled. It was like magic—'Masson says there's something wrong, I show him an unpublished letter, and he uncovers a serious error. This guy is good.' So when I asked her again for the 1897 letters, this time she said yes—of course, after consulting with Eissler. Then, a year later, in 1978, I asked Anna Freud for permission to publish a complete edition of the Freud-Fliess correspondence. At first, she was reluctant, but finally she said, 'Yes, I have yielded to Dr. Eissler's arguments, and I give my permission for a complete edition, since people want it so much.' But then she said to me, 'How can you do this work? You don't know enough German.' I said, 'I'll go to Germany and learn it in six months.' She said, 'You can't learn German that fast.' In the fall of 1979, I went to Munich, and six months later I came back speaking fluent German."

Masson paused to take a few appreciative bites of his baked-goat-cheese appetizer, and then explained that he had gone to Germany without his family. (A daughter, Simone, was

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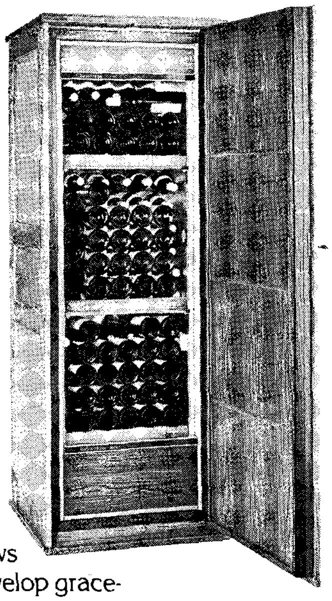

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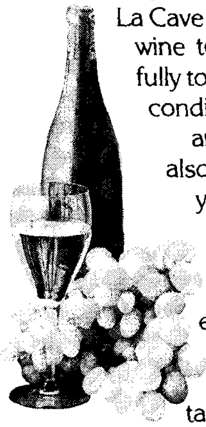

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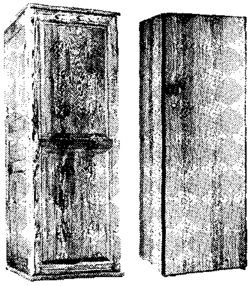

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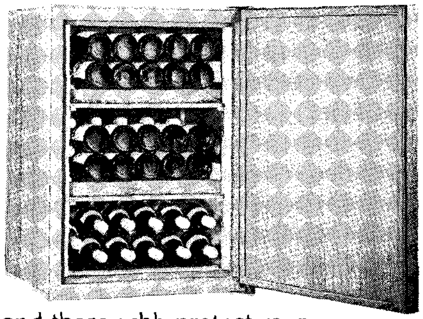

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born in 1974.) "Terri and I were having problems, and I thought it would be a good idea for me to be away for a year." The Massons had moved from Toronto to Berkeley the previous year. He had been offered a visiting professorship in Sanskrit at the University of California at Berkeley, and on graduating from the Toronto Institute of Psychoanalysis he decided to ask for a sabbatical from the University of Toronto, take up the visiting professorship, and then start analytic practice in a place whose physical and professional climate was more congenial to him than that of Toronto; once established as an analyst in Berkeley, he would resign from his Toronto post. In Toronto, at both the university and the institute, Masson had had almost nothing but trouble. At the university, he had challenged the autocratic policies of the head of his department, with the result that when a new dean came in and surveyed the chaos he could think of nothing else to do but abolish the Sanskrit department in its entirety. At the institute, Masson had challenged his teachers and his training analyst, and was graduated, he says, "only so that they could finally get rid of me." In the opinion of colleagues at the University of Toronto (and of the abolishing dean), Masson was justified in his fight against the authoritarian head Sanskritist. And from the institute there also comes some corroboration of Masson's view of himself as a troublemaker who had good reason for making trouble. Of his five-year analysis Masson says that the only thing he got out of it was an object lesson in how not to treat his own patients. But the patients never materialized. The San Francisco senior analysts who had been so taken with Masson at congresses were evidently not sufficiently taken to be willing to refer patients to him. "To analysts, I was a private asset and a public liability. I had a total of three patients in Berkeley, and one of them came through Eissler," Masson said bitterly. "I realized that this wasn't going to work. I wasn't going to be able to practice analysis. So going to Germany was a kind of solution to that problem, too."

While in Munich, Masson received frequent letters from Eissler, and on April 17, 1980, Eissler wrote him a letter that was to change the lives of both men. "I was driving back from a weekend in Ischia with a girlfriend, and we were exchanging fantasies about what would be awaiting us

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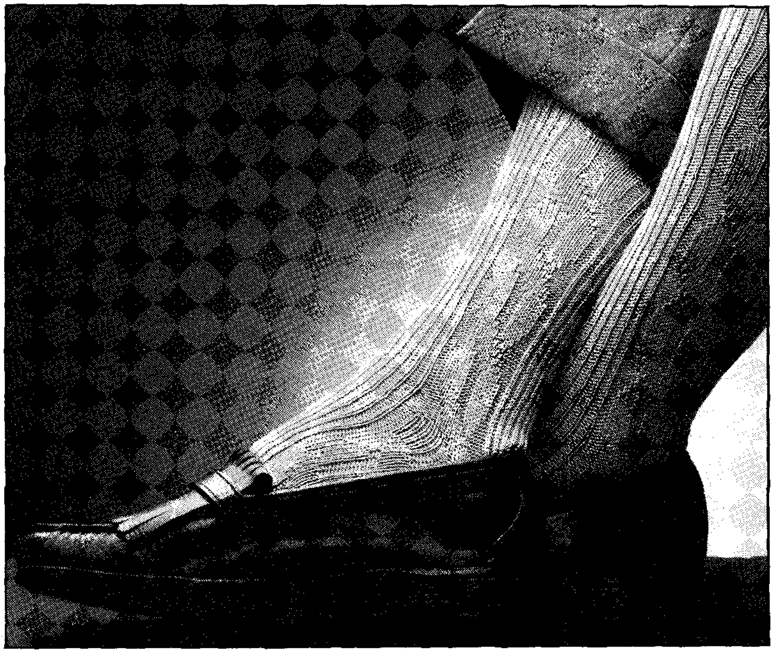

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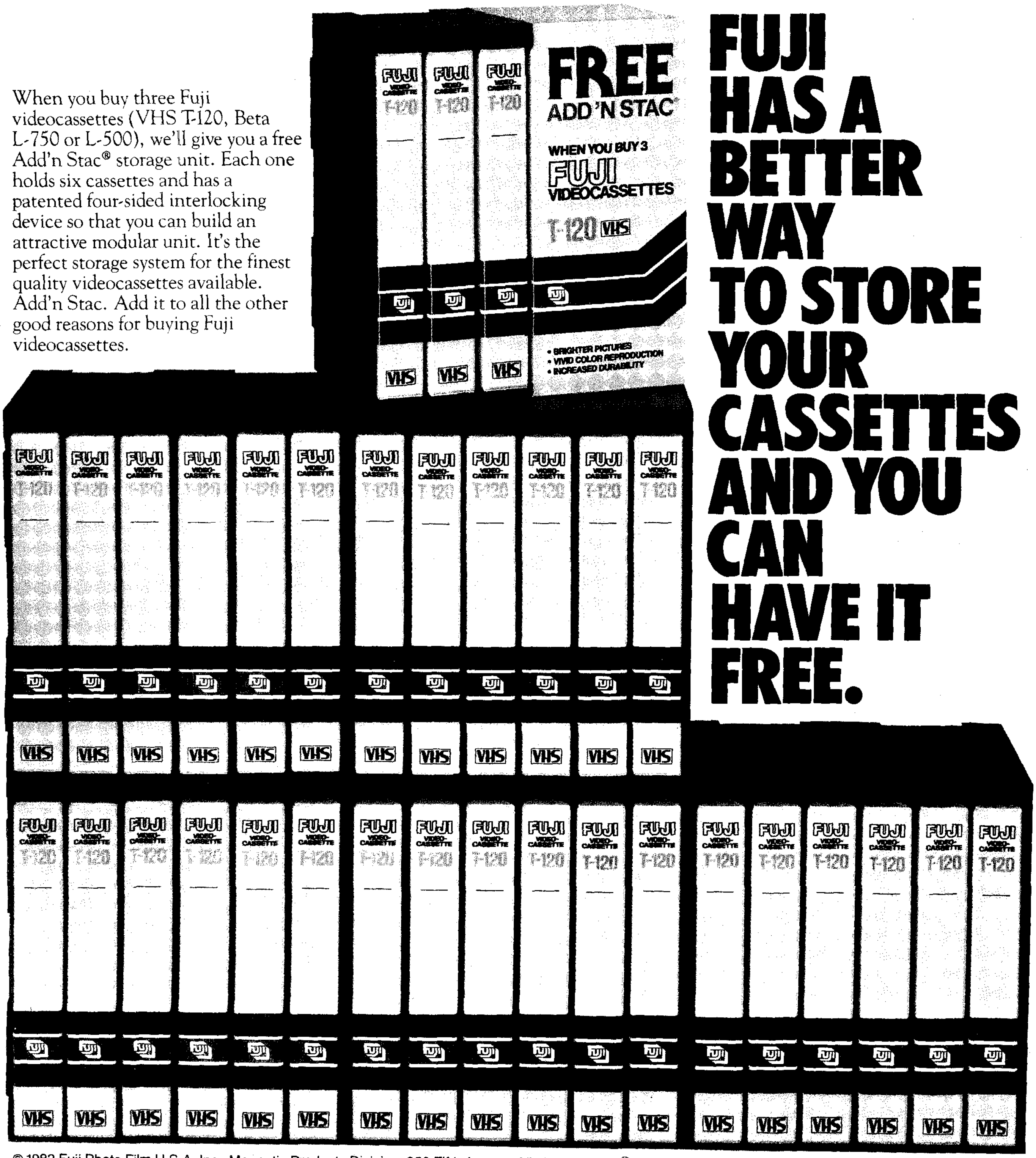
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when we got back to Munich," Masson told me. "What would make us happy? And I said that what would make me happiest would be to find a letter for me from Kurt Eissler saying 'Dear Professor Masson'—he called me that even though we were very close and I had begged him to call me Jeff—'Dear Professor Masson, you should take over the Archives from me.' And, I swear, there waiting for me was a letter from Eissler that said, 'I am haunted by a fantasy that you should take over the Archives. You have the idealism, know-how, enthusiasm, scholarship, honesty—briefly, all the qualities necessary.' "

As I later realized, when I read Eissler's letter itself, Masson was quoting Eissler's actual words from memory. The letter continued, "I dream of an endowment fund of $400,000, which would give you $40,000 annually. Would that be enough? You would be salaried Secretary. I am selfish: I want to get rid of all that. I have postponed writing what I really want to write about for years, and it is high time that I turn to my own interests, but the Sigmund Freud Foundation and the Sigmund Freud Archives have become quite a bother. This is strictly confidential, and is not to be repeated even to Mrs. Masson. . . ."

Masson wrote back a long, ecstatic letter:

> I can't think of anything better than to be on a salary and to be the Secretary of the Archives. The sum you mention is very reasonable. That is slightly more than I now get from Toronto. But even if nothing happened in the way of salary, I would be more than happy—it is my dream—to become the Secretary of the Archives.
>
> I have had to recognize that I am not the best material for a practicing analyst. I am not patient enough, not quiet enough, not modest enough. Also, I love to discover, uncover, probe the past, find out the truth. At that I am superb, and patients love it. I really set to work with vigor and pleasure. But when it comes to the "working through," I am really no good. Then I feel like sending them to some quiet woman analyst who can listen in peace. So I know I should not practice.
>
> I should be doing research; it is the one thing I am really good at. I kept asking myself: How can it ever be possible for you to do what you do best? It seemed so unlikely. I pictured, with mounting sadness, a life in Toronto teaching Sanskrit and eventually being forced to accept some position (there was some talk of my being offered the chair at Harvard) that would force me to do only that. And I really don't enjoy it anymore. It strikes me as too trivial, too far removed from the real concerns of a person.
>
> Nothing, therefore, could be more suited to me than the Archives—and I would be paid for it on top of that! It is a real dream,

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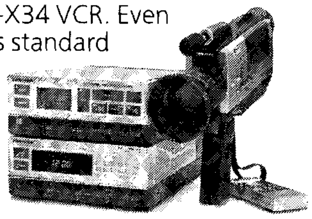

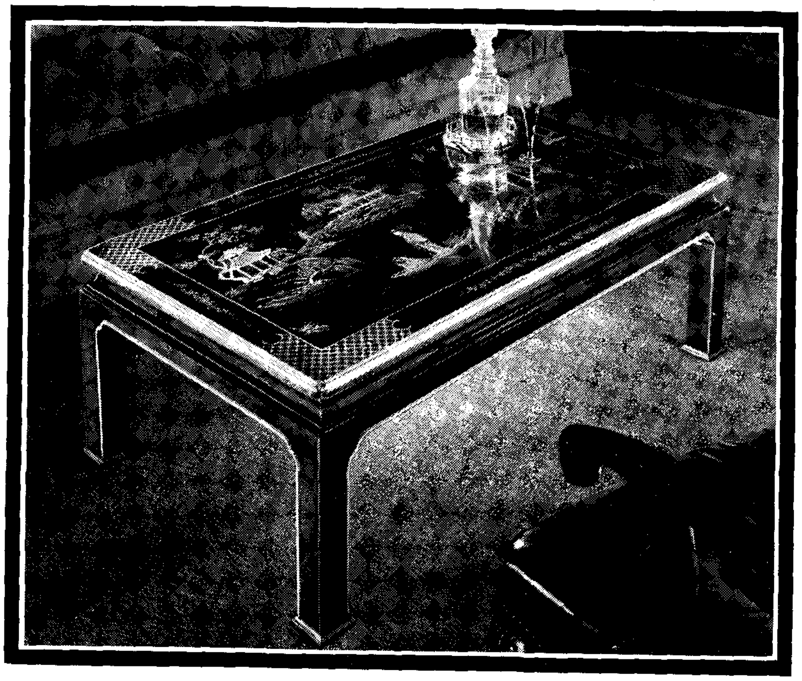

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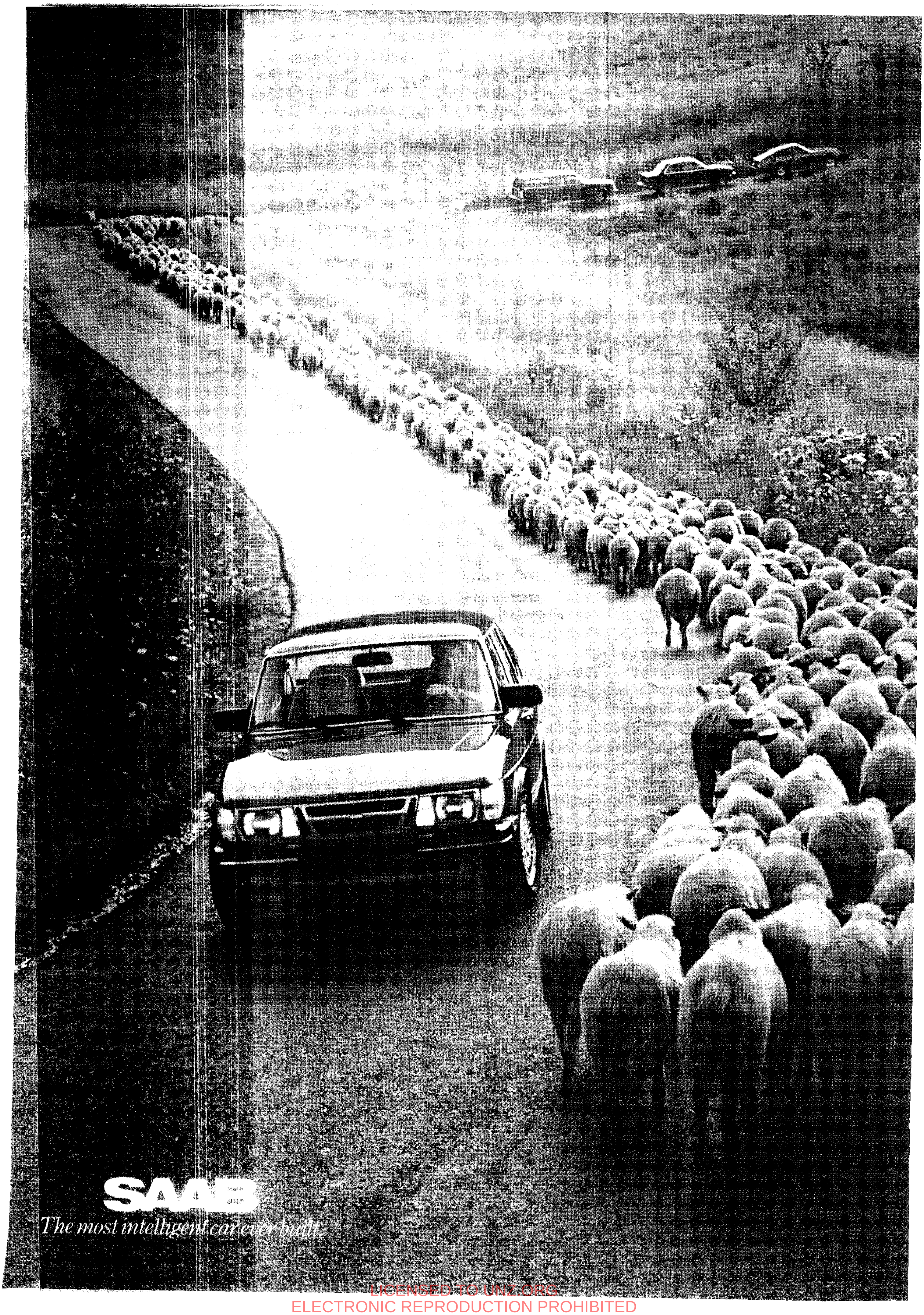
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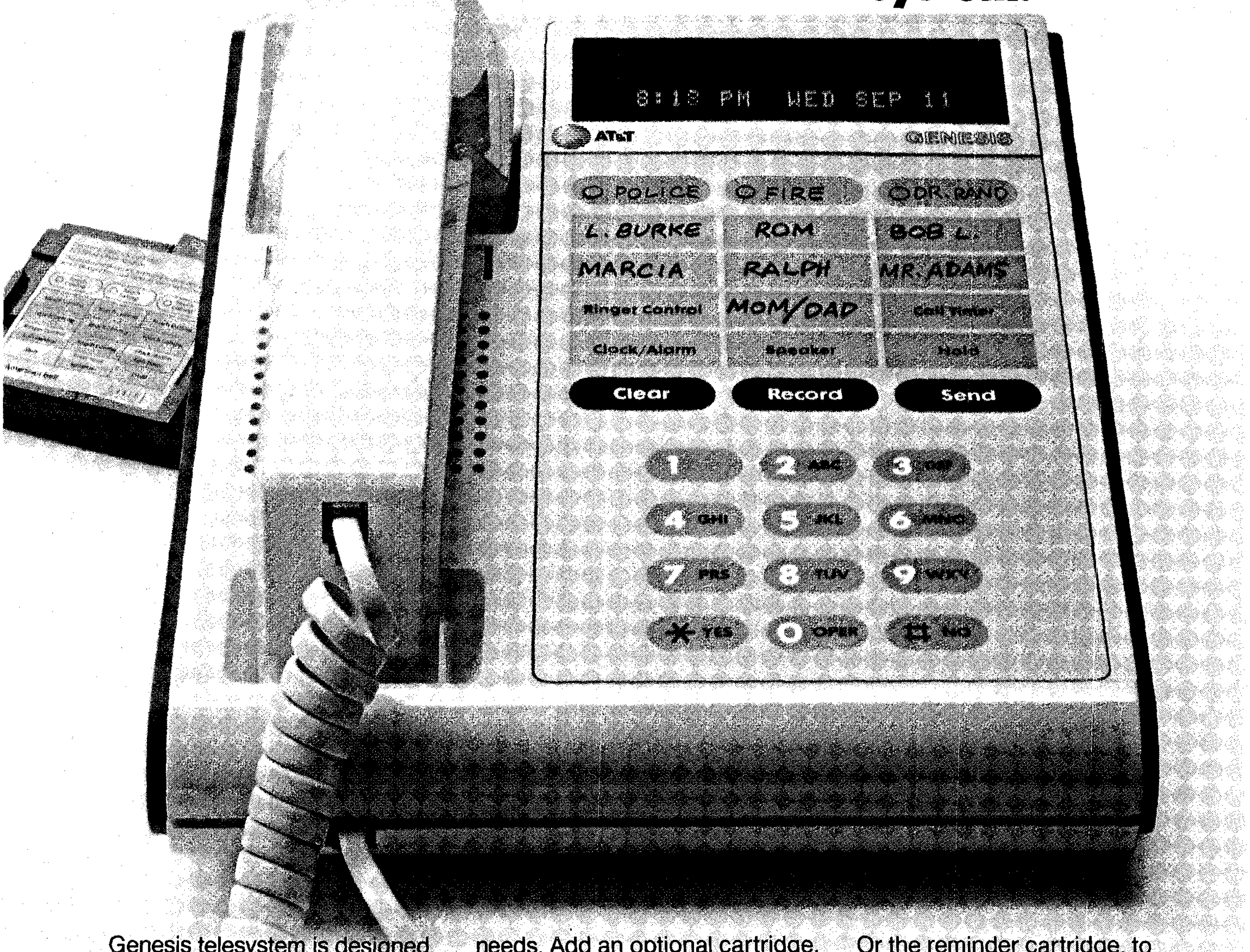
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an absolutely ideal life. I could not ask for more.

It still feels unreal. Can it really be? Is this really happening? I am deeply grateful for everything you have already done (I really owe my career to you) for me, and I will harbor no resentment if you tell me to forget this fantasy, even though it was a mutual one.

A few weeks later, Masson returned to Berkeley via New York, where he called on Eissler. "We had a long, emotional meeting for two days," Masson told me. Eissler had meant it. "He showed me this big black notebook that contained information about every letter: how much he had paid for it, where he had got it, when it could be published, whether it could be seen—all that sort of thing," Masson continued. " 'It's all yours,' he told me. 'All these things I have here, they're yours. I am old and tired, and I want to spend the last years of my life doing other things.' It was very moving. Then Eissler got Muriel Gardiner—a lovely and remarkable woman, a psychoanalyst who was in the underground in Austria before the war and saved a lot of Jews, and who has a fabulous amount of money—to donate funds for my salary through her New-Land Foundation, and in the fall of 1980 I was appointed Projects Director by the Board of the Archives, with a salary of thirty thousand dollars a year. The next November, I was to succeed Eissler as Secretary, and then, when Anna Freud died, I was to move into her house, at 20 Maresfield Gardens, in Hampstead, which the Archives owned—Muriel Gardiner had bought it from Anna Freud and given it to the Archives—and run the Freud Museum that was going to be established there. When Anna Freud died, I was to get on the next plane to London and immediately take all the letters in the house to the American Embassy and then to the Library of Congress. Eissler was afraid that relatives would come in and take the letters—a letter signed by Freud is worth two thousand dollars today, and there were thousands of Freud's letters in the house. It was a beautiful house, but it was dark and sombre and dead. Nothing ever went on there. I was the only person who ever came. I would have renovated it, opened it up, brought it to life. Maresfield Gardens would have been a center of scholarship, but it would also have been a place of sex, women, fun. It would have been like the change in 'The Wizard of Oz,' from black-and-white into color.

"When word got around that

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Eissler had made me his successor, other things started to come my way. I was made a director of the Freud Copyrights. This is the group, made up of Mark Paterson, Masud Khan, Mrs. E. L. Freud, and me—I still haven't been kicked off it, for some reason—that controls the copyright on Freud's writings. My appointment happened through Masud Khan. He's a well-known English analyst. At first, he was very suspicious of me, but when he saw the future—how I was coming in and taking over from Eissler—he wanted to be on good terms. So he invited me to his house and wrapped his arms around me and said, 'My dear boy, you must become a director of the Copyrights.' He's a very handsome man, about six feet seven. His full title is Prince Masud Khan—he's an Indian raja—and he's very fashionable. He used to be married to a Russian prima ballerina. And he's generous—he gave me books and a big picture of himself at our first meeting—and very articulate. He says what he thinks. He's got class and he's fun, and we took to each other right away. Now, of course, he doesn't speak to me. He was the one who said that I must be kept out of Anna Freud's funeral.

"Then the Harvard University Press jumped on the bandwagon and made me general editor of a new series of Freud's letters—to his boyhood friend Eduard Silberstein, to his colleagues Abraham and Ferenczi, to his friend Ludwig Binswanger—which they would publish in a uniform edition, along with the Freud-Fliess letters. If I had been somebody off the street and had called Arthur Rosenthal, the director of the Harvard Press, he wouldn't have talked to me. But as Projects Director of the Freud Archives and a director of the Freud Copyrights I was someone to conjure with.

"And then, finally, Anna Freud gave me access to the formidable cupboard. This was a huge, dark wooden cupboard that stood on the landing outside her bedroom and was filled with about a thousand letters from Freud. No one had ever read them. I had heard about this cupboard from Eissler, who had once gone through it with Anna Freud, but very quickly, so he hadn't had a chance to look at things. I asked Anna Freud if I could see the letters, and she asked Eissler, and he said, 'Yes, he may,' and so I started going through the cupboard. It was a treasure trove! There were all

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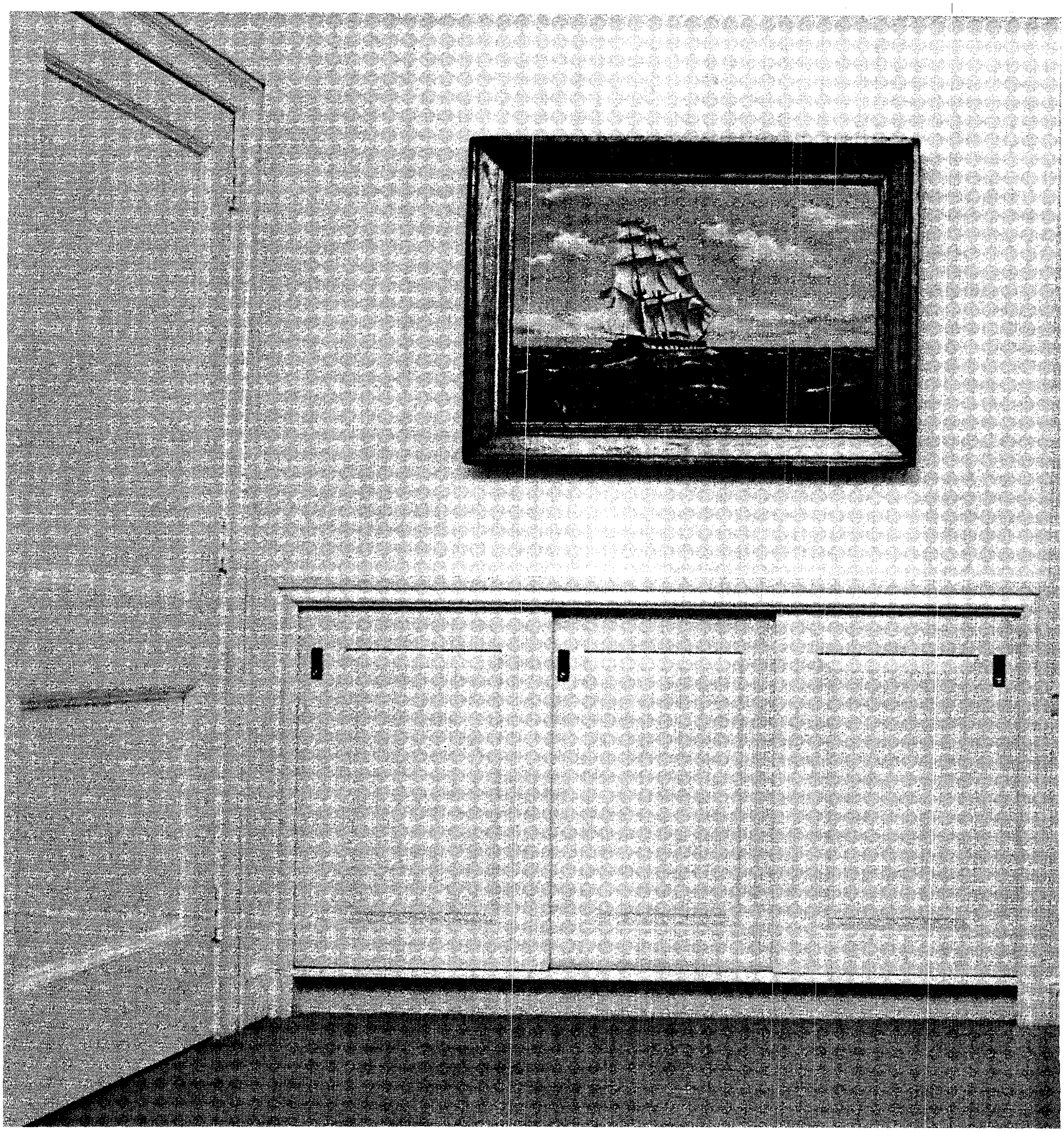

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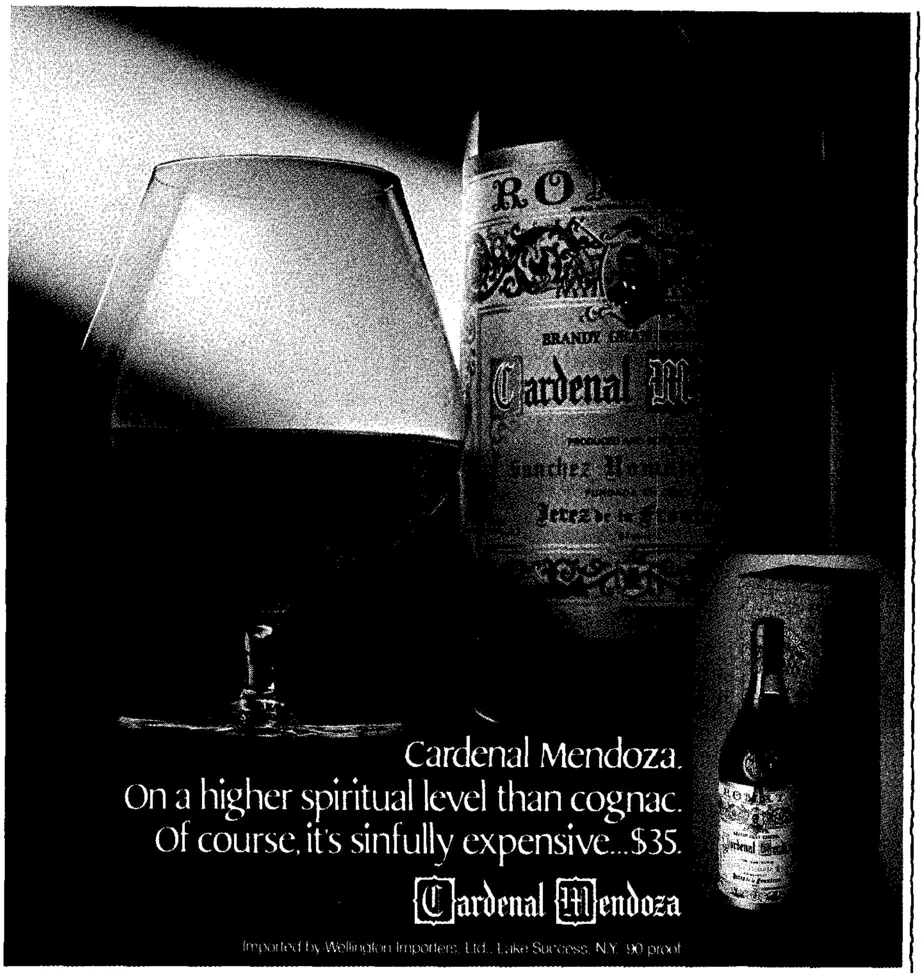

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kinds of things in it that no one knew about: letters between Freud and Charcot, a letter from Fliess to Freud, hundreds of letters from Freud to Minna Bernays, family letters. It was the last bastion. No one else had ever had access to the cupboard.

"It all looked ideal. I was young, dynamic, enthusiastic, and scholarly, not committed to any faction within psychoanalysis but simply interested in Freud. I didn't really care about money, I liked to travel, I knew everybody, I could get things going. They needed someone my age. All these guys are old. They needed someone who would be around for a while. Eissler couldn't get over his luck in finding me. I was like his son.

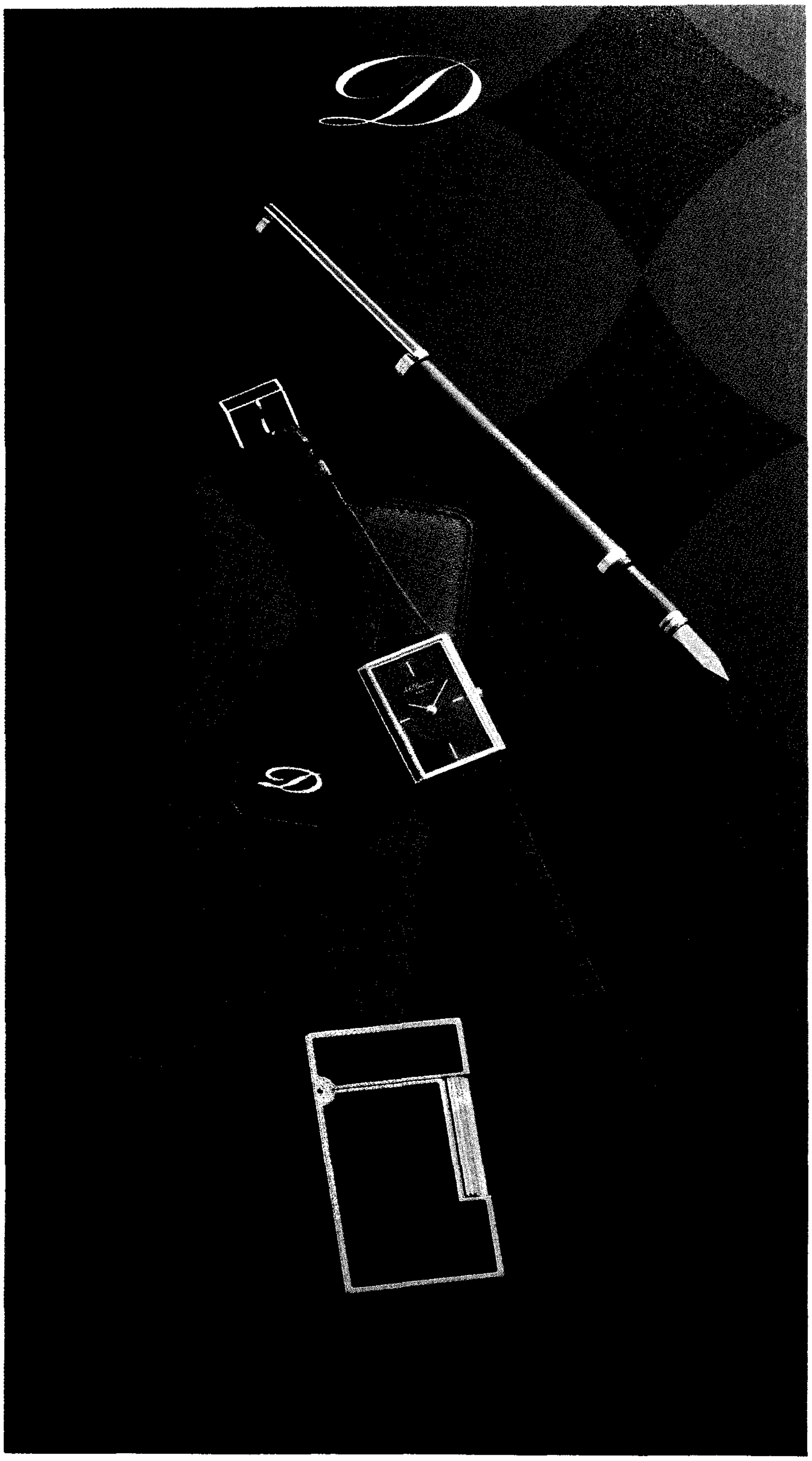
"Of course, many people were offended by my manner. They found me arrogant, brash, impatient, intolerant, too critical, too Jewish. They would complain about me to Eissler. He would tell me, 'You don't know the number of telephone calls I get about you! Every time you go anywhere on a trip, I get letters and calls saying, "Leash your maniac Masson. You don't know what you've let loose on the analytic world. He's going through everybody's papers, he's digging up all kinds of things, he's talking about it, he's irrepressible. This is not good for psychoanalysis." ' And Eissler would say, 'I've protected you against everybody.' He and Anna Freud and Muriel Gardiner were my three friends in analysis, and they happened to be so powerful that my enemies paled into insignificance. But almost everyone else in the analytic world would have done anything to get rid of me. They were envious of me, but I think they also genuinely felt that I was a mistake and a nuisance and a potential danger to psychoanalysis—a really critical danger. They sensed that I could single-handedly bring down the whole business—and, let's face it, there's a lot of money in that business. And they were right to be frightened, because what I was discovering was dynamite."

I asked Masson what this dynamite was. What had he found in Anna Freud's house that was so damaging to psychoanalysis and cast such a bad light on Freud's character?

Masson swallowed a few mouthfuls of the striped bass with fennel that had been lying untouched on his plate, and replied, "It's quite complicated, and I'm not sure where to begin. Maybe the best thing would be for you to first read some things I've written—the Yale paper and a paper on nineteenth-century psychiatry—and some things by other writers, and then the whole story will make more sense to you. I'll drop the stuff off at your hotel later today."

The conversation turned to Masson's shift from Sanskrit to psychoanalysis, and I asked him how he had become involved with analysis.

"It started at Harvard in the sixties," he said. "When I first went there as an undergraduate, I was an obnoxious person. I knew nothing. The only things I could do were read and sleep with women. I had come from a school in Uruguay. The reason I came from a school in Uruguay was that in 1958 this Indian guru who was living with my family—he was actually an English Jew named Paul Brunton, who wrote books on Indian mysticism—told my parents that he had received secret information that the Third World War was coming within three months, and that we should escape to South America. We were then living in Switzerland. My father is a gem merchant who doesn't like to stay in any one place too long. His father was a gem merchant, too—a Bessarabian gem merchant, named Moussaieff, who went to Paris in the twenties and adopted the name Masson. My parents named me Jeffrey Lloyd Masson, but in 1975 I decided to change my middle name to Moussaieff—it sounded better. We had moved all through my childhood—from Chicago, where I was born, to L.A. to Arizona to Hawaii and back to L.A., and then to Switzerland—so moving to South America wasn't such a big deal. But then the Third World War didn't come, and I was nineteen and didn't want to spend the rest of my life at the University of Montevideo, so I applied to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Stanford and got into all of them, I don't know why—by mistake, probably, because I hadn't been all that bright as a high-school student. I went to Harvard because another guru living with us, named John Levy—Brunton was my father's guru and Levy was my mother's—told my parents that it would be good for my character if I was sent to the least pleasant and friendly of the colleges I had visited, and Harvard was that. When I got there, the first thing I did was to persuade them to make me a sophomore. I shouldn't have even been a freshman! But for some reason they agreed to make me a sophomore. Then



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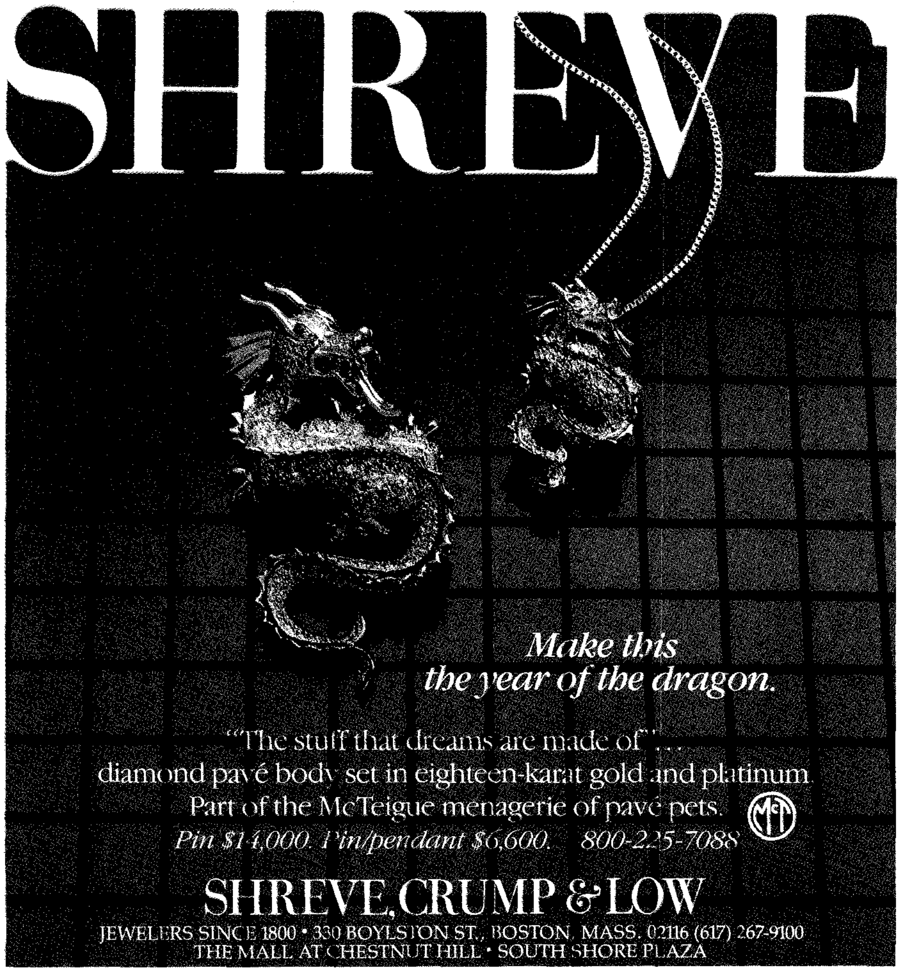

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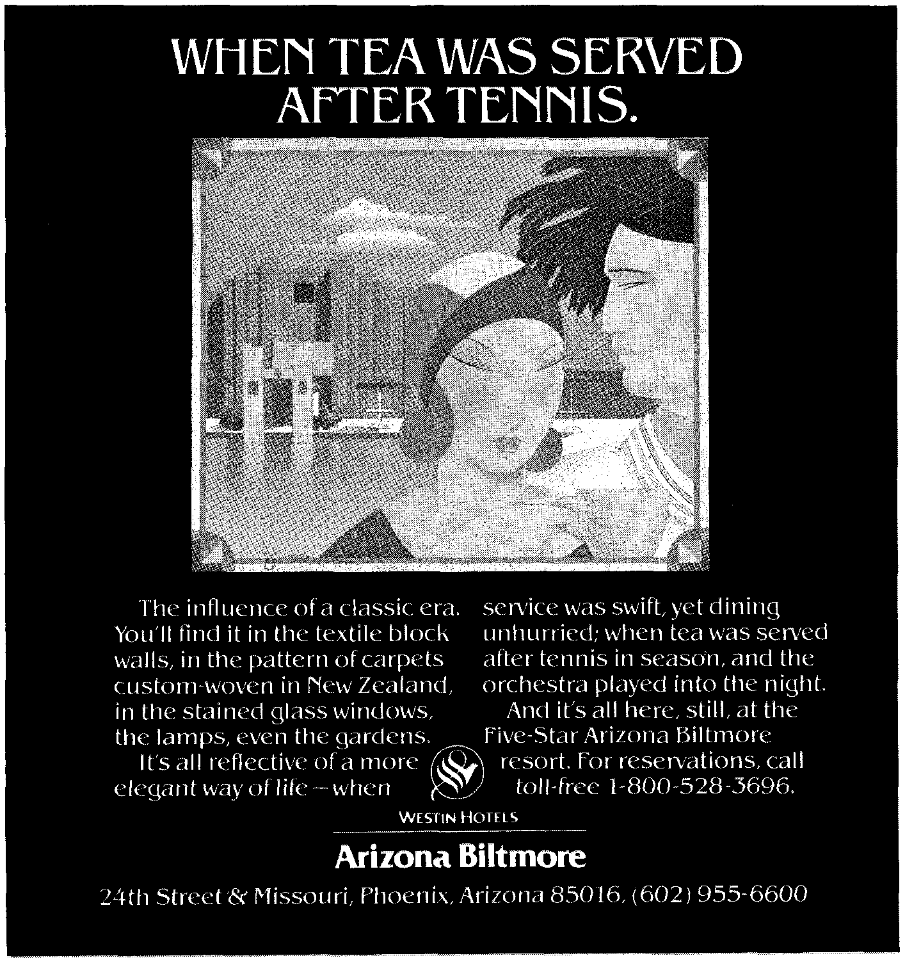

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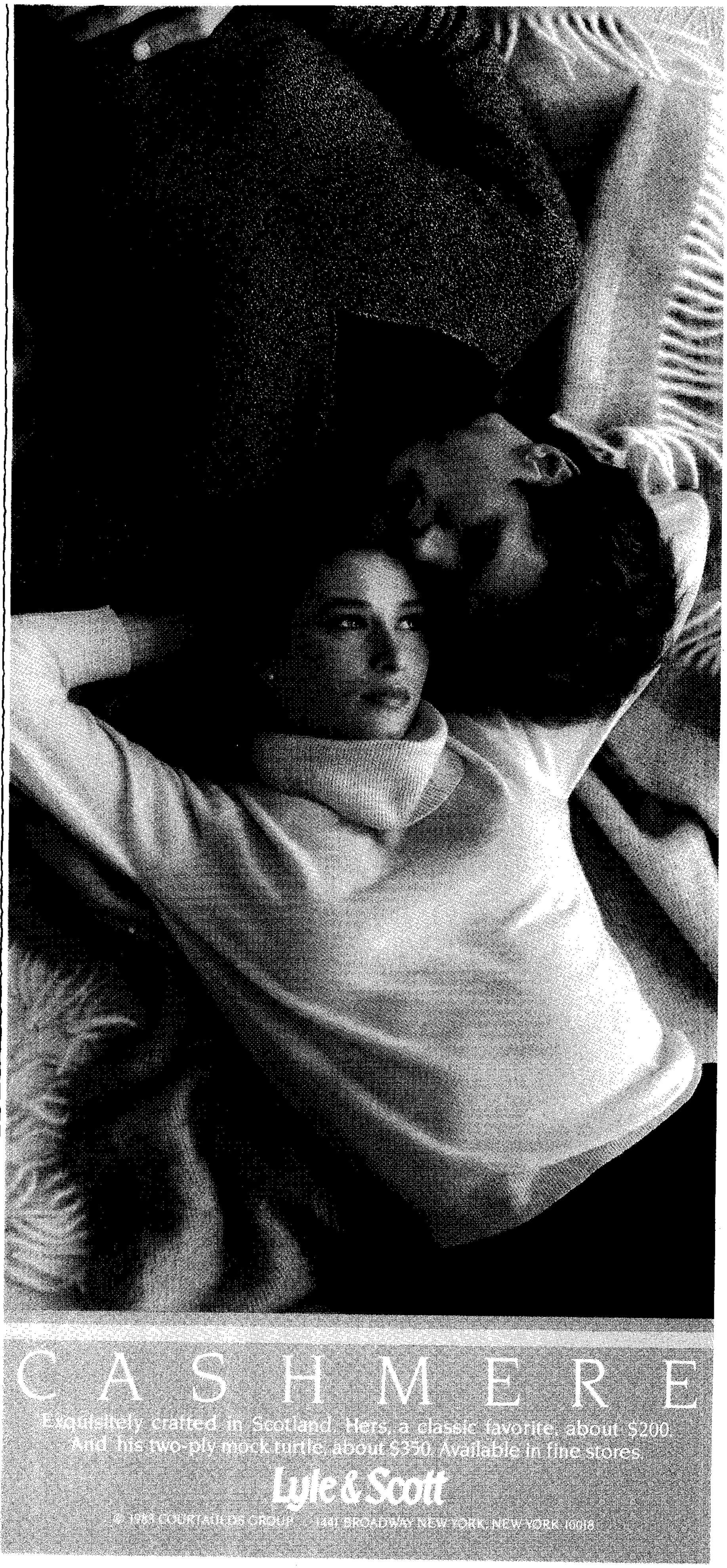
I decided that it was beneath me to live in the dorms, so I talked my way into a three-room apartment in a place called the Center for the Study of World Religions, where visiting professors and graduate students lived. I was unbearable. But Harvard was unbearable, too. It was such a snobbish place then. There were two students who were particularly unpleasant to me—Wendy O'Flaherty and Richard Gombrich. They were also in Sanskrit, and they were very wise and snobbish, and were always doing things with Daniel Ingalls, the chairman of the Sanskrit department. Gombrich, who is the son of the famous English art historian Ernst Gombrich, was very sharp and witty, and he liked to use me as the butt of jokes. He hates me to this day. He recently wrote a really nasty review of my book 'The Oceanic Feeling' for the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. [Masson later showed me the review, which began, "Rarely—mercifully rarely—it happens that one is sent a book for review which is so bad that truth cannot be reconciled with charity or honesty with politeness."] Wendy was even worse, in her way, though I thought, Well, at least she's a woman. I remember once trying to touch her, and she looked at me and said, 'Frankly, I don't think you're man enough to have an affair with me.' I ran into this sort of thing everywhere I went at Harvard. Then I met a rather attractive older graduate student, and I had an affair with her. One day, she took me to some art event, and she was sorry afterward. She said, 'Well, it's very nice sleeping with you in your room, but you're the kind of person who should never leave the room—you're just a social embarrassment anywhere else, though you do fine in your own room.' And, you know, in their way, if not in so many words, Eissler and Anna Freud told me the same thing. They liked me well enough 'in my own room.' They loved to hear from me what creeps and dolts analysts are. I was like an intellectual gigolo—you get your pleasure from him, but you don't take him out in public. Do you know what Anna Freud once said to me? She said, 'If my father were alive today, he would not become an analyst.' I swear, those were her words. No, wait. This is important. *I* said that to *her*. I said, 'Miss Freud, I have the feeling that if your father were alive today he would not become an analyst,' and she said, 'You are right.'

"Erik Erikson was teaching at Harvard when I was there, and I went to him and asked if I could go into treatment with him. My main symptom was total promiscuity—sleeping with every woman I could meet. He said no, but he sent me to someone he said he had great respect for, and I was in therapy with this man for a few years. But eight years later, when I was teaching in Toronto, I still had the symptom, so I went into therapy again, and then into five-times-a-week analysis. The trouble never seemed to get any better, and I figured it must have something to do with my childhood. I didn't say to myself, 'Well, you're just a lovable guy—you just love women, and women just love *you*.' I *knew there was something* wrong. I'd slept with close to a thousand women by the time I got to Toronto. And I'd fallen in love about five times. Not a great number. And even when I was in love with a woman it didn't stop me from sleeping with other women. So I realized there was something to look for. And when I went into therapy there were things about it that just fascinated me. The idea that there could be feelings that you're not aware of utterly fascinated me. The idea of counter-phobia fascinated me: that you could climb mountains because you were terrified of heights, that you would seek out dangers because the dangers held such fear for you. The importance of dreams: that there are feelings you can recover in dreams that you've never had in real life; that you can discover from a dream that you're in love with someone. The idea of repressed memories, of early memories—all these analytic ideas captivated me, and the more I read the more fascinated I became, and the more I read Freud the more admiring I became. But I was not doing anything historical then.

"After getting my Ph.D. in Sanskrit from Harvard, and spending a few years in India, I got my first job, as assistant professor of Sanskrit at the University of Toronto. And as soon as I got there—the first day I taught Sanskrit—I had one of those awakenings that people sometimes have. I realized that this was not for me—that I couldn't do this for the rest of my life. I couldn't sit here with four students, all eccentric, and read this little script. I just couldn't. I was bored out of my mind. I *was twenty-nine* years old, and I had a Ph.D. from Harvard, and I didn't know what to do with my life. I knew I couldn't go on. Finally, I



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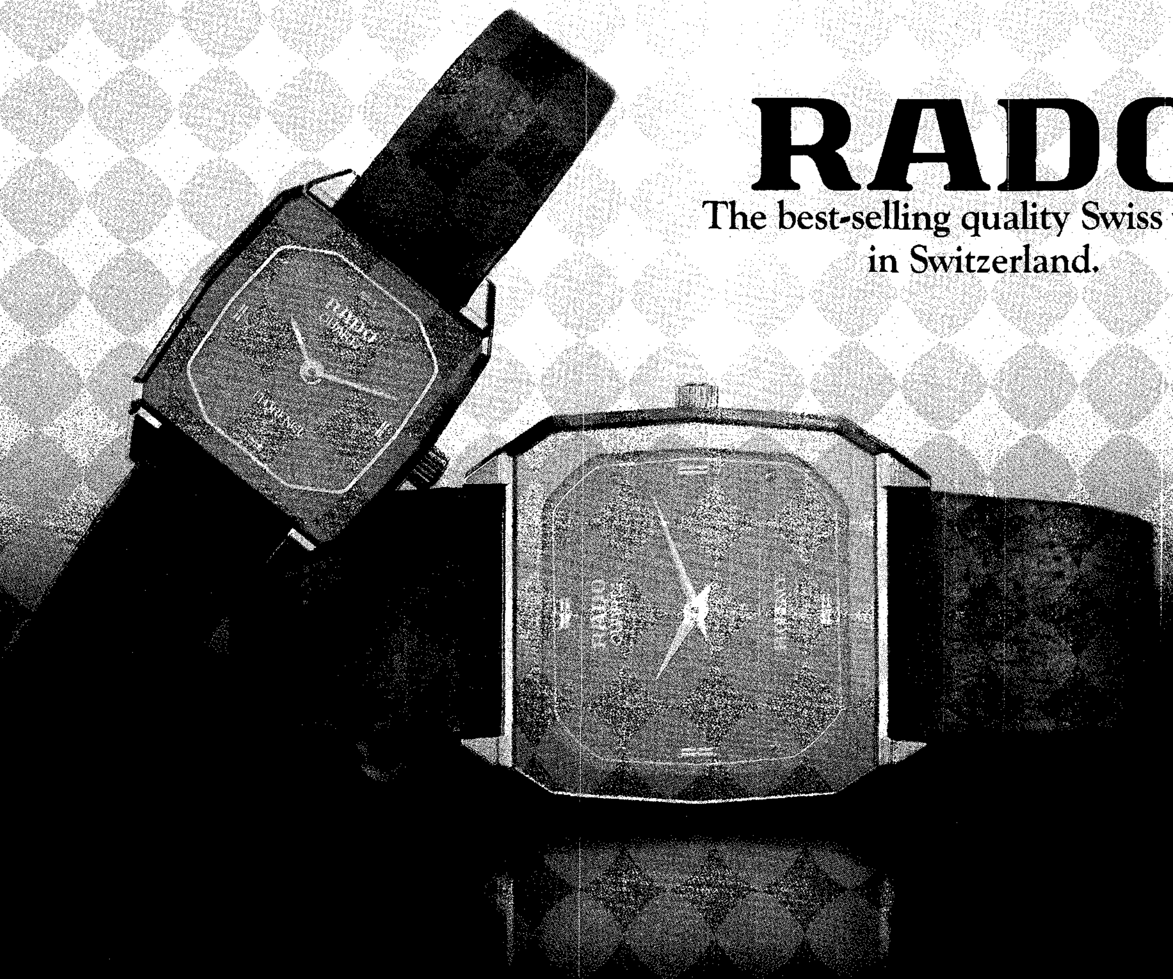

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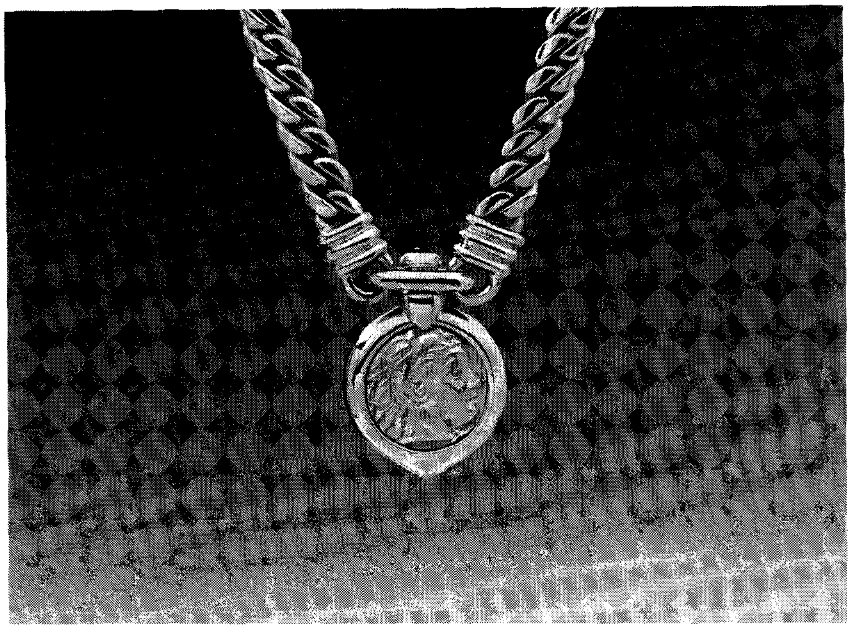
met a very lovely guy by the name of Charles Hanly—a professor of philosophy who was in training at the Toronto Institute of Psychoanalysis—and he said 'Why don't you train as an analyst?' and that was how I got into psychoanalysis.

"When I first arrived in Toronto, I had total admiration for anybody who was a psychiatrist or an analyst. I was very naïve. I was very young for my age. My fantasy was that all psychiatrists and analysts are fascinating people. I would go over to the university's psychiatric hospital—which I now consider one of the rat holes of the world but then thought was the most wonderful place in the world—and I would hang around the classes in the hope of meeting some students of psychiatry. And then when I got into the world of analysis it was utterly fascinating to me. For many years, I would associate only with analysts. I went out to dinner every night with analysts, partied with analysts, refused to see anyone who wasn't an analyst. Terri—whom I had met and married by this time—was appalled by this. She'd say, 'But, Jeff, they're so dull.' And I'd say, 'Ah, yes. But that's only because I'm a candidate. They don't want to say anything to me. When I become an analyst, they'll change.' It was a total delusion. It was part of the transference. When you're in analysis, analysts are fascinating. My classmates at the institute used to take their cars and drive to their analysts' houses and hide in the shrubbery and watch their wives and kids. It's a very strange state of mind. At first, I was utterly enraptured by my analyst, Dr. V. He was very sarcastic, very funny and witty, a great mimic. I had a lot of fun with him, and he with me. He'd say, 'I'm glad you come at the end of my day, Masson. You really cheer me up. I look forward to this hour all day. At last, I can have a bit of fun.' He was wrong to tell me that, but I just lapped it up. I just loved it. I'd say, 'It's not like seeing E., right?' E. was one of my classmates. And Dr. V. would say, 'That's right, E. is Dullsville, Masson. Between you and me, he's Dullsville.' E. *was* Dullsville—but that my analyst would make such a confession to me! It wasn't analysis, but it was great fun. But then Dr. V. started going after me. He would scream at me and threaten me, and it stopped being fun. One day, I'd had enough, and I said, 'Dr. V., I'm leaving. I'm not going to take this anymore. I'm going to have a consultation



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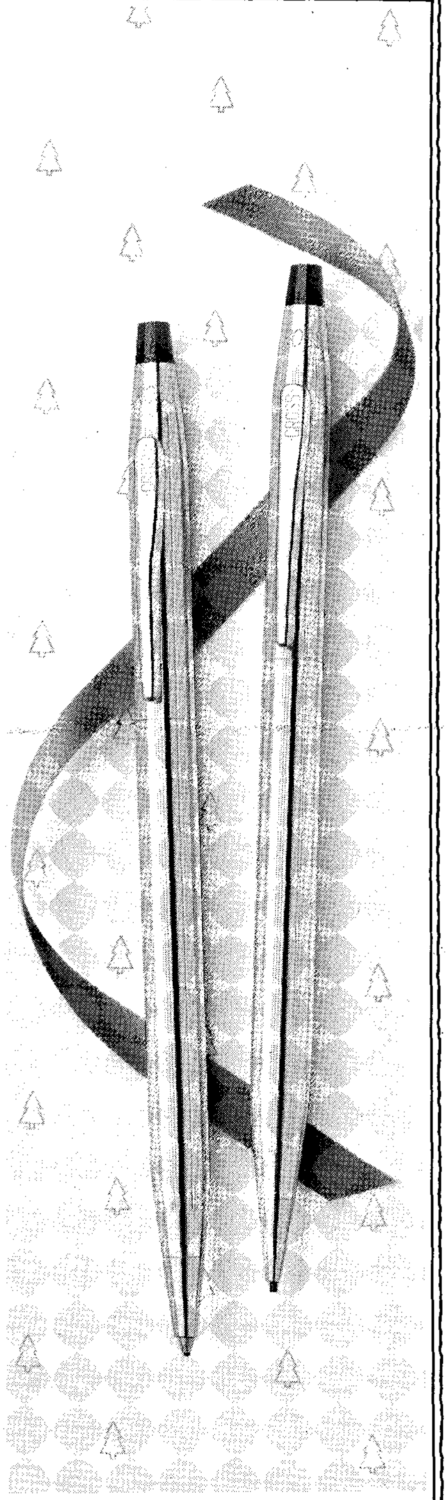

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with another analyst.' And Dr. V. said, 'You do that. But you understand, of course, that it's your word against mine. And who do you think they're going to believe, Masson, when I tell them you're a raving lunatic and should be dropped from the analytic institute immediately?' He scared the hell out of me. At first, when Dr. V. screamed at me I'd think, He's right. It's the only way to get through to me. I'm a hard nut to crack, and he's doing it out of compassion. He's doing it because he really cares. He's trying to help me. You know how the transference is. I made a million excuses for him. It wasn't until he threatened me that I realized that this man could harm me.

"Once, after the analysis was over, I went to Dr. V.'s house for lunch, and I thought, There he is—just this ordinary little guy. Then, a few weeks later, I met him at the institute, and we were having this talk in his office about the transference and how it affects one's perception of physical appearance, and I said to him, 'You know, I always thought of you as an immense man, and it came as a great shock to me the other day when you stood up and I realized that I was practically a head taller than you.' And he said, 'What are you talking about?' And I said, 'Well, just the fact that I'm taller than you.' And he said, '*You* taller than *me*? You're out of your mind!' And I said, 'Dr. V., I *am* taller than you, I assure you.' And he said, 'Stand up,' and I stood up, and he stood up, and I towered over him, and he looked me in the eye—from a good four inches beneath me—and said, '*Now* are you convinced that I'm taller than you?' So to be polite I said, 'Yes, I see.' But I thought, This guy is out of his mind.

"Actually, analysts are all terribly dull people. I've never met an analyst who wasn't ultimately dull, and I'm sure if I had met Freud I would have found him dull, too, after a while. I don't think he was that interesting, ultimately. But I didn't know that then. I was utterly fascinated by psychoanalysts and psychoanalysis, and I had a compulsive habit of reading psychoanalytic papers. I would take something like *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, and I'd begin with the Year One, and I'd read through it, issue by issue, to the last issue—just read through it, every single article, as if I were searching for something. I read literally thousands and thousands of articles that I now consider total junk

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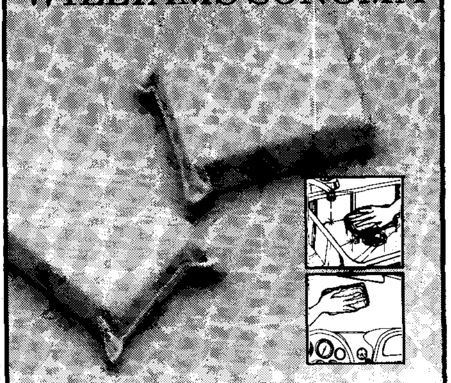

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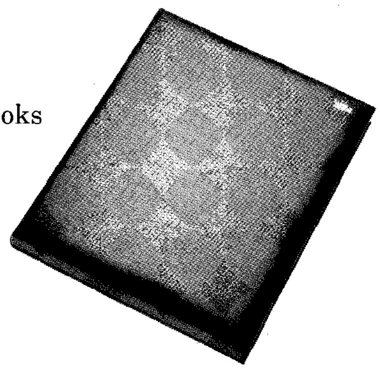

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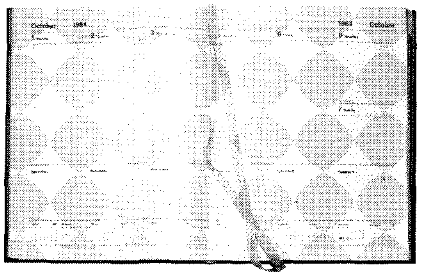

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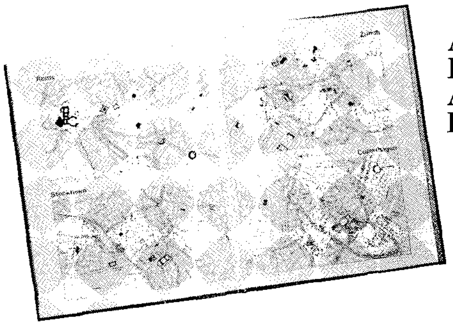

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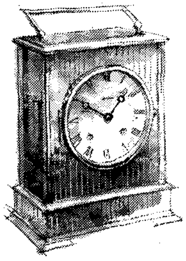

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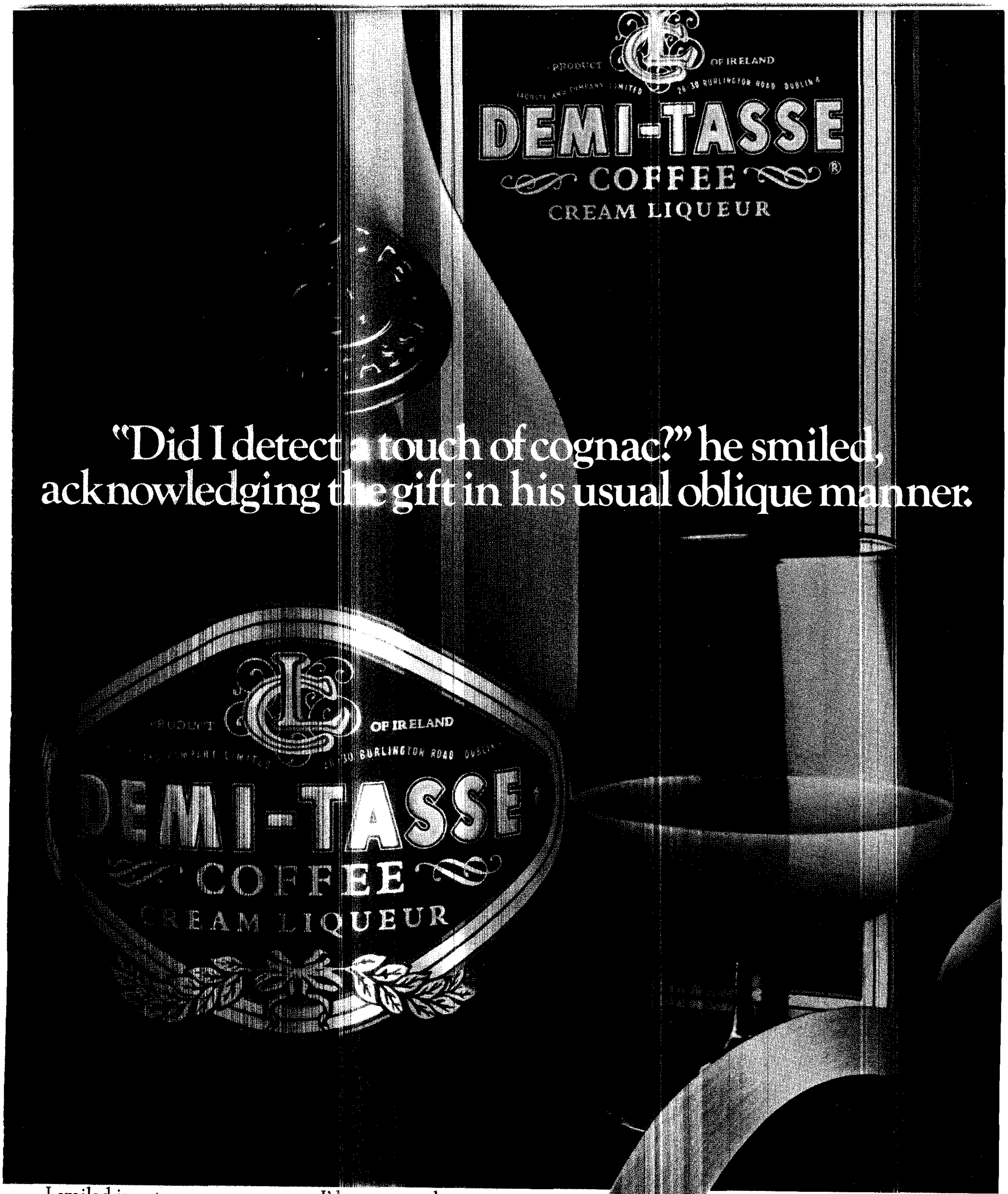
and regret having read. I'd make lists of what I thought were the good articles, and make Xeroxes of them. At home, I have about four thousand reprints—box after box of Xeroxes of articles that I thought were significant.

"Whenever I actually got to know an analyst, disappointment would set in. They didn't seem to be really interested in psychoanalysis. They would say things like 'Well, we don't read Freud anymore, he's passé,' and I'd think, God, that's weird. But then I'd tell myself, 'Well, that's Toronto; it's really a backwater. When I get to the real heart of things, it will all be different.' And I formed this fantasy of how in every city there is this inner core of four or five tough old analysts —all, appropriately enough, the age of my father—who aren't frightened of anything, who tell the truth: Sam Lipton, Brian Bird, Vic Calef, Ed Weinshel, Eissler at the very pinnacle, and, finally, Anna Freud. These are the people who would be undaunted by everything, and who would love my work. And it was true: as long as I was publishing things that were not really historical—that were very admiring of Freud and very critical of everyone else—they *did* love my work. As long as I was doing that kind of thing, I was the darling of the International Psycho-Analytical Association. I gave four papers at International meetings, one after another, which is unheard-of for a student. And I thought, Great! There *is* this world outside of Toronto where people are really interested in the truth. But the closer I got to the person of Freud, and the closer I got to the real history of what had gone on, the more my so-called friends retreated from me, and I realized that it wasn't me but the evidence I was turning up. Finally, even Eissler got frightened, and felt that he had to dump me."

The lunch crowd at Chez Panisse was thinning out. Masson looked at his watch and said he had to pick up Simone from school; he and Terri had amicably split up, he said, and Simone was living with him for the time being. We made a date for lunch the next day—which would give him the morning with Alice Miller and me the time to do the required reading for an understanding of his ominous findings.

IN the large packet of papers that Masson left at my hotel, one item stood out from the rest in its shock value. It was a quiet, restrained, and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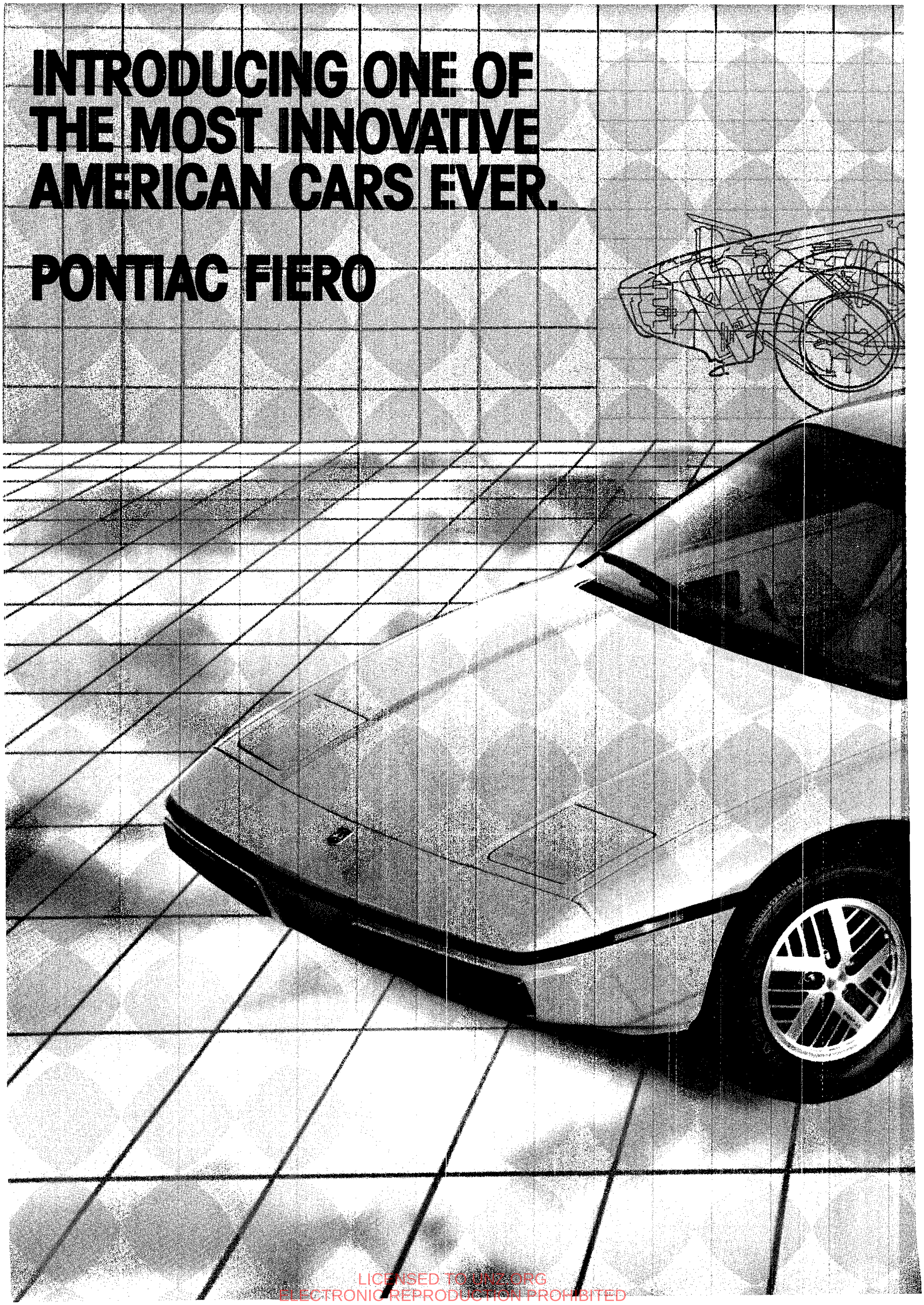
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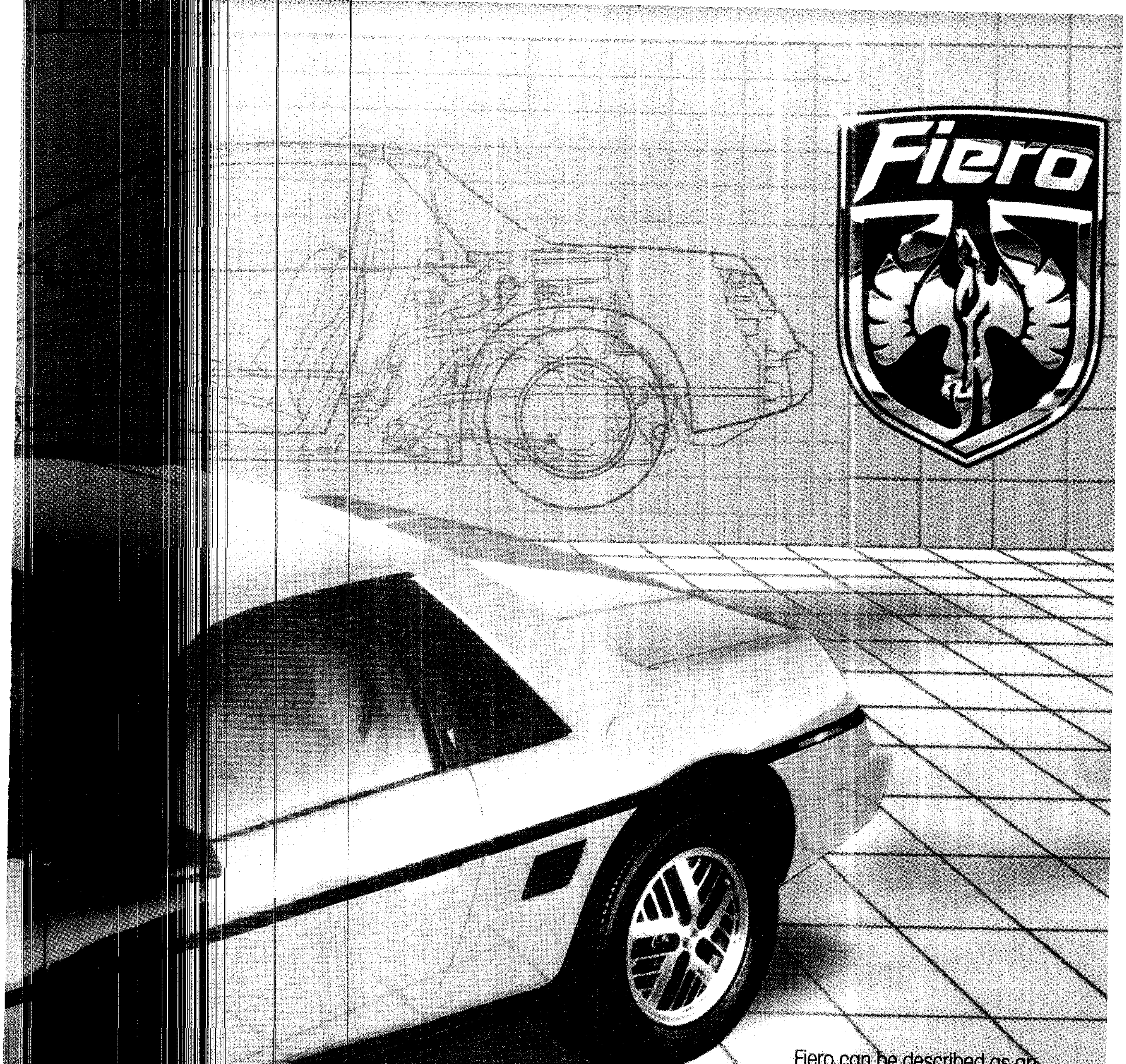

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devastating forty-page paper, written not by Masson but by, of all people, the late Max Schur, who had been Freud's personal physician during his final years in Vienna and London and had then emigrated to New York, where he took up psychoanalysis. Schur's paper, published in 1966 in an obscure volume called "Psychoanalysis—A General Psychology," and innocuously entitled "Some Additional 'Day Residues' of 'The Specimen Dream of Psychoanalysis,' " tells the horrifying story of a patient of Freud's named Emma Eckstein, who had come to him in 1894 with hysterical symptoms, and to whom he had indirectly caused severe and near-fatal injury. The story emerges from ten unpublished letters of Freud to Fliess, which Schur had come across while reading the complete Freud-Fliess correspondence. (Anna Freud had given him special permission to study it for a biography of Freud he was writing.)

The "specimen dream" appears in Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" (1900) as an example of how a dream may be taken apart and analyzed; it evidently was the first dream (dreamed by Freud on the night of July 23-24, 1895) that he thus anatomized and interpreted. It is a dream of guilt and self-exoneration. The wish at its center (according to Freudian theory, every dream is a wish-fulfillment dream) is Freud's wish to get himself off the hook in regard to a patient—not Emma but a later patient pseudonymously named Irma—whom he is not sure he has done well by, and, at the same time, to put the blame on several of his colleagues. "Day residues" is the term Freud used to signify the events of the day or days preceding a dream which are its *données;* Schur stretches the meaning of the term to include events that happened weeks, or even months, before the dream was dreamed. He argues that Freud did not go far enough in his dream analysis, and that beyond Irma there lies Emma, whom Freud had begun to treat, or mistreat, the previous winter. It was Freud's practice at that time to send his hysterical patients to his friend Fliess for consultation, to determine whether their trouble wasn't, after all, physical rather than mental—specifically, whether it wasn't *nasal.* Fliess had developed a bizarre theory of the nasal origin of various gastrointestinal, neurological, and (above all) sexual disorders, which he treated by the application of cocaine to the nasal membranes and/or by surgery on the

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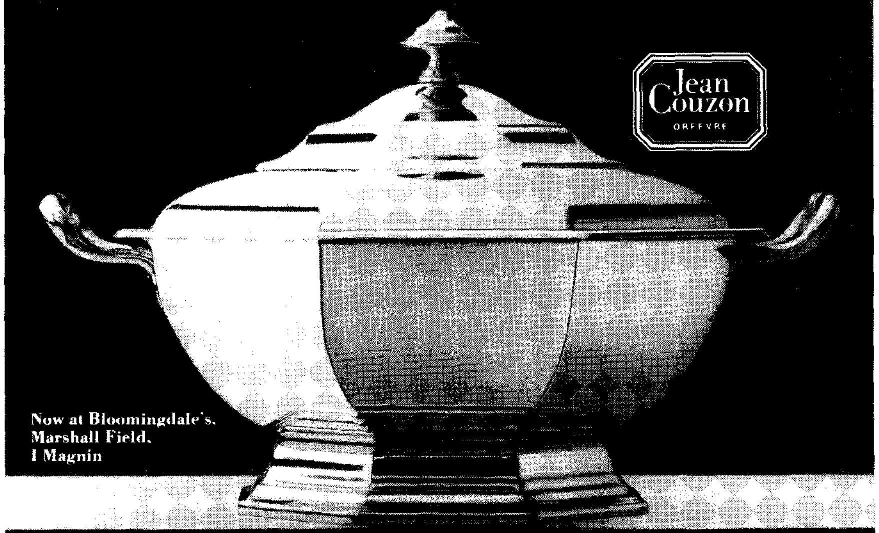

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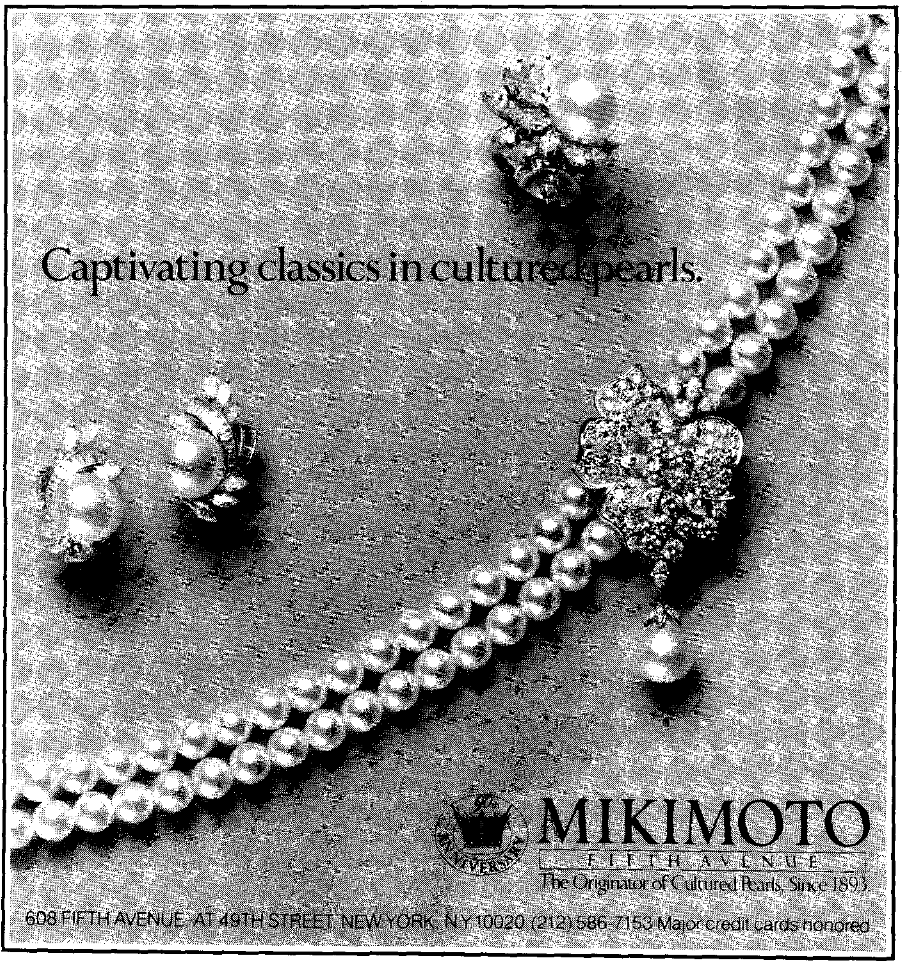

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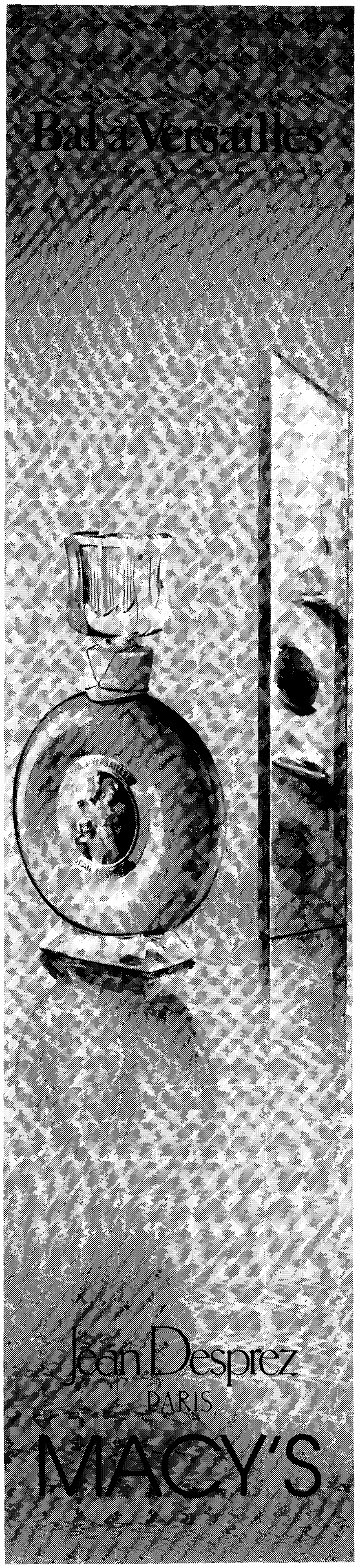
turbinate bone and the nasal sinuses. If one finds it hard to believe that Freud should have endorsed such an obviously crackpot theory and quackish therapy, one should remember that to his contemporaries Freud's own theories seemed equally lunatic, and his therapy equally disreputable. Freud's use of Fliess as a confidant and a source of emotional and intellectual solace has been likened to the use that a patient makes of his analyst—with the important distinction, however, that since Freud wasn't paying Fliess money for listening to him, he had to pay in the currency of reciprocal sympathy and support.

Freud had sent Irma to Fliess for an examination to see whether her gastric pains might be of nasal origin, and the examination evidently had been negative, since no mention is made of any nasal treatment for Irma. Emma was less fortunate. After being examined by Fliess, who had come from Berlin to Vienna at Freud's request for this purpose, Emma underwent nasal surgery by Fliess. A few days later, Fliess returned to Berlin, and then the trouble started. Emma began to suffer intense pain, swelling, and bleeding; a foetid odor came from the cavity. On March 4, 1895, Freud wrote to Fliess, briefly and helplessly telling him of these developments. Then, on March 8th, Freud broke the following horrendous news to Fliess:

> I wrote you that the swelling and bleeding wouldn't let up, and that suddenly a foetid odor set in along with an obstacle to irrigation. . . . I arranged for Gersuny [a prominent Viennese surgeon] to be called in, and he inserted a drain, hoping that things would work out if discharge were reëstablished. Otherwise he behaved in a rather rejecting way. Two days later, I was awakened early in the morning—quite profuse bleeding had started again, with pain, etc. I got a telephone message from Gersuny that he could come only in the evening, so I asked R. [an ear-nose-and-throat specialist] to meet me at Miss Emma's apartment. This we did at noon. There was moderate bleeding from the nose and mouth; the foetid odor was very bad. R. cleaned the area surrounding the opening, removed some blood clots which were sticking to the surface, and suddenly pulled at something like a thread. He kept right on pulling, and before either of us had time to think, at least half a meter of gauze had been removed from the cavity. The next moment came a flood of blood. The patient turned white, her eyes bulged, and her pulse was no longer palpable. However, immediately after this he packed the cavity with fresh iodoform gauze, and the hemorrhage stopped. It had lasted about half a minute, but this was enough to make the poor creature, who by then we had lying quite flat, unrecognizable. In the meantime, or actually afterwards, some-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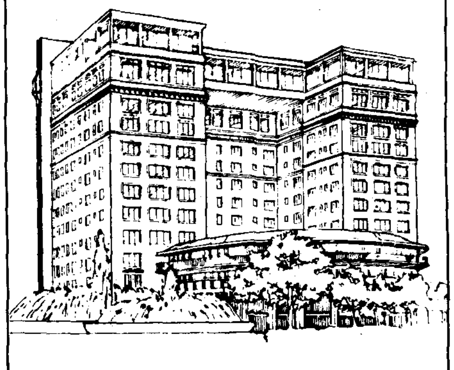

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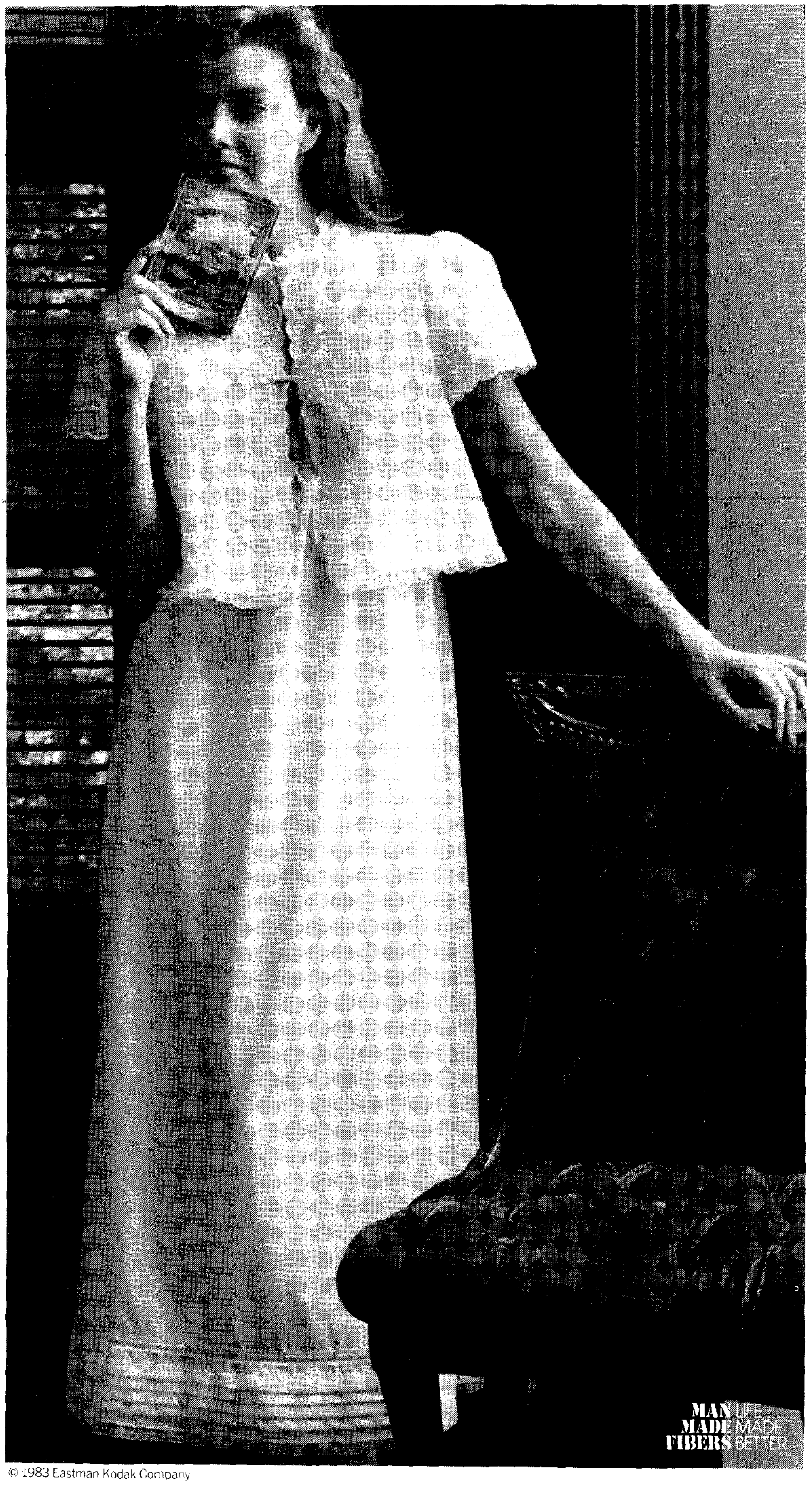

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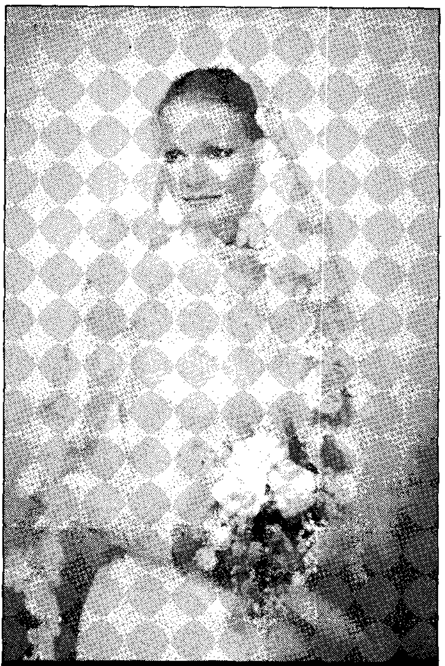
thing else happened. At the moment the foreign body came out, and everything had become obvious to me, immediately after which I was confronted with the sight of the patient, I felt sick. After she had been packed, I fled to the next room, drank a bottle of water, and felt rather miserable. The brave Frau Doktor then brought me a small glass of cognac, and I felt like myself again.

R. remained with the patient until I arranged to have both of them taken to the Loew Sanatorium by S. Nothing more happened that evening. The following day, i.e. yesterday, Thursday, the operation was repeated with the assistance of Gersuny. The bone was broken wide open, the packing removed, and the wound curetted. There was hardly any further bleeding. She had not lost consciousness during the severe hemorrhage scene, and when I returned to the room somewhat shaky, she greeted me with the condescending remark: "This is the strong sex."

I don't think I had been overwhelmed by the blood; affects were welling up in me at that moment. So we had done her an injustice. She had not been abnormal at all, but a piece of iodoform gauze had gotten torn off when you removed the rest, and stayed in for fourteen days, interfering with the healing process, after which it had torn away and provoked the bleeding. The fact that this mishap should have happened to *you*, how you would react to it when you learned about it, what others would make of it, how wrong I had been to press you to operate in a foreign city, where you couldn't handle the aftercare, how my intention of getting the best for the poor girl was insidiously thwarted, with the resultant danger to her life—all this came over me simultaneously. . . .

The tearing off of the iodoform gauze was one of those accidents that happen to the most fortunate and cautious of surgeons. . . . Gersuny mentioned that he had had a similar experience, and that he therefore used iodoform wicks instead of gauze. . . . Of course, no one blames you in any way, nor do I know why they should. And I only hope that you will come as quickly as I did to feel only pity. Rest assured that I felt no need to restore my trust in you. I only want to add that I hesitated for a day to tell you all about it, and that then I began to be ashamed, and here is the letter.

That this, and all other letters pertaining to the Emma episode, had been omitted from "The Origins of Psychoanalysis" is hard to justify from the point of view of scholarship but easy to understand from that of filial piety. Freud does not shine in this story. He doesn't come out as badly as Fliess does, of course, but in his eagerness to exonerate his friend he betrays a callousness toward his patient that, for once, causes the reader of Freud's letters to withhold some of his sympathy. Freud's own dealings with Emma may well have been exemplary—or as exemplary as they could be under the circumstances—but his letters to Fliess about Emma are lacking in



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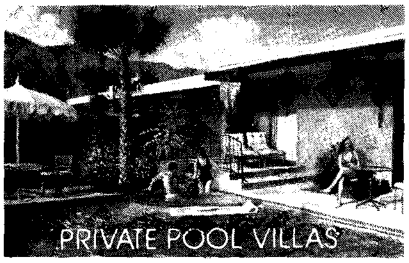

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the quality that caused Kurt Eissler to give his review of a collection of Freud's letters the title "Mankind at Its Best." When, after describing the ghastly scene of the discovery of the gauze in Emma's nose, Freud can wring his hands over "the fact that this mishap should have happened to *you*" (italics Schur's and mine), the reader scarcely knows where to look.

Schur's own idea in publishing Freud's letters about the Emma episode was not to show Freud in a poor light but, rather, to illustrate the power of the transference in his relationship to Fliess. It was Freud's urgent need to believe in Fliess, to think of him as infallible, that blinded him to reality and prevented him from seeing how badly Fliess had botched the case. As time went on (and poor Emma was finally out of danger), Freud progressively downgraded Fliess's culpability, and finally was able to persuade himself that it was *Emma herself*, and not Fliess, who had been at fault. In a letter of April 16, 1896, Freud promises Fliess that he will soon tell him of "a quite surprising explanation of Emma's hemorrhages, which will give you great satisfaction," and on April 26th he writes, "You were right; her hemorrhages were hysterical, brought on by *longing*." Emma, who had (inexplicably) gone back into treatment with Freud, had revealed to him that she had a long history of hysterical nosebleeding. In a letter of May 4th, Freud happily tells Fliess of Emma's confession that in the sanatorium, after the incident of the removal of the gauze, "she began to feel restless out of unconscious longing and the intention of drawing me to her side." He continues, "And since I did not come during the night, she renewed the hemorrhage as an unfailing means of reawakening my affection. She bled spontaneously three times, and each hemorrhage lasted approximately four days, which must be significant." Schur dryly comments, "Nowadays, we would of course expect a careful hematological work-up to establish what kind of 'bleeder' Emma was. But in this letter Freud was—without mentioning it—continuing with the exculpation of Fliess! The iodoform gauze was buried and forgotten!"

Schur cites a few more references to Emma (in letters of 1897), in which Freud tells Fliess of sadistic, blood-ridden, and evidently imaginary "scenes" that Emma recounted in her

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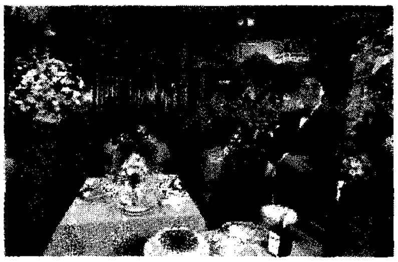

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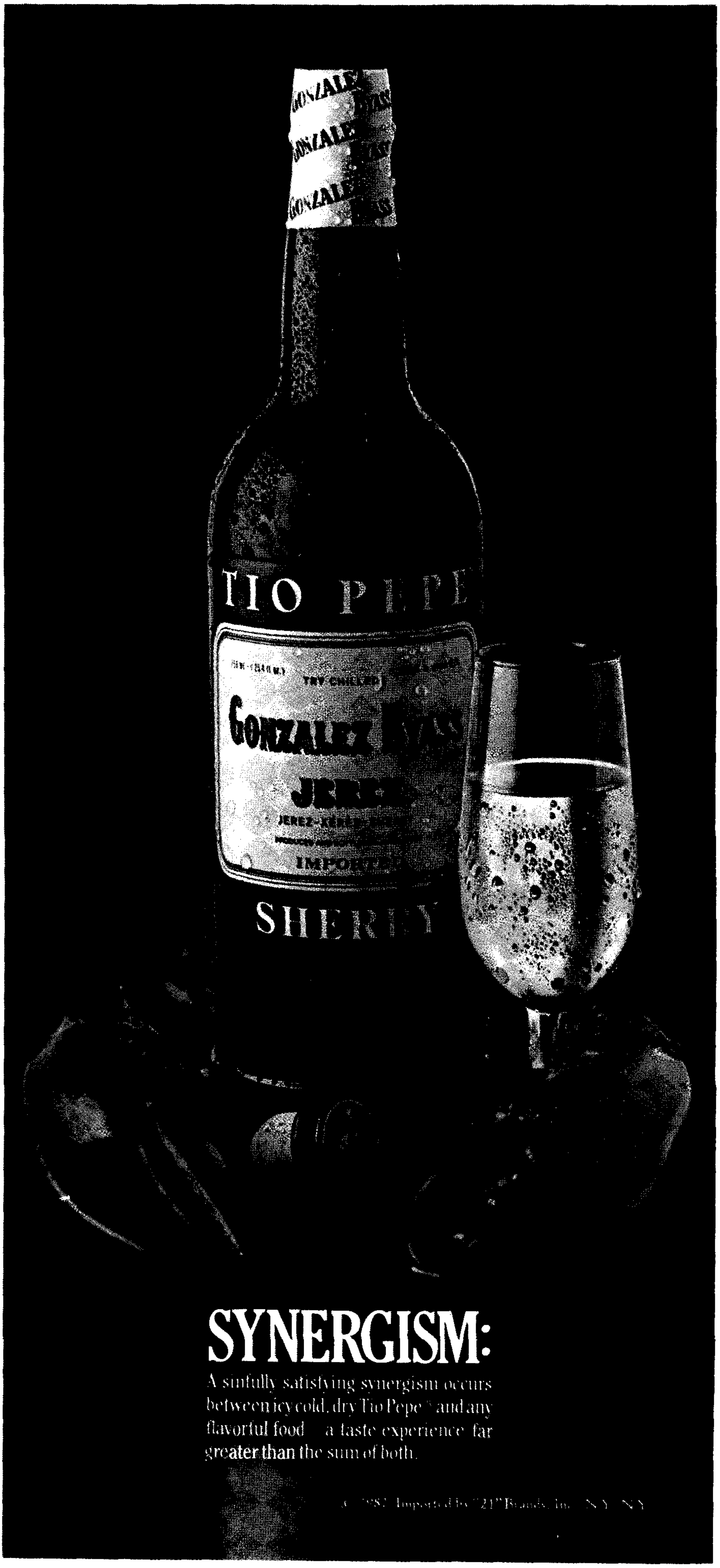
analysis. "It would therefore seem that Emma was one of the first patients who offered Freud a clue to the crucial realization that what his patients had described to him as actual seduction episodes were fantasies," Schur notes. He does not push the point. He hovers near, but does not alight on, the possible connection between Freud's wish to believe that Fliess's horrendous error had never happened (or, at any rate, had had no consequences) and his repudiation of a theory that traced hysteria to actual body- and soul-damaging events in favor of one emphasizing the power of fantasy.

The connection that Schur skirted was the one that Masson pounced on and held up as conclusive evidence of Freud's intellectual shabbiness. When I met with Masson the next day, he declared, with characteristic hyperbole, "In my opinion, Emma Eckstein is the single most important person in the history of psychoanalysis. She was the first victim of psychoanalysis, and one of the great heroines of twentieth-century thought. Her story is the wedge that is going to topple psychoanalysis. When analysts read my book 'The Assault on Truth,' in which Emma will loom very large, they will ask for my neck, I assure you. They will say, 'He was bad enough at Yale, he was worse in those articles in the *Times*, and now he's utterly impossible. The man must be murdered.' I won't be surprised if the analytic mafia puts out a contract on me." He laughed gleefully, and went on, "Freud abandoned the seduction theory because he couldn't face the truth about what Fliess had done to Emma. He needed to believe that Fliess was innocent and Emma was guilty. So he developed the theory that all patients lie—that they are made sick by their fantasies, and not by anything real that has happened to them. He gave up a very powerful theory for a lesser one in order to exculpate his friend. He did it unconsciously, of course, and he did it for other reasons as well—I went into some of those in my Yale lecture—but he did it, and ever since then analysts have been denying the realities of their patients' lives. When Freud abandoned the seduction theory, it was the death of psychoanalysis. The received truth is that it was the *birth* of psychoanalysis, but it wasn't; it was the end, and, deep down, all analysts know it was the end. That is why they all feel like such frauds. They do analysis because it's good business, but in their inner-most souls they feel utterly fraudulent. If I sat down with any analyst for a few days and grilled him and really pushed him, he would admit that he doesn't like what he's doing, that he doesn't believe in it, that in some deep sense he feels dishonest. I know that's how they all feel. I know that even Freud himself felt like that after he abandoned the seduction theory."

Masson then told me the curious prehistory of his obsessive interest in the seduction theory. Robert Fliess, one of the two sons of Wilhelm, became a psychoanalyst in Berlin in the thirties and later emigrated to New York, where he served as a training analyst at the Downstate Psychoanalytic Institute and pursued a long, distinguished career as an analyst and teacher. But toward the end of his life he became seriously disturbed, and formed the idea—which even Masson concedes is crazy—that every single one of his patients (and, indeed, all neurotic patients of all analysts) had been sexually abused by one parent or the other. (Fliess characterized such parents as "ambulatory psychotics.") He put this extreme notion into his book "Symbol, Dream, and Psychosis," written a year before his death, in 1970, along with the idea that Freud's repudiation of the seduction theory was the end of his "honeymoon with truth." "*No one is ever made sick by his fantasies*," Fliess wrote, and added, "Only traumatic memories in repression can cause the neurosis. This fact alone is sufficient reason for discounting Freud's later 'denial.' " Masson went on, "Reading Fliess in the early seventies had a tremendous impact on me. He really influenced me. He was paranoid, and he went too far in saying that all patients were seduced, but he was right in saying that neurosis is always caused by something real. There is reason to think that Robert Fliess himself was seduced by his father. He hints at it in 'Symbol, Dream, and Psychosis.' "

Masson went on, "When I was in France last month, somebody said to me, 'Masson, leave America and come here. You're a celebrity, you'll have a full practice in twelve hours, everybody will go to you. You're the new Lacan. Charge anything you want, because Paris is very modish and you are *à la mode.*' But I won't do that. I can't. Because I don't believe in psychoanalysis any longer. I suppose that in a little while I will resign from the International Psycho-Analytical Association, though I think I'll wait un-



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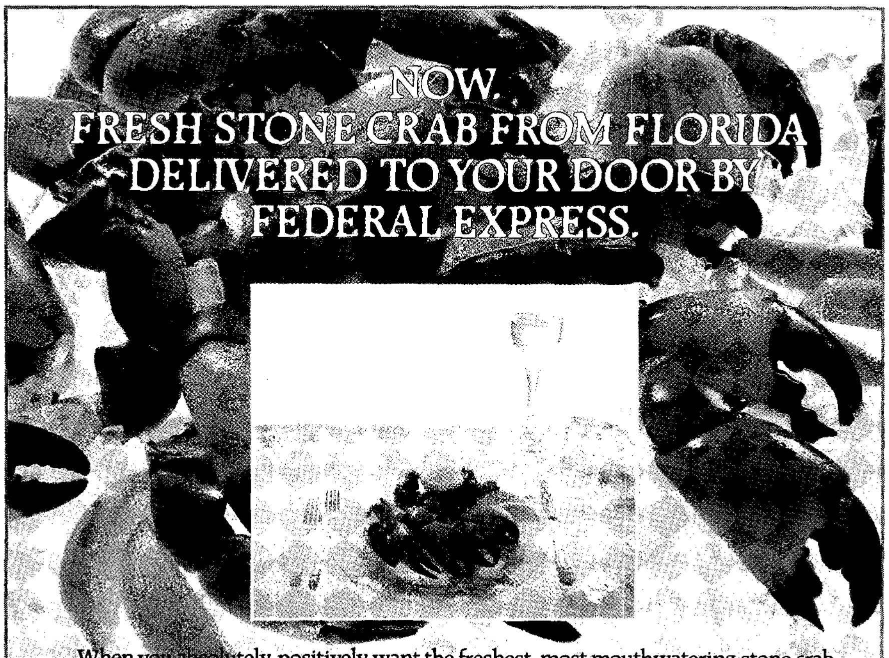
til I can get the most effect out of it. Or wait until they try to throw me out, which shouldn't be long now, except that they'd be frightened of the publicity." Masson suddenly looked at his watch, broke off his monologue, and asked—we were sitting in my room at the Claremont—if he could use the phone. "I have to call Alice Miller," he explained, and sighed. "Do you remember I said I would set up a meeting for her in that guy Goldstine's mansion? Well, now she's found out that he's a sex therapist, and she's not sure she wants the meeting. She says it might be bad for her reputation to be mixed up with people like that. She said she would think it over and let me know what she's decided. I said I would call her at twelve-thirty." Masson dialled, spoke briefly with Alice Miller, and hung up with another sigh. "Oy," he said. "She's decided she doesn't want the meeting. What am I going to tell Goldstine? It's so embarrassing. He's bought twelve copies of her book to distribute. He's invited people. What a pain this is. May I use your phone again?" Masson dialled again and apologetically informed Goldstine of Alice Miller's change of heart. The conversation was brief; the sex therapist evidently took the news calmly.

While Masson spoke on the telephone, I pondered an incongruity that had struck me the night before while I was reading the paper he had delivered in New Haven. In marked contrast to the extravagantly anti-psychoanalytic and anti-Freudian stand that Masson was now taking, the "Yale paper," as Masson likes to call it (whereas in fact it was given before the Western New England Psychoanalytic Society, which has no connection with Yale), was respectful of psychoanalysis and of Freud, and its tone was scholarly and fairly quiet. Here and there in it, Masson would lapse into a kind of boyishness he is prone to, but on the whole the paper was as sober, and even, in places, as tedious, as the general run of psychoanalytic papers. The bulk of it was devoted to an extravagantly admiring discussion of Freud's 1896 paper on the seduction theory, "The Aetiology of Hysteria" (the paper is indeed one of Freud's most artfully argued essays), and to a pedantic and hard-to-follow argument regarding the possible influence of a certain Dr. Löwenfeld on Freud's decision to abandon the theory. When Masson hung up the telephone, I told him of these impressions, and asked him what had hap-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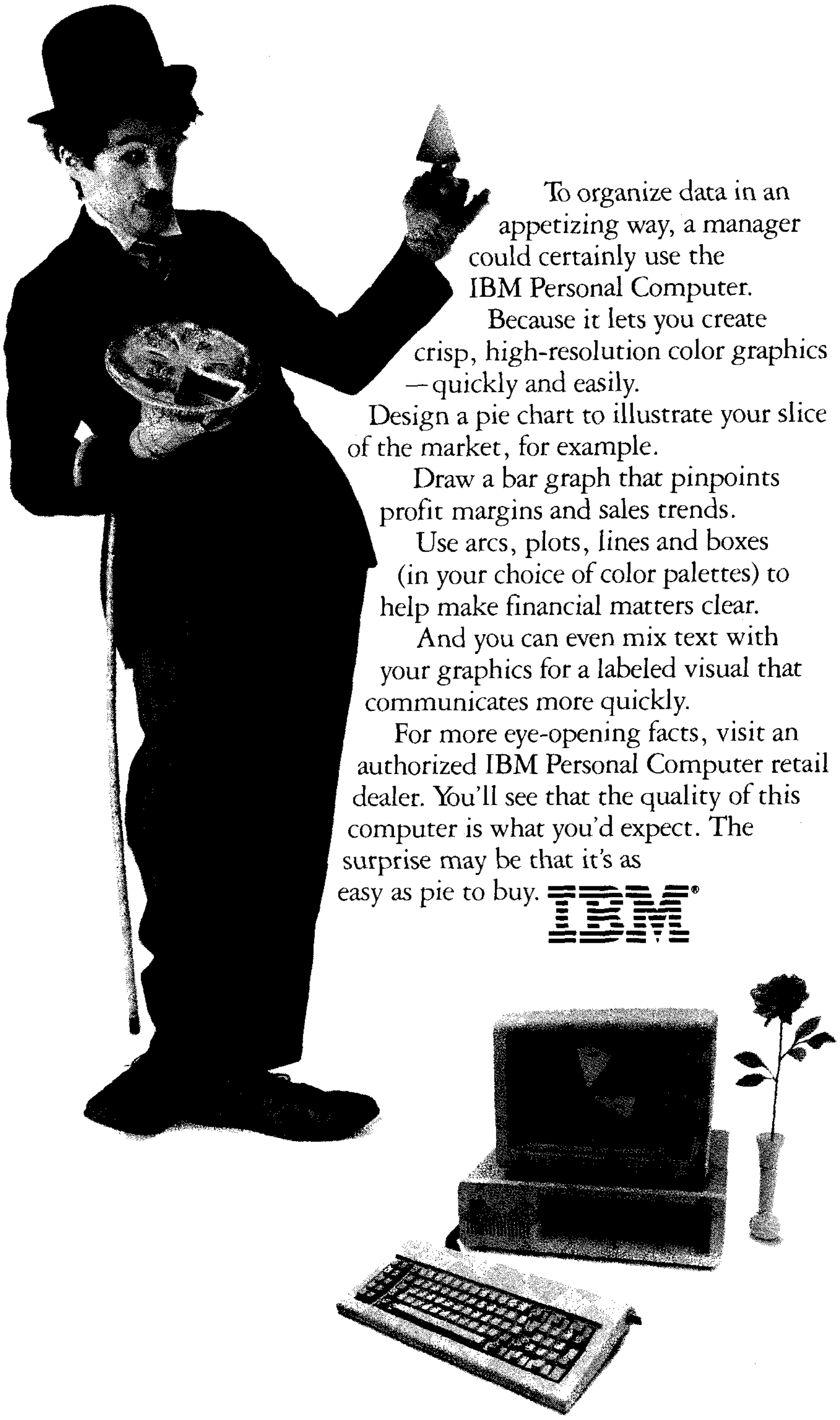
pened between the time of the lecture and the present to change him from a Freudian psychoanalyst with somewhat outré views into the bitter and belligerent anti-Freudian he had become.

Masson sidestepped my question. "You're right, there was nothing disrespectful of analysis in that paper," he said. "That remark about the sterility of psychoanalysis was something I tacked on at the last minute, and it was totally gratuitous. I don't know why I put it in. The paper was very scholarly, and I thought analysts would be fascinated by my discoveries and would receive them with great warmth. But something causes analysts to ignore my material and to focus on me. Every time I give a paper, someone gets up and says, 'I'm not interested in that paper, I'm not interested in your findings, I'm interested in you,' and then they come out with some really cheap parlor analysis. 'I feel' (they said this when I spoke in Chicago last year) 'that you are the Oedipal child standing outside your parents' bedroom'—Freud and Martha's, that is—'listening for the sounds of the primal scene. That's what your research shows.' Listen, I don't need cheap analysis. I got enough of that from my own analyst. Just tell me what's wrong with my work—that's what I want to hear. At Yale, after I gave the paper, there was a gathering at the house of an older analyst named Richard Newman and his wife, Lottie. (Lottie had been working with me on the translation of the Freud-Fliess letters. She no longer speaks to me.) About thirty analysts from the Western New England Institute had come, and not one of them had the guts or the brains to do anything but repeat the same old tired psychoanalytic clichés. In some ways, it was like the meeting where I was fired from the Archives. I was just as alone. It was me against the thirty analysts. We sat in the Newmans' big living room, and I said, 'Now, look, ladies and gentlemen, do you really believe that there's no difference between a fantasy and a reality?' And they said, 'Well, you know, Freud has said it very clearly: there *is* no important distinction to be made. In the end, it doesn't matter whether it's fantasy or reality.' So I said, 'What do you do with something like Auschwitz? Surely you're not going to tell me that the reality of Auschwitz doesn't matter—that all that matters is how people experience it? You're not going to tell me that there are different ways of



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experiencing Auschwitz, are you?' And they said, 'Yes, we are.' And then Sam Ritvo—a really decent, friendly, compassionate man—said, 'Let me tell you a story. I had a patient who came out of Auschwitz at the age of fifteen, and during his analysis he told me, "Auschwitz made a man of me." ' There was silence, and I thought everyone was going to be utterly appalled. I thought they would say that this was clearly a case of denial—that the patient talked that way because he couldn't face what had happened to him. But they didn't say that. They all agreed that Auschwitz had made a man of this patient. I felt like crying. I felt that this was not my environment. And most of them were Jews."

"I don't think they were arguing that Auschwitz was a good place," I said.

"No. But they were arguing that the experience of Auschwitz could have been a positive one for some people. They were saying that no one has the right to judge another person's experience—that you cannot say that everyone who was in Auschwitz came out badly damaged, which is what I would say. I believe that nobody came out of Auschwitz without being sick. I believe that that kind of trauma destroys people—it doesn't strengthen them. There are certain kinds of reality that are so overwhelming that they admit of only one interpretation. And if someone comes and says, 'Auschwitz made a man of me,' you know that that is a defense. The business of analysis is to undo that defense and get to the pain and the sorrow. But they were arguing that there is no such thing as reality—that there is no single Auschwitz. That is the worst thing that analysis has left the world: the notion that there is no reality, that there are only individual experiences of it. That is Freud's legacy to the twentieth century. He encouraged the whole twentieth century—anthropology, philosophy, sociology—to take that position, and it's a wrongheaded and dangerous position. And a very convenient one. It's what the Germans say: 'Auschwitz wasn't that bad. People were either sick before they came there or they weren't damaged. Auschwitz wouldn't have made a healthy person sick.' And that's an evil position. It upsets me so much. I find it so sad that an analyst should support the position that a child can be raped by her father and have a positive experience. It's an awful position."

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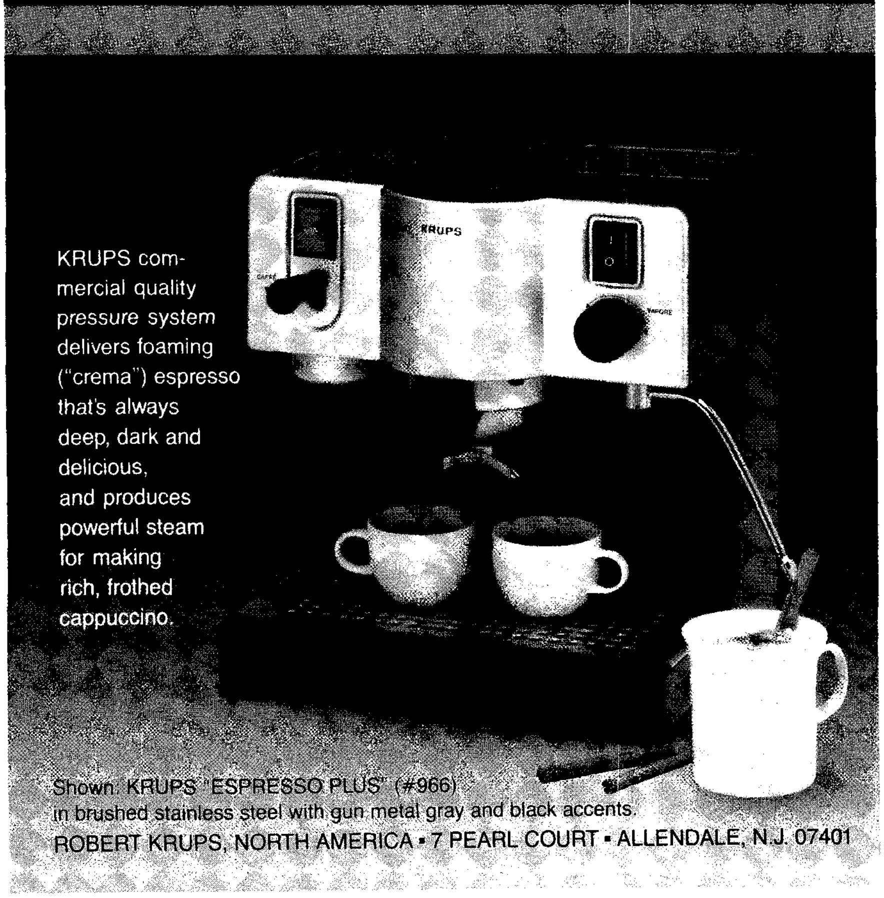

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"They've said it. There are hundreds of articles on that—on the positive effects of sexual seduction. There are classical articles that say it isn't always such a bad thing."

"OUR Western New England Institute in New Haven is not like the New York Psychoanalytic Institute," a woman analyst who had been at the gathering at the Newmans' told me. "It is very gentle and sweet up here. It's incredibly different from the New York group, which suffers from paranoia of a high degree. Here it's sort of *haimish*, and everyone was being very sweet to Masson; no one attacked him. But he behaved like an adolescent. It wasn't that he was being defensive—because no one was attacking him—but that he kept making more and more provocative and outrageous statements. He was like a bad boy throwing bags of water out the window and looking to see where they would burst. We all gradually became somewhat uneasy. People were talking about inner reality, the unconscious life, and at one point he turned to the group and said, quite angrily, 'Don't you care what really happened? Isn't that what is really important?' At which point the group just sort of backed off and the discussion ended. Because the answer to that, you know, from an analytic point of view is 'No, we're not so concerned with what really happened. We're concerned with how it got worked into the patient's inner life.' As Masson spoke, it began to be apparent that he didn't really understand psychoanalysis. I remember turning to someone and saying, 'He's not talking like an analyst. He's talking like someone who has read a lot of psychoanalytic writings but hasn't grasped what psychoanalysis is about.' So everybody kept backing farther and farther off, because this was not a scientific meeting but a social gathering. Everybody is terribly interested in those papers that Eissler won't let anybody see, and all of us there wanted to get a sense of Masson, because Eissler has been so impossible with regard to these papers—as Anna Freud was—and here was the person who was going to be sitting on them for the next twenty years. I came out of the Newmans' thinking, This man is a mistake."

AT no time during our acquaintance did Masson answer my question about what had brought on his sudden virulent anti-Freudianism. As I came

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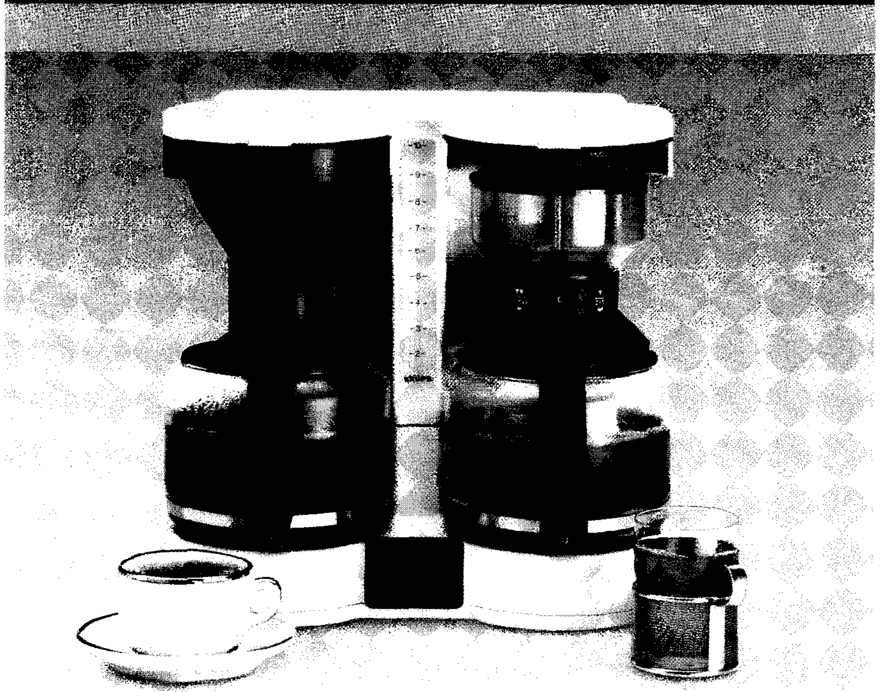

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to realize, it was not the right question—as is probably the case with all unanswered (unanswerable) questions. Like the apostasy of Jung and Adler and the other "half-analysts" (as Freud called them), the apostasy of Masson was an inevitability, and the question should be not why Adler and Jung and Masson strayed from the fold but what, given their characters, temperaments, and views of life, could have induced them to stray *into* the fold? (What it was about their characters, temperaments, and views of life that made them so attractive to precisely the people—Freud, Anna Freud, Eissler—who should have been most wary of them is another matter.) But if Masson was silent about—and possibly ignorant of—the motive for his psychoanalytic volte-face, he was anything but reticent about the reversal of his fortunes that the Blumenthal articles brought about.

"When the *Times* articles appeared, in August of 1981, I was in Europe on one of my periodic trips for the Archives," he told me. "After I returned to Berkeley, I immediately called Eissler, as I always did, to report on what I had done on my trip. I had found a lot of things in Anna Freud's house that I knew would interest him. I called his apartment, and his wife, Ruth Eissler, who is another eminent psychoanalyst, answered, and she was very cold. This had never happened before. Usually, there was a great commotion—'Jeff, you're back! When will we see you?' This time, it was 'Kurt is busy now; he can't speak to you.' I said, 'It's Jeff, Jeff Masson!' 'Yes, I'm aware of that. Phone tomorrow.' Well, I thought, maybe she has a patient in the room with her and can't talk. I phoned the next day. 'No, he's still busy. Call tomorrow.' I thought, What is going on? This continues for four or five days—he's out, he's sick, his throat is sore, he has no voice left. Finally, at the end of five days, Eissler calls me, and he is in a rage. He starts shouting at me. 'Those articles—are you out of your mind? Do you know what this means?' And on and on and on. I said, 'Look, I'm sorry you didn't like the articles,' and Eissler said, 'You must write a letter immediately to the *Times* dissociating yourself from those views,' and I said, 'No, why should I? I don't think those articles are so bad. There are some things that got distorted, and I suppose I could write a letter about that. But, by and large, I don't think they're bad articles, and I believe the

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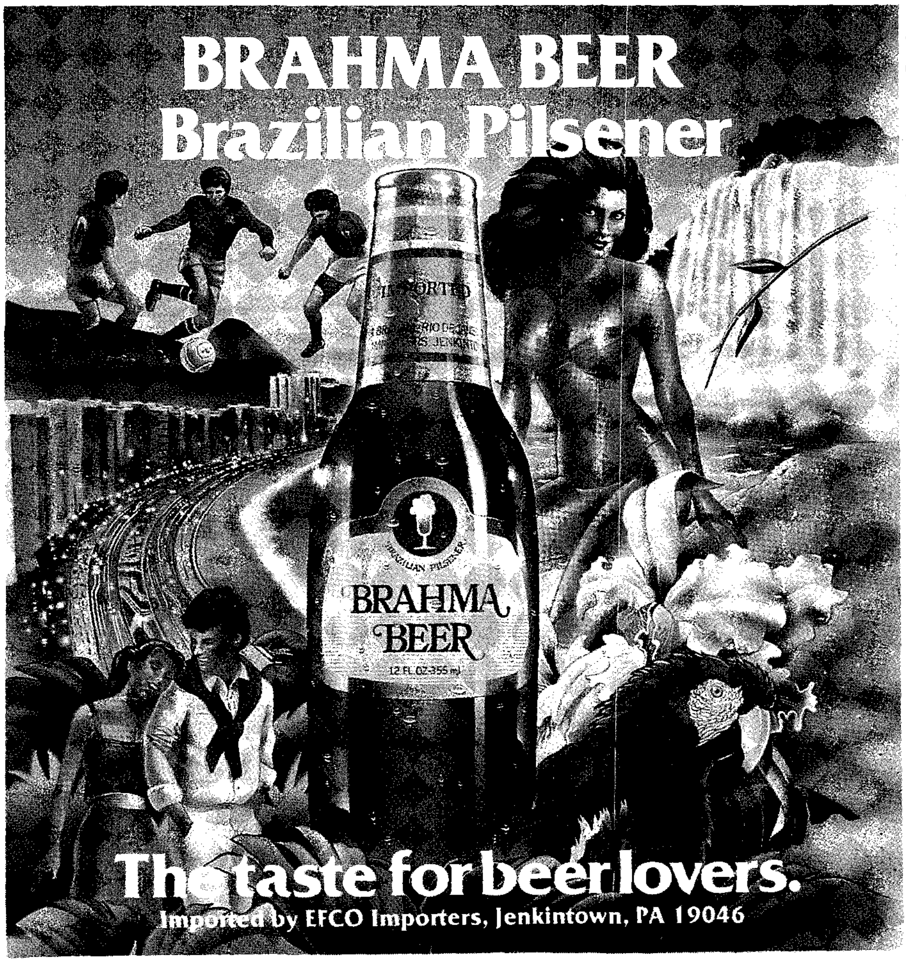
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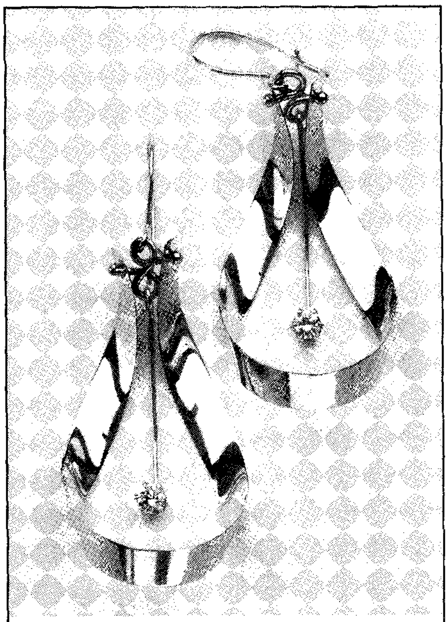

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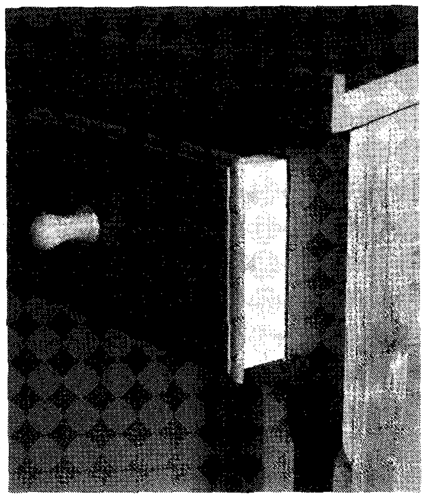

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things I said. You've heard them from me many times before, and I don't see what the big deal is.' Well, Eissler continued to rant and rant, and finally I said, 'O.K., next time I'll be more careful,' and he said, '*There will be no next time!*' And I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'You were to be named my successor in November. Now I'm going to recommend to the Board that you be terminated.'

"I was in a state of shock. I had not expected that. I had given up my post at the University of Toronto a few months earlier—it's true that Eissler had urged me to hang on to it, but I saw no reason not to give it up. In November, I was to take over Eissler's position, and then, when Anna Freud died, I was to move to London and live in Anna Freud's house. Now, Eissler told me, I was finished. At the annual meeting of the Board, he would ask that my contract not be renewed. I said, 'I want to be present at that meeting. I want to hear what you will say.' Eissler said, 'No, no, it will be very humiliating and embarrassing. I don't want you to be humiliated and embarrassed.' I said, 'That's O.K. I can take care of myself.' Then Eissler said, 'What are you going to do now?' And I said, 'I'm going to sue you, probably.' He said, '*What?*' And I said, 'Well, of course. What did you think I was going to do—thank you for firing me? Why shouldn't I fight? You have no business getting rid of me. I haven't done anything wrong.' Then he said, 'I want my tapes back'—I had his tape-recorded interviews with hundreds of friends and colleagues and patients of Freud—and I said, 'That's too bad; I'm not going to give them back.' 'And I want all the letters back.' And I said, 'I'm not going to give them back, either.'

"After we hung up, I called Anna Freud. 'I have been fired from the Archives,' I told her, and she said, 'Well, I don't understand,' and I said, 'I have also been fired from the museum,' and she said, 'What museum?' I said, 'You know, I was going to live in your house.' She said, 'I never heard that.' I said, 'Come on, Eissler must have discussed it with you.' She said, 'No, he never discussed it with me. All he told me was that you were to be in charge of my father's library after my death. And, frankly, I would never have allowed you to live in my house, because my father would not have wanted someone like you living

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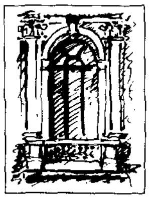

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here. He would have wanted someone who was quiet and discreet.' She was quite honest about it, and I believed her. I knew she had complained endlessly to Muriel Gardiner about me. 'You don't know what it's like having Masson in my house,' she'd said. 'He's like my dogs.' She had these totally unmanageable chows—she'd inherited her father's chows, and these were their descendants—and she adored them. 'They race around the garden, they tear up everything, they get into everything. Masson is just like them.' "

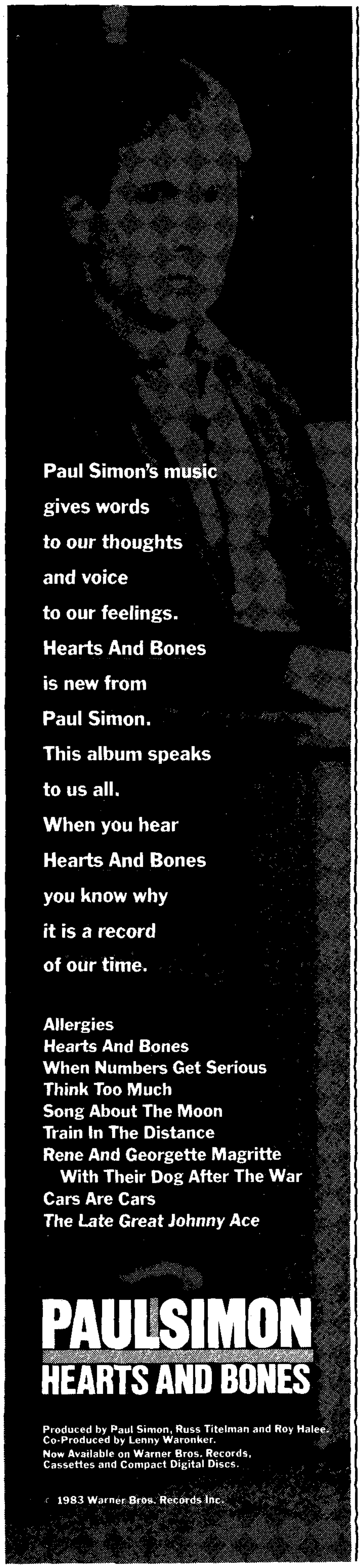
During the five-day period when Masson was unable to get through to Eissler, he wrote Anna Freud a long letter of self-justification:

SEPT. 2

DEAR MISS FREUD,

I have returned to a mountain of letters and innumerable messages. All because of the New York *Times* articles. Most of the response has been positive. But there have been some negative comments. Dr. Eissler, whom I have called several times but have not yet been able to reach (though I spoke to Ruth), is, I understand, very angry. Not at the first article, which he, like you, found harmless, but at the second. I must confess, I am puzzled. I realize that he (like most analysts) does not share my views about seduction. I continue to think that seduction, especially in its wholly negative aspect (i.e., rape and physical hurt), plays an important role in neurosegenesis. And I fully believe that trauma is at the very heart of illness. And, it is true, I do not believe that traumas, by and large, are invented. But I don't believe that this position is so very far removed from that held by your father. And I certainly do not draw any therapeutic conclusions from it. In any event, I do not practice analysis. I am merely a historian. It is true that I do not feel any particular obligation to the analytic community. My obligation, it seems to me, is entirely to historical truth. I have an enormous admiration for your father, and I think it shows in everything I write, and in the seriousness and zeal with which I pursue my research. But I do not feel this same admiration for the analytic movement and the analytic community. Perhaps for this reason, my research is almost exclusively devoted to the early history of Freud's progress. Surely that is my privilege. But I have never said anything, in print, to harm psychoanalysis as far as I can see. The fact that it does not interest me very much is of no concern to anybody except me. I certainly owe no loyalty to any other group, and I have, as everybody knows, nothing but contempt for the various movements that deviated from Freud's teachings.

I suppose I am writing to you now because we seem to have got on so well the last few times we met, and especially this last time. You have allowed me, in a show of great confidence, to go through your cupboard and, as you have seen, I found valuable and interesting material. I do not feel that I have or am likely to misuse this material in any way. Clearly, this has also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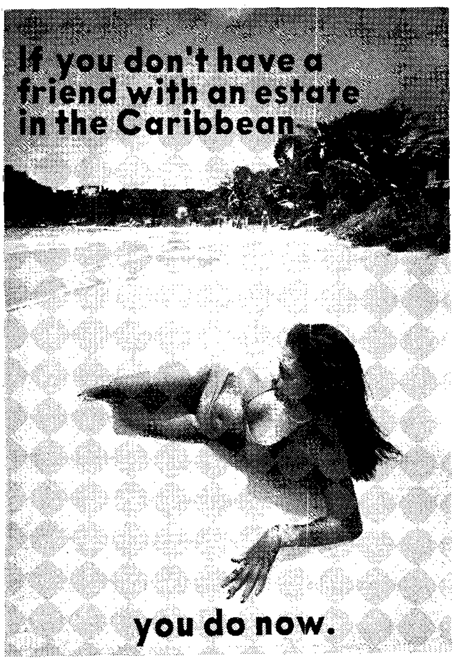
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been your feeling. But I know, too, that you do not expect me to hold to the standard view simply because it *is* the standard view when I find material that does not corroborate it. I am convinced that Freud did *not* abandon the seduction hypothesis in 1897, as has been commonly assumed.

Anna Freud replied on September 10th with a letter of characteristic calm, brevity, and intellectual incisiveness:

DEAR JEFF MASSON,

Your letter came today, and I answer quickly, since I may have to go to hospital in a few days, and that may mean an interruption. I am sorry, though, that my answer will be disappointing to you.

I have to tell you that I was also put off very much by the second article in the New York *Times*, only my reaction to it was different from Dr. Eissler's. I felt almost certain that the writer of the article had misunderstood you and that the interpretation concerning the seduction theory was his and not yours. I just could not imagine that it could be yours.

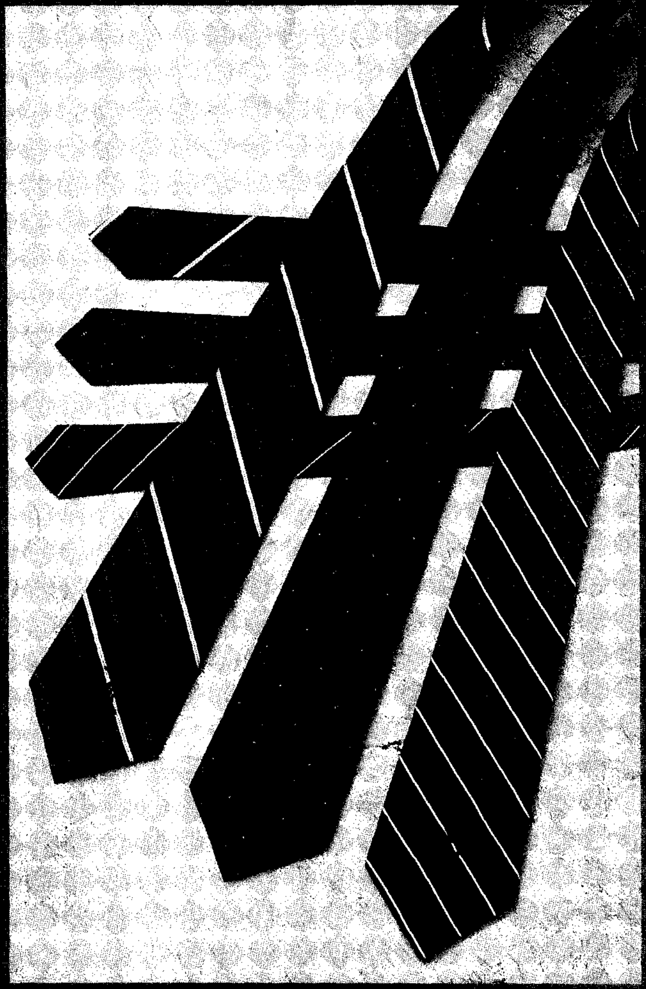
Of course, I have not read the lecture you gave in New Haven, but to me it seems out of the question that there is valid proof for the abandonment of the seduction theory for reasons of external rejection, nor can there be any valid sign that in spite of this abandonment it was kept up secretly. In fact, there is abundant proof to the contrary, not only in all the later case histories, but in the whole of the analytic theory altogether. *Keeping up the seduction theory would mean to abandon the Oedipus complex, and with it the whole importance of fantasy life, conscious or unconscious fantasy. In fact, I think there would have been no psychoanalysis afterwards* [italics added]. . . .

I know the Fliess letters so well, but I just cannot imagine what in them led you to this conclusion to which you have come.

I look forward to hearing more from you.

Yours sincerely,
ANNA FREUD

"The Board meeting—or should I say the witch trial?—was set for October 14th, at Eissler's apartment," Masson said, continuing the chronicle of his expulsion from the Archives. "In the weeks before the meeting, there were many telephone calls from Eissler. Some were very unpleasant, and others were warm and friendly. I couldn't figure out what was going on in his mind, except that he was in great conflict. He invited me to sleep at his apartment the night of the meeting, but I said no—I was going there to be fired, so I was not going to live in his house. He said, 'Well, let me pay for the expenses of the hotel.' I arrived at the meeting at eight, and Eissler took me aside and said, 'Do I have your word of honor that nothing we say here will ever go beyond these walls?' And I said, 'Of course you don't have my word.' 'In that case, I



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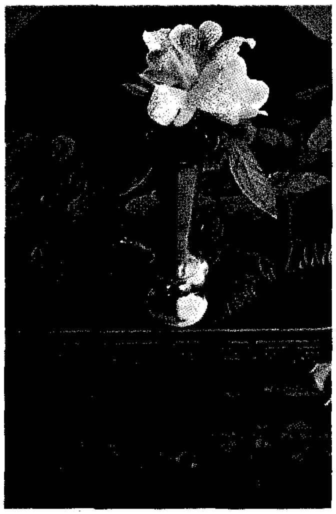

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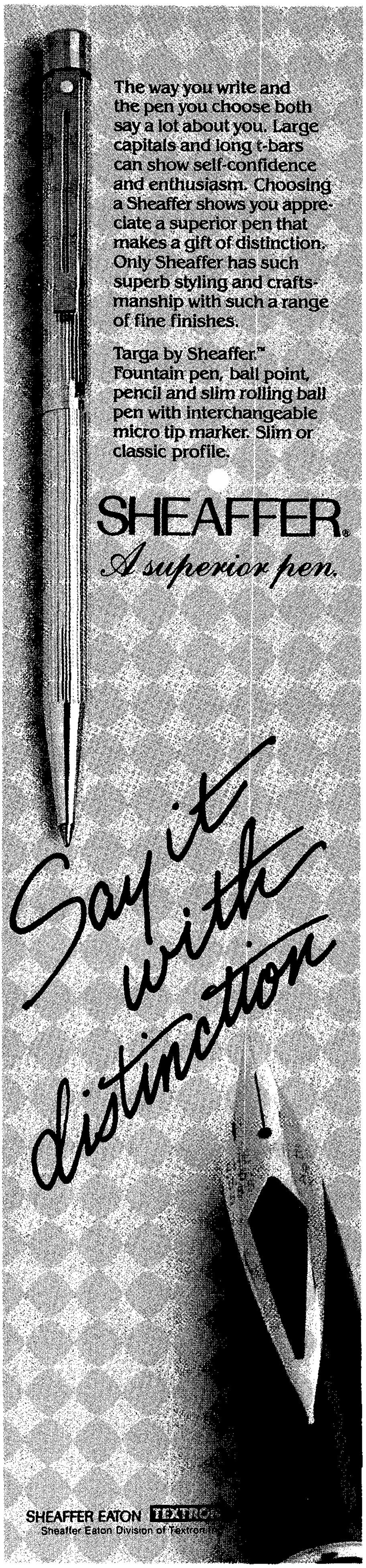
will have to ask you to leave,' he said. 'I have instructed the Board members not to speak unless you make that promise—that you give your word not to repeat anything that's said here to a lawyer, to the press, or to anyone.' He looked so unhappy, and it was such a deeply felt appeal, that I said, 'Well, let me think about it.' Then he was called away to the telephone, and when he came back he said, 'It's Muriel Gardiner. Before I speak to her, do I have your promise?' Muriel could not be at the meeting, because she was in the middle of the Atlantic on the Queen Elizabeth. She was clearly calling on my behalf—she had been very sympathetic to me—and I figured that this was Eissler's way of saying that once I agreed not to talk to the press, the Board members would say all is forgiven. So I said, 'All right, you have my promise.'

"The meeting began, and one of the first things said was 'Masson claims that psychoanalysis is sterile,' and everybody leaped up and was starting to jump on me when Eissler silenced them with a look and said, 'Fools, of course psychoanalysis is sterile,' and everybody sat down and said, 'Yes, yes, it's sterile, sir.' 'What I'm so enraged about,' Eissler went on, 'is that Masson should blame Freud for it,' and everybody leaped up again and said, 'Yes, yes, Freud.' Then Eissler lost his cool and started shouting for forty-five minutes. He was in a rage, he was trembling. Everybody was afraid he would collapse. He talked about my crazy theories, and how could I say what I said, and how could I do what I did, and how could anybody ever love me the way he had loved me, and had anyone ever done for me what he had done for me, and this is how I repay him. He went on and on, in a bizarre combination of personal confession, reproach, and ideological disagreement.

"Then I said, 'May I speak?' And Eissler said, 'Yes, yes,' and I defended myself for forty-five minutes, and then I said, 'I want to hear what the rest of you have to say. I want to know why I am being fired. What are the actual grounds?' And then everybody spoke in turn and voiced his objections to me, and they really had nothing to say, in effect, beyond trying to remember what Eissler had said. They all repeated something he had said. One analyst said, 'You showed poor judgment in giving that interview,' and I said, 'All right, suppose that's true—suppose I showed poor judgment. Is



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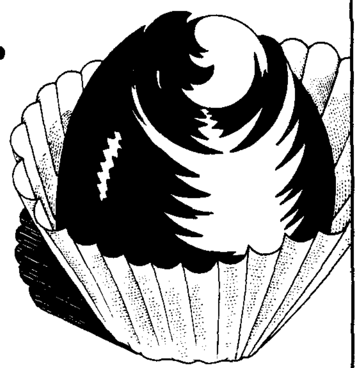
that any reason I shouldn't continue my work?' 'Yes, it's a very strong reason.' Another analyst said, 'Your picture appeared in the *Times*. No decent analyst would let his picture appear in the *Times*.'

"There was one very nice moment when Eissler was raging at me for having worn jeans when I went to see an old Swiss psychiatrist named Bleuler, from whom I was supposed to get some letters from Freud for the Archives. 'Look at your judgment, look at what you do!' Eissler said. 'You go see a distinguished member of an old family—the son of the great Bleuler who was the head of the Burghölzli—wearing bluejeans and a T-shirt. He is expecting to see a distinguished American professor, and you arrive looking like some hippie from California. How embarrassing! Of course you never got those letters.' And I said, 'I have news for you, Dr. Eissler. I did get them. Bleuler wrote to me last week that he will donate the letters.' And Eissler said bitterly, 'I am not surprised. You can charm anybody.' But, frankly, I was frightened. They kept hinting at 'the things we have against you.' It's frightening when thirteen serious men and women have decided that you're a real little bastard, and they're going to tell you why. Eissler had said, 'It's going to be very embarrassing and humiliating for you,' and I was waiting for the axe to fall. What are they going to say about me? What have they found out? This is serious. They're going to fire me. But they never said anything—they never pointed to one thing I did that I could feel ashamed of.

"True, I acted stupidly from a political point of view. Last month, I saw Mark Paterson at the Frankfurt book fair, and he said to me, 'You dummy. You see what happened. Today, you and I would be driving back to London together. You would be moving into Anna Freud's house. Do you realize that all you had to do was keep your goddam mouth shut for another six months? Then you would have been in the Freud house, and you could have said anything you wanted to say, and no one could have touched you.' And no one could have. But I'm not sure I would have acted any differently even if I had known what the consequences would be. Because sooner or later the same thing would have happened. There would have been a rising tide of anger and resentment against me, with people demanding my resignation. True, it would

Everyone's life requires a little delicacy.



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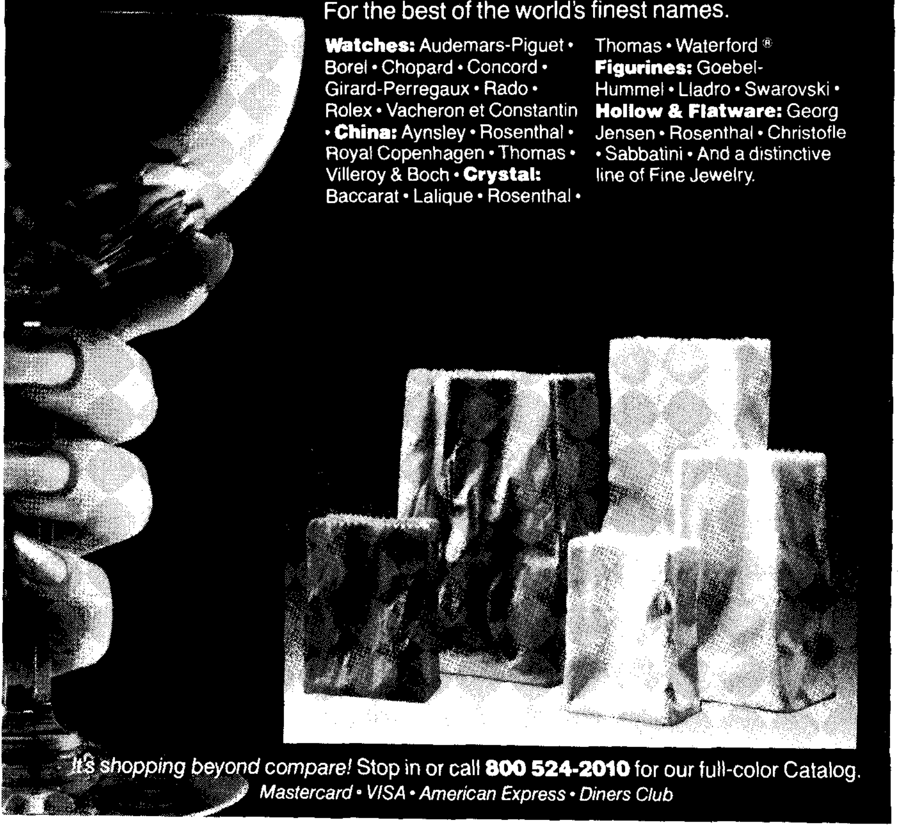

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have been very hard for them to get rid of me, and I wouldn't be under the financial stress I'm under now. But even if they had not tried to get me out I would have resigned and left the house within two or three years. Anyone who knows the things I know and believes the things I believe has no business being an analyst and describing himself as part of the profession.

"At one point in the meeting, I got really upset. Eissler said, 'I have always had to defend you against everyone who has ever met you. You are accused of being overzealous, overenthusiastic, tactless, indiscreet, *and* dishonest.' And I said, 'Just a minute. I resent that very much. I am not a dishonest person.' And Eissler said, 'No, I didn't say you were. I said that somebody accused you of it.' I said, 'I want to know who that is.' He said, 'All right, I'll tell you. It was Peter Swales.' Peter Swales is this completely off-the-wall young guy who writes these sensationalist papers about Freud. Then Eissler turned to the Board members and said, 'Of course, Peter Swales is not objective about Professor Masson.' I said, 'Fine—so now you're willing to tell the Board that the person who accuses me of dishonesty is biassed against me.'

"The day after the meeting, I spoke to the *Times*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. I said, 'Dr. Eissler forced me to promise him that I would not reveal anything that happened at the meeting. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have to go back on my word, but I will not be bound by such a promise.' Eissler had no business extracting that promise from me. He was always putting moral pressure on me. 'Do you want to poison Anna Freud's last days? Have you no heart? You're going to kill the poor old woman.' I said to him, 'What have I done? *You're* doing it. *You're* firing me. What am I supposed to do—be grateful to you?' 'You could be silent about it. You could swallow it. I know it is painful for you. But you could just live with it in silence.' 'Why should I do that?' 'Because it is the honorable thing to do.' Well, he had the wrong man."

Masson paused, and I said, "Tell me about Peter Swales." In the first Blumenthal article, Swales had been characterized as "a dogged Freud sleuth" who had unearthed an assertion by Fliess that Freud had plotted to murder Fliess by pushing him off a mountain during a walk, and who had come up with "controversial speculations . . . concerning, among other

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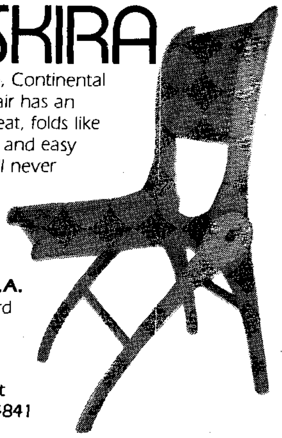

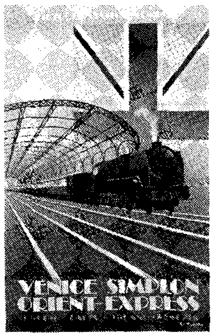

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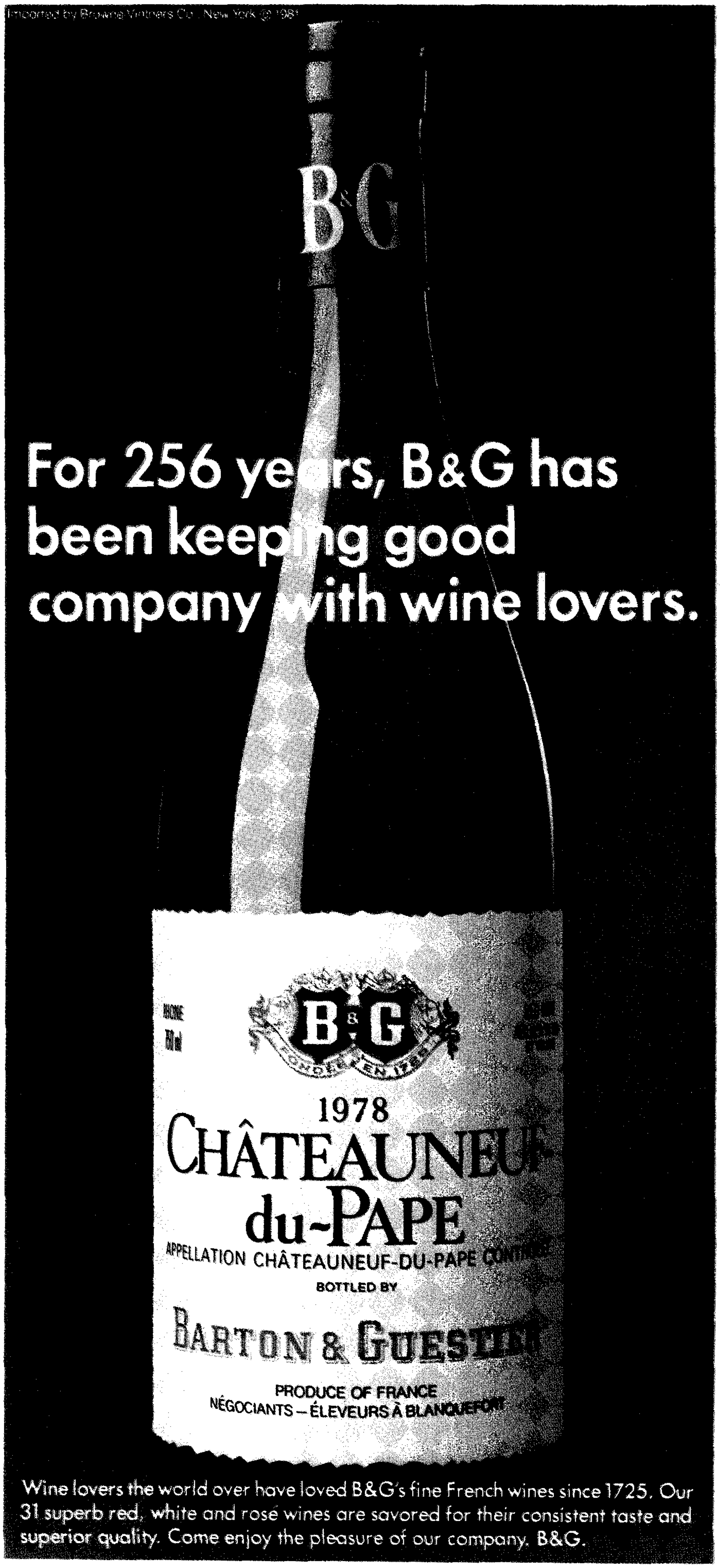
things, a possible love affair between Freud and his wife's unmarried sister, Minna Bernays." In a long article by David Gelman that appeared in the November 30, 1981, issue of *Newsweek*, entitled "Finding the Hidden Freud," which covered some of the ground of the Blumenthal articles, pictures of Masson and Swales appeared side by side, under the caption "Masson, Swales: Impetuous Dissenters or Oedipal Ingrates?" Masson replied indifferently, "Swales used to work for me. He was very poor—his wife sold cookies in a bakery—so I gave him a few research projects to do. I'm a little sorry now I had anything to do with him. I don't like to see his name linked with mine. The difference between me and all the other Freud detractors is that they pick on some personal quirk—they're trivial. Who cares whether Freud slept with his sister-in-law? My point—that Freud sold out—is *not* trivial. To hear that Freud was a moral coward—that's more serious."

ON August 26, 1981, the day after the second of the Blumenthal articles appeared in the *Times*, Eissler, at his summer place in Maine, wrote an angry and bitter letter to Masson, which, however, he did not mail. It reads, in part:

> I am very curious how the Archives' Board will respond to your behavior. Your style is totally different from the Archives tradition, which is averse to publicity, was never used for personal aggrandizement of any participant, and was kept out of the reach of those who would have liked to use it for their particular brand of theory. You are always able to quiet me down when I try to show you how you provoke people and hurt them, how indiscreet you are at times. I fear the members of the Board will be soberer than I am. I heard so often in the past that I am no good as a *Menschenkenner*, and I foresee the necessity of admitting this weakness to the Board in our October meeting. I know you will give me again 100 reasons why and how you had to act, and how things are distorted by others, and that the New York *Times* article would have been far worse if you had not interfered. I usually give in after 1 hr. telephone talk and your promise that you will be careful and discreet. I fear I am too old for that happy moment when you stop blowing your horn. . . .
>
> Let's wait and see whether the Board will be eager to continue the contract with you.

At the previous year's meeting of the Board, Masson had been appointed Projects Director of the Archives for one year. According to the minutes (kept by the Secretary),

Dr. Eissler stated that in connection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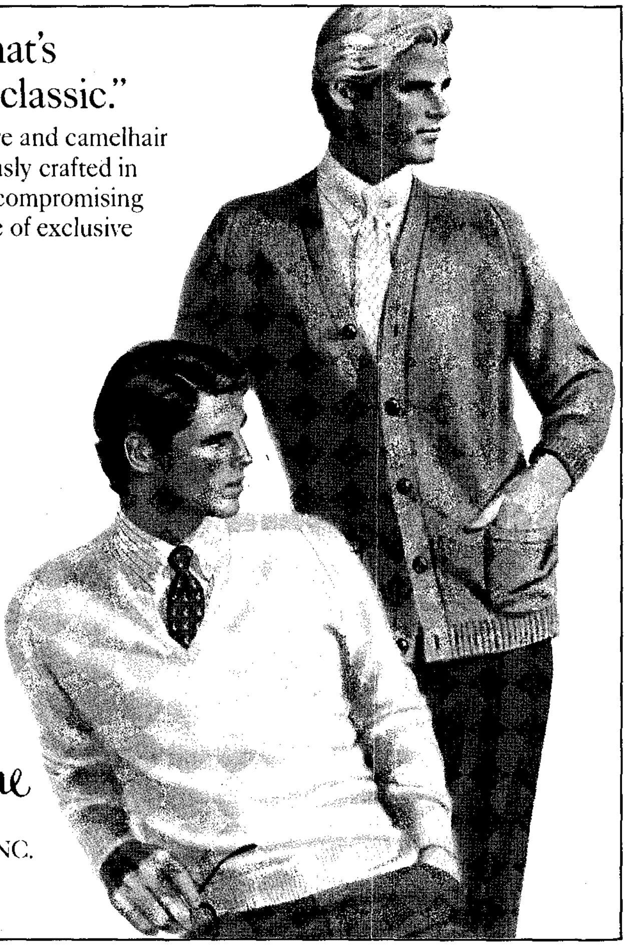

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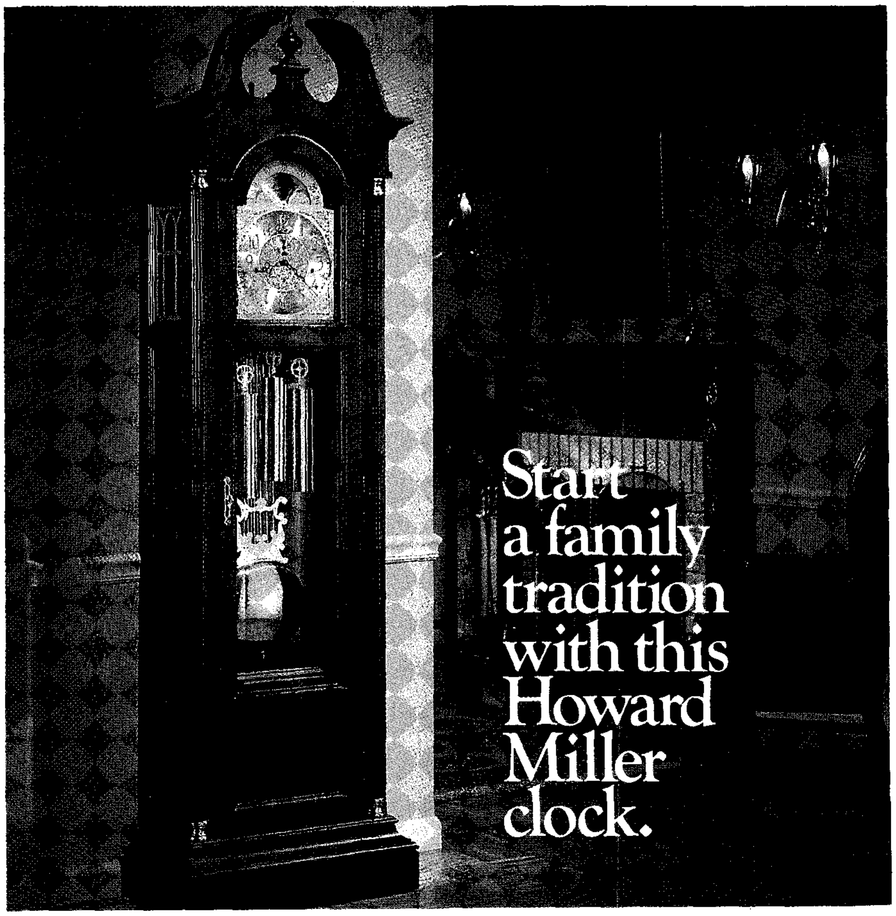

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with the proposed publication of the Silberstein letters and the new edition of the complete Fliess letters there should be a person who could devote his time to these and perhaps other forthcoming Archives projects. He suggested the appointment for this purpose of Prof. J. M. Masson, a 41-year-old professor of Sanskrit, who is willing to give up his professorship at the University of Toronto and spend his time fully on Freud research. . . . He is a charming person, knows analytical literature, and is absolutely enthusiastic about the prospect of working on projects related to Freud's biography. Prof. Masson's salary ($30,000 per annum) would be covered by a contribution from a friend of the Archives.

In the discussion that followed, Dr. [Sidney] Furst expressed his reservations concerning Prof. Masson's discretion: he likes to talk and gossip, and may be indiscreet. . . .

Dr. [Peter] Neubauer interspersed at this point a cautionary note, saying that since it seems that Prof. Masson will play a significant role in the future of the Archives (especially if he moves to London to supervise the Freud Museum), it might be best to start him on a trial basis, and that the contract to employ him be made for one year, for a specific task, without further obligation. This course of action was agreed upon by the Board. . . .

Dr. Furst once again cautioned the Board members regarding Masson by saying that he writes well and is scholarly, but he is extreme in his positions.

On October 17, 1980, Eissler formally offered Masson the job of Projects Director. In his letter, he was a little untruthful. He wrote, "At its meeting on October 15th, the Board of Directors of the Sigmund Freud Archives instructed me to inquire whether you would be willing to serve for at least one year as Projects Director of the Archives." As the minutes of the meeting reveal, Eissler was instructed to offer Masson the job for *at most* one year. We are all perpetually smoothing and rearranging reality to conform to our wishes; we lie to others and to ourselves constantly, unthinkingly. When, occasionally—and not by dint of our own efforts but under the pressure of external events—we are forced to see things as they are, we are like naked people in a storm. There are a few among us—psychoanalysts have encountered them—who are blessed or cursed with a strange imperviousness to the unpleasantness of self-knowledge. Their lies to themselves are so convincing that they are never unmasked. These are the people who never feel in the wrong, who are always able to justify their conduct, and who in the end—human nature being what it is—cause their fallible fellow-men to turn away from them. Eissler is not such a person. His "lie"

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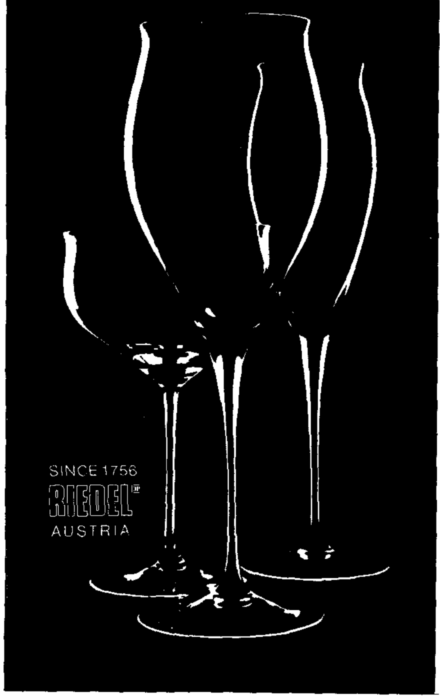

to Masson—the expression of his wish that his colleagues should like and trust his protégé more than they did—was too transparent to convince anyone, least of all Eissler himself. For Eissler admits to error so frequently, and with such almost childlike eagerness, that the admissions have become a sort of personal signature. His books and papers are filled with confessions of mistakes he believes he made and feels compelled to own up to. In "Medical Orthodoxy," he berates himself for having supported (through the Archives) the research of a Professor Gicklhorn, who immediately turned around and, with his wife, wrote a book attacking Freud's character. "I deeply regret having contributed indirectly to this work," Eissler writes, "and wish to apologize, therefore, not only to members of the Board of the Sigmund Freud Archives, but also to any other colleagues who are interested in historical truth." In a 1963 paper entitled "Notes on the Psychoanalytic Concept of Cure," Eissler is critical of himself for having told an analytic patient that she must let him know before going on vacation whether she intended to come back for treatment in the fall—a not unreasonable demand, which most other analysts would feel justified in making. But in Eissler's considered opinion, "I'm not certain that my refusal to wait through the vacation for the young patient's decision was altogether wise." In a 1978 paper entitled "Creativity and Adolescence: The Effect of Trauma in Freud's Adolescence," he blames a chance remark he made to an adolescent patient for the boy's inability to pursue a career as a pianist. "At the end of the final interview, he asked me what he owed me. I told him, nothing, but that I should like to have 'two tickets, third row center' for his first concert at Carnegie Hall. Later, I heard that he had given up the instrument, not least because he had had the feeling that he would not be able to live up to the expectations I had expressed at our farewell." Eissler allows that the boy might have dropped out of music in any case, but he writes, "I doubt, however, that I can free myself completely from guilt for his abandoning a promising career. It is quite possible that my words burdened him with a great responsibility and he was crushed by an expectation he felt to be too great for him." Even Paul Roazen has not been exempt from Eissler's irrepressible urge to say he's sorry. During one

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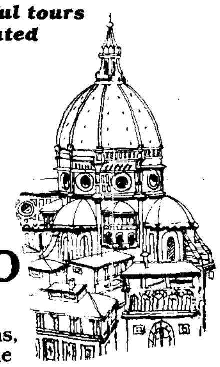
of the polemical exchanges between Eissler and Roazen that have taken place in various journals since the publication of "Talent and Genius"—this one in the July, 1977, issue of *Contemporary Psychoanalysis*—Eissler apologizes to Roazen for, among other things, doubting Roazen's good faith because he would not answer a letter in which Eissler proposed that their controversy be put before a panel of scholars appointed by the president of Harvard. Roazen had written in the January issue of *Contemporary Psychoanalysis*, "I ignored Eissler's letter [about the panel], since I regarded his request as an expression of embarrassing grandiosity. I cannot imagine the President of Harvard caring less about myself or the issues Eissler chooses to cook up." In his rejoinder, Eissler eagerly owns up to Roazen's charge of "embarrassing grandiosity." "Looking back, it is clear to me that this part of my proposal was not suitable, to say the least," he writes.

A final example of Eissler's remarkable *freedom from self-justification* comes from one of the case histories in his 1955 book "The Psychiatrist and the Dying Patient." He treated a wealthy older woman during the years before her death, and was so helpful to her that, in gratitude, she changed her will and left him a huge amount of money. Eissler was totally unprepared for and "painfully surprised" by this development. "It was evident that the acceptance of any benefit derived from *a patient's will would be unethical,* and I informed the attorney that my legacy had to be distributed among the other legatees or given to charitable institutions, whatever might be the proper procedure," he writes. However, a Mr. *X, the husband of a rela*tive of the deceased whose legacy had been diminished because of the change in the will, formally objected to the probation of the will. He happened to be an analyst, and his argument was that Eissler had exercised "undue influence" on the patient through "the unconscious utilization of a transference." Eissler laconically mentions that "the matter was settled" but then, over many pages, ponders Mr. *X*'s charge *from the legal, moral, and psy*choanalytic points of view, and finally concludes that it had merit. "The austerity which the therapist must impose on the patient must be equally valid for himself, and he cannot enjoy some of the benefits which other professions are permitted to enjoy," he



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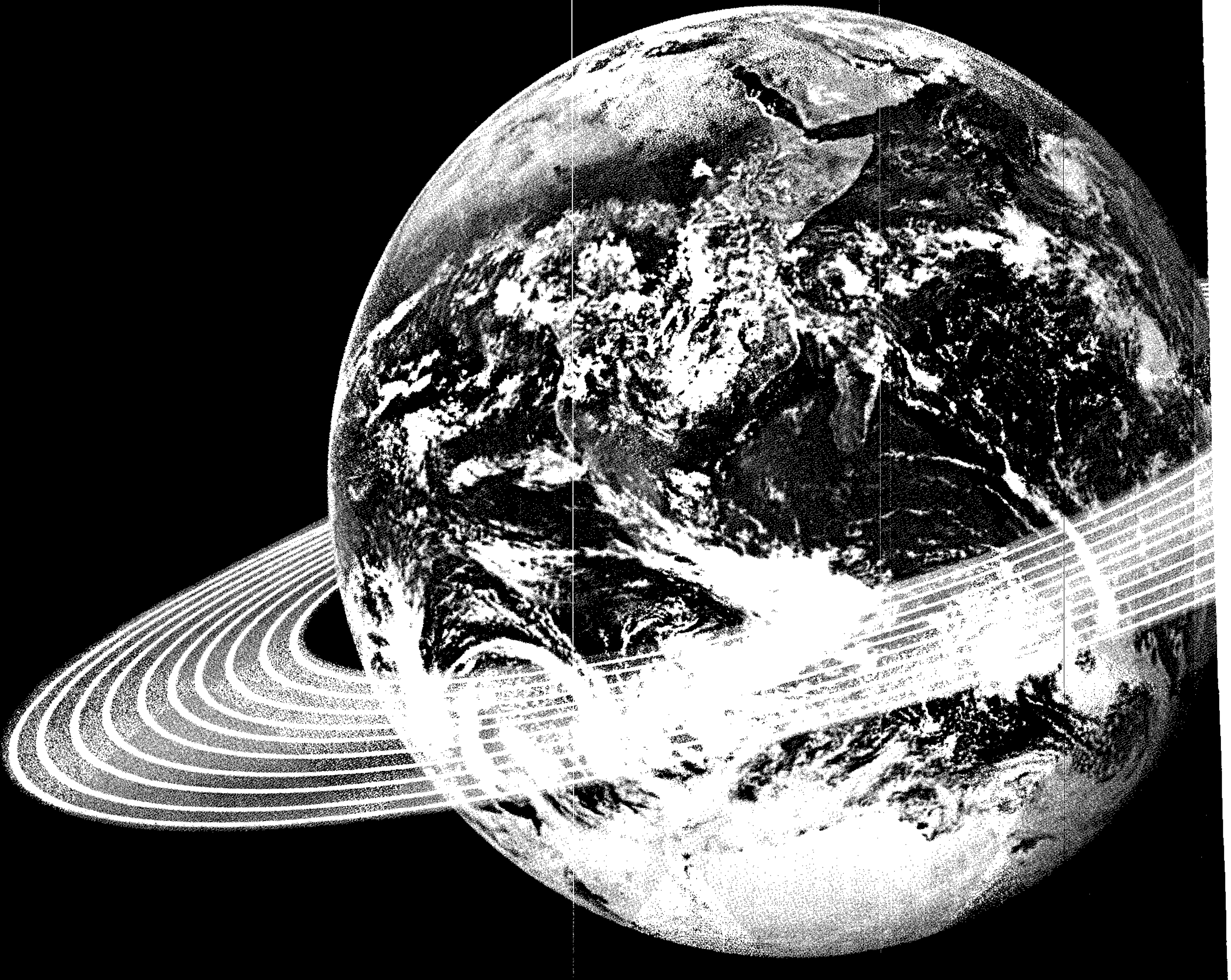

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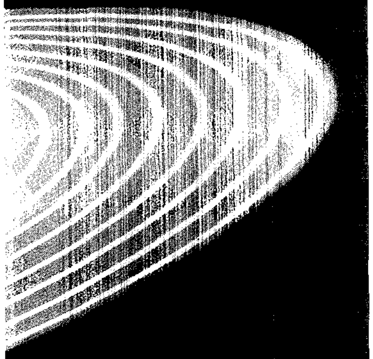

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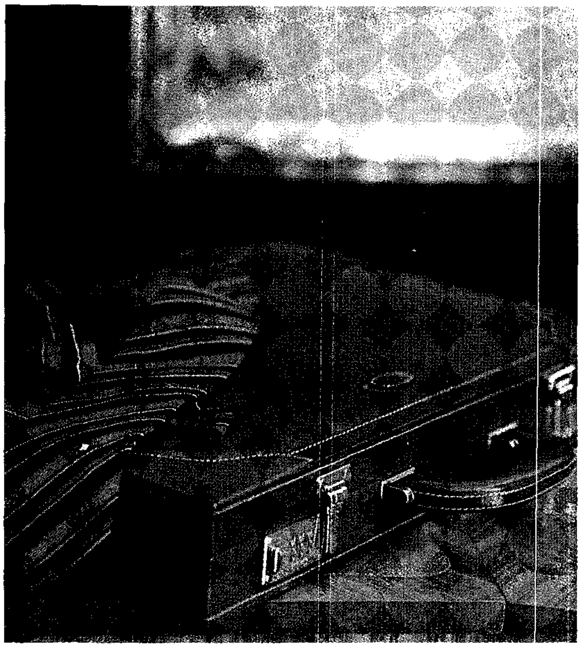

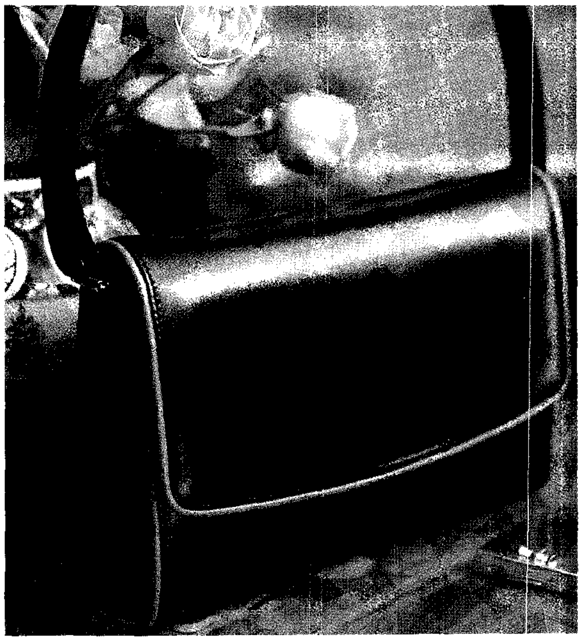

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writes. "Therefore, I made a mistake when I initially thought my bequest could be used for charitable purposes. Even if this could be done in strict anonymity, without any benefit to the therapist's prestige, it still would have been against a self-evident and therefore unwritten basic principle." The case history ends with a wonderful twist. Eissler gradually comes to believe that the patient's apparently loving gesture was in fact an expression of her hatred of him—an expression of the negative transference that had never been allowed to emerge during the treatment. "She was a woman of the world, quite aware of the ill repute in which some people hold psychiatry and psychoanalysis, precisely because of the allegation that monetary interests play a prominent role in these specialties. Not only must she have known that I would never accept her legacy, but she must also have been aware of the danger and suspicion to which she exposed me. With particular finesse, under the guise of a special favor, she made me the victim of an ambivalence which must have dated far back in our relationship."

Eissler has subjected his relationship with Jeffrey Masson to the same self-unsparing scrutiny. When, a few weeks after returning from Berkeley, I spoke with him in his office, he said, "I search myself for my ambivalence toward Freud. To have put someone like Masson in a position where he might become Secretary of the Archives! To have made such a blunder at the end of the game! I wouldn't listen to anybody. Even my own secretary warned me about him." Eissler sat behind his huge, unbelievably disorderly desk—on which papers, books, journals, newspapers, letters were strewn like an adolescent's clothing—and I sat facing him. His back was to a window through which the dark, bare trees of Central Park swayed and the lights of the East Side glowed faintly.

"But isn't there another explanation?" I said. "That you were fond of him and wouldn't hear ill spoken of him?"

"The homosexual explanation," Eissler said. "Yes, he had great homosexual appeal, strong appeal. Not that I ever had any homosexual fantasies about him. But I find the homosexual explanation even worse. I prefer the other explanation."

"He still can't accept being fired," I said. "His narcissism was wounded when you withdrew your approval."

"Well, my narcissism was wounded

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when I was proved to be a fool! You know how my colleagues feel about me after this."

"You had no doubts about him before the *Times* articles?" I asked.

"I am guilty," Eissler said. "I was taken in. I thought he was a godsend. I had long wanted to retire from the Archives, and here was just the right man. He was young and idealistic, he had trained as an analyst for ten years, he was dedicated to psychoanalysis, he knew German, he was full-time. What a plum, I thought. So he had some faults. I saw them. I wasn't that big a fool. But everybody has faults. I made excuses for him. He was young. There was an incident when he offered to give material to another young scholar, Peter Swales, which he had no business offering him. But I gave him another chance. I have been accused of being too rigid; I thought, I will not behave rigidly in this. He talked too much. I would always know his itinerary when he travelled, because I would get telephone calls wherever he went from people complaining about him. I continued to make excuses. But finally, when those newspaper articles came out, it gradually dawned on me that this was an impossible situation. Don't you agree with me? Am I really crazy when I have the impression that someone who says that the sterility of psychoanalysis was caused by Freud isn't the right person to be Secretary of the Freud Archives?" Eissler paused, then added, "He was always pleasant and nice to me. He would give me presents. He was mean to others. Then, finally, he was mean to me. He wouldn't give me back the tapes I had made over thirty years, which I had given him to transcribe. I had to sue to get them back."

CREATIVE work in any established system of thought takes place at the boundaries of the system, where its powers of explanation are least developed and its vulnerability to outside attack is most marked. Since the death of Freud, the most original work done in psychoanalysis has been in and around the area of "object relations" theory, which traces the origin of the severer neuroses and of the psychoses to disturbances of the relationship between mother and child in the earliest period of life, known as the pre-Oedipal period. Michael Balint, D. W. Winnicott, M. Masud R. Khan, W. R. D. Fairbairn, Heinz Kohut, and Selma Fraiberg are among the analysts who have toiled in this mired field and

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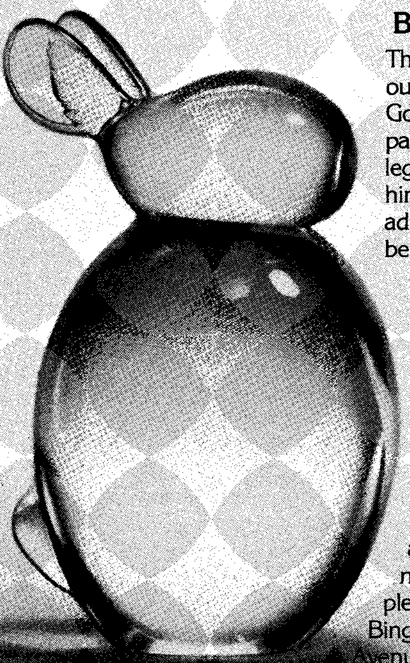

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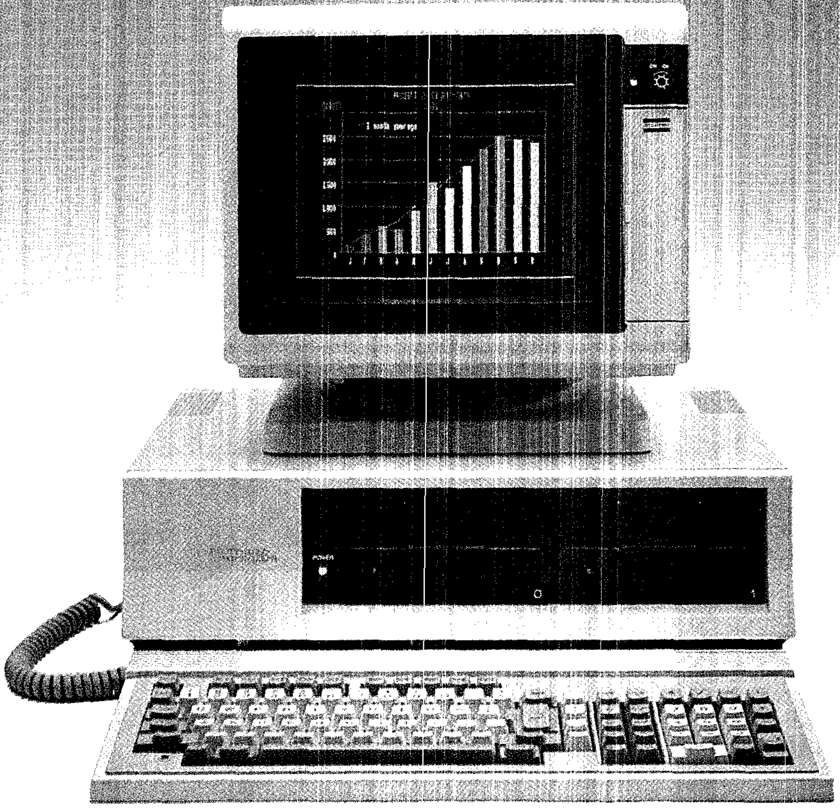

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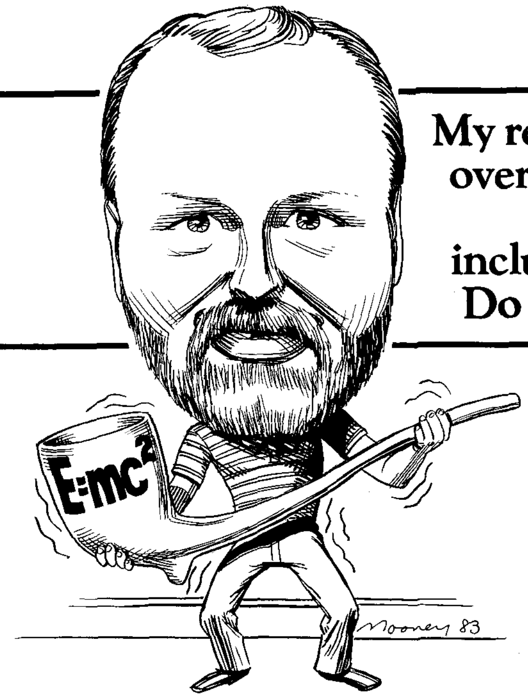
who, from their various perspectives, have struggled to imaginatively reconstruct the world of the infant who has not received the comfort, stimulation, and security—the "good-enough mothering"—on which good-enough mental functioning is thought to depend. That these innovators are working at the edge of psychoanalytic theory is evident from two common aspects of their thought: its downgrading of the Oedipus complex as the central formative experience of childhood, and its emphasis on actuality—on the glaring facts of maternal deprivation and abuse. It is here—at this edge—that the movement within psychoanalysis that seeks to expand the limits of Freud's theory merges with the external movement that seeks to undermine it, to the consternation of both sides. When Freud dropped the seduction theory and introduced the theories of infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex, he transformed psychoanalysis from a form of social psychiatry into a depth psychology. The seduction theory had to do with the impact of manifest environmental evils on people's mental balance; the theories of infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex were elements in a radical and quite fantastical conception of human nature which says we are ruled (and sometimes unhinged) by events that we only imagined as small children—and that, moreover, we were unconscious, and remain unconscious, of having imagined. Although Freud came to believe that many or most of the seductions reported by his patients were "wishful fantasies," he never doubted that seductions and rapes and beatings of children sometimes do take place. It is simply that as he grew more and more fascinated and preoccupied by his universal psychology he grew less and less interested in the special plight of the people to whom unspeakable things happen. These psychoanalytic foundlings have once again become objects of interest—to the innovative analysts who are seeking to expand psychoanalytic theory and technique to embrace patients much sicker than those whom Freud was content to treat. Although these analysts are hardly interested in reviving the seduction theory, and are scarcely of the opinion that psychoanalysis died a premature death when Freud abandoned that theory, they and Masson—embarrassingly and confusingly—find themselves on the same side of the fence in the debate concerning "reality" which has polarized psy-



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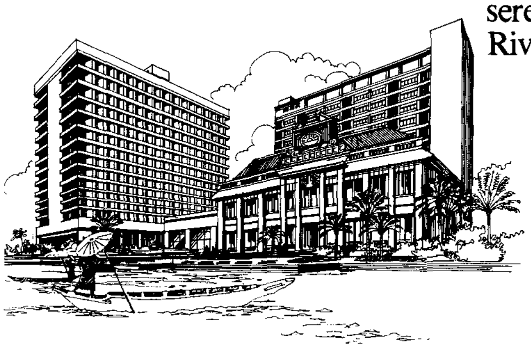

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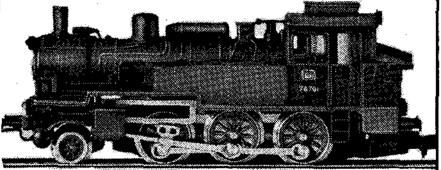

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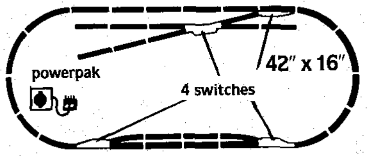

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choanalysis since its earliest days.

It is all very slippery. Even orthodox analysts who have no intention of venturing anywhere near the abyss of revisionism can lose their bearings and find themselves at its brink. A case in point is that of the analyst William Niederland and his research on the Schreber case. In 1903, a book was published in Germany called "Memoirs of My Nervous Illness," by Daniel Paul Schreber, which attracted a good deal of attention in psychiatric circles because of its richly specific description of the author's bizarre paranoid delusional system and of the exquisite mental sufferings he experienced while under its sway. Schreber had been a lawyer and a judge before his breakdown and incarceration in an insane asylum, and he wrote his book as part of a legal struggle to regain his freedom. It was published—over the protest of his relatives, who severely censored the manuscript—after his release. Sigmund Freud was among those fascinated by the Schreber memoirs, and in 1911 he published a paper analyzing Schreber on the basis of his book and using his case to illustrate the thesis that at the core of male paranoia lies a homosexual conflict. (Schreber's dominating delusion was that he had to change into a woman in order to fulfill his mission as redeemer of the world.) Freud never met Schreber and knew almost nothing about him or his family except what he could glean from the "Memoirs," and this was very little, because of the censorship exercised by the relatives. In the fifties, Niederland began to delve into the background of Schreber. It was known that Schreber's father had been a distinguished physician and educator who wrote numerous books on child-rearing, and Niederland had the idea of reading some of these books. What he found was horrifying. Schreber *père* was revealed as a tyrant and a sadist, and the childhood of Schreber *fils* (and his sisters and brother) as a nightmare of physical and mental oppression, imposed in the name of the father's Teutonic educational ideals. The most horrifying of Niederland's findings, and those most directly relevant to Paul Schreber's craziness, concerned the father's invention of orthopedic devices involving straps, belts, and iron bars for the straightening of children's posture. In the light of Niederland's discoveries, some of Paul Schreber's most mystifying delusional experiences, which he called "miracles," began to make

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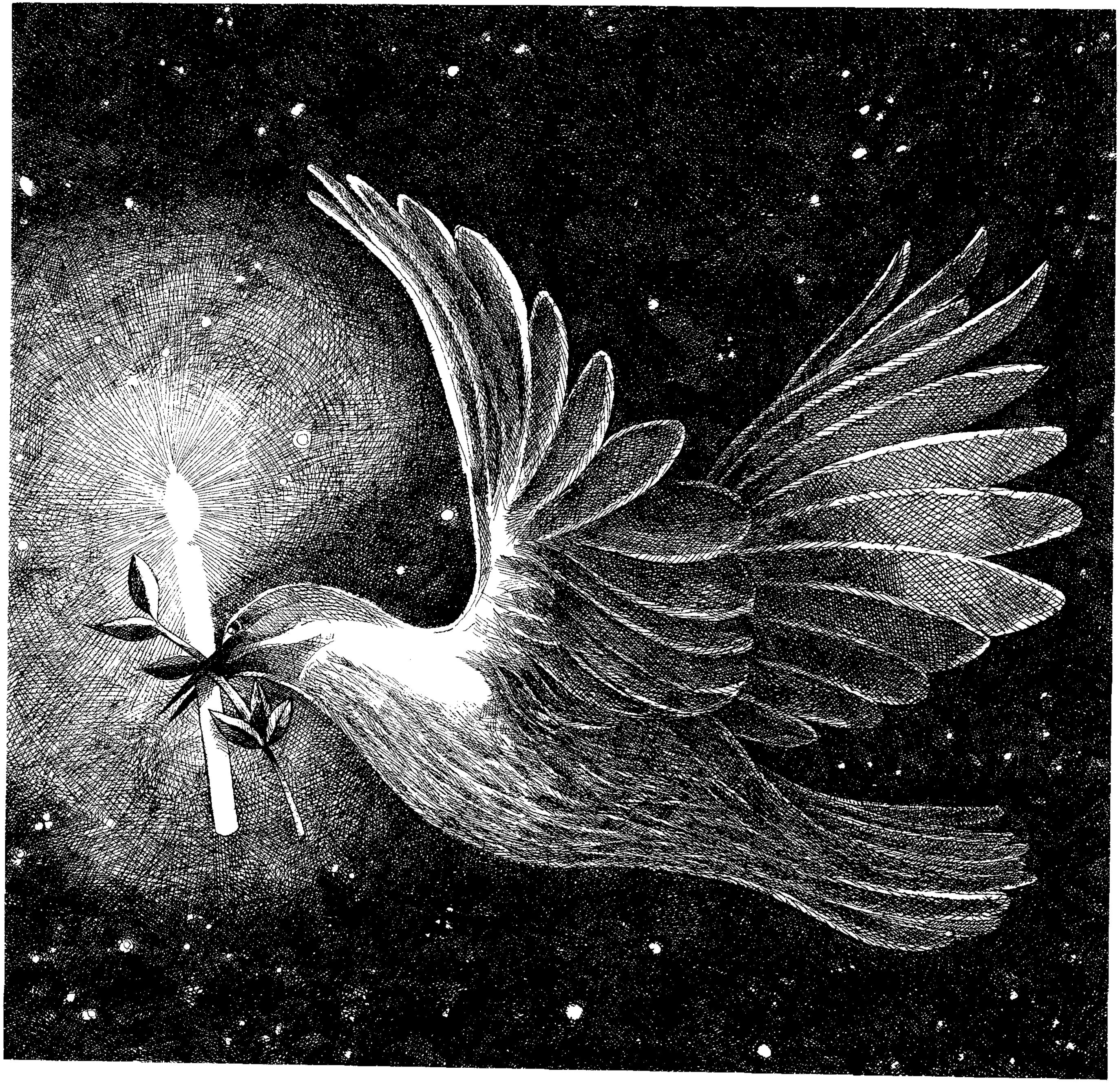

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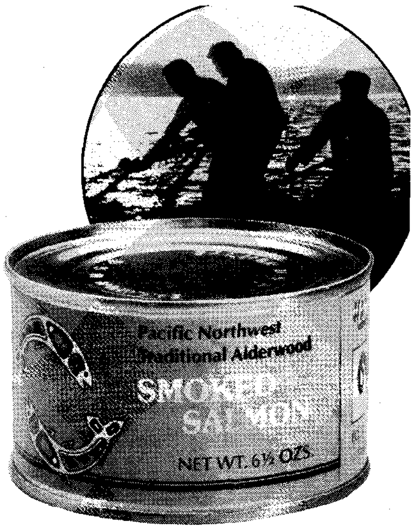

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sense. For example, his "compression-of-the-chest miracle"—which, he writes in the "Memoirs," "I endured at least several dozen times; it consisted in the whole chest wall being compressed, so that the state of oppression caused by the lack of breath was transmitted to my whole body"—clearly derived from a device called "the straightener," which Niederland describes as consisting of "a system of iron bars fastened to the chest of the child as well as to the table near which the child was sitting; the horizontal iron bar pressed against the chest and prevented any movement forward or sideward, giving only some freedom to move backward to an even more rigidly upright position." Other "miracles" derived from other cruel devices, as well as from various features of the father's dire program to eradicate all ease and comfort from his children's lives, lest they grow soft.

Niederland, an orthodox New York analyst, presented his findings as a reverent amplification of Freud's paper rather than as a challenge to it. Nowhere does he suggest that Freud's analysis of Schreber would have been in any way different if Freud had known what Niederland now knew, and this has remained the orthodox Freudian position on the Schreber case. However, in 1973 Morton Schatzman, a young American psychiatrist living in England, published a book called "Soul Murder: Persecution in the Family," which drew heavily on Niederland's research but did a good deal more than murmur, "My, how interesting!," as Niederland had done. "Christ, how appalling!" is the tone of Schatzman's book, which proposes a clear cause-and-effect relationship between the oppression of the child and the madness of the man. In the light of the new information, Schatzman—a follower of the anti-psychiatry movement of R. D. Laing, which stresses the impact of reality on mental illness, with particular emphasis on the family—regarded Freud's thesis about Schreber's repressed homosexual feelings toward his father as a preposterous irrelevancy. "Soul Murder" put the Freudian establishment in a serious bind: here was an odious (to the Freudians) anti-psychoanalytic book that could not be dismissed, since it was based on the research of a Freudian analyst. In their efforts to discredit Schatzman without discrediting Niederland, the Freudians gave the impression of being strapped into one of Schreber *père's* contrivances. They

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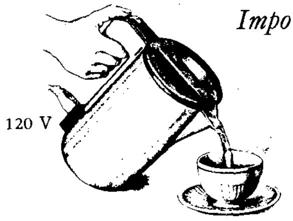

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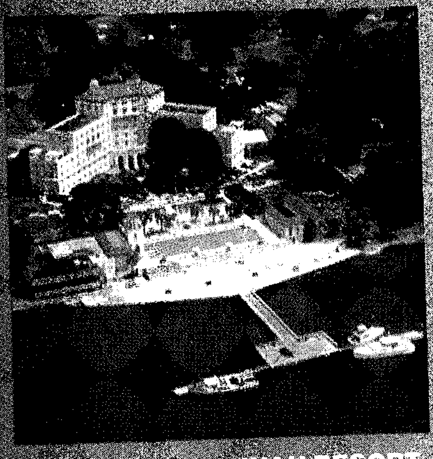

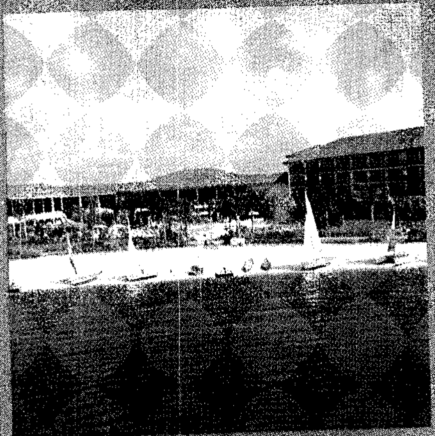

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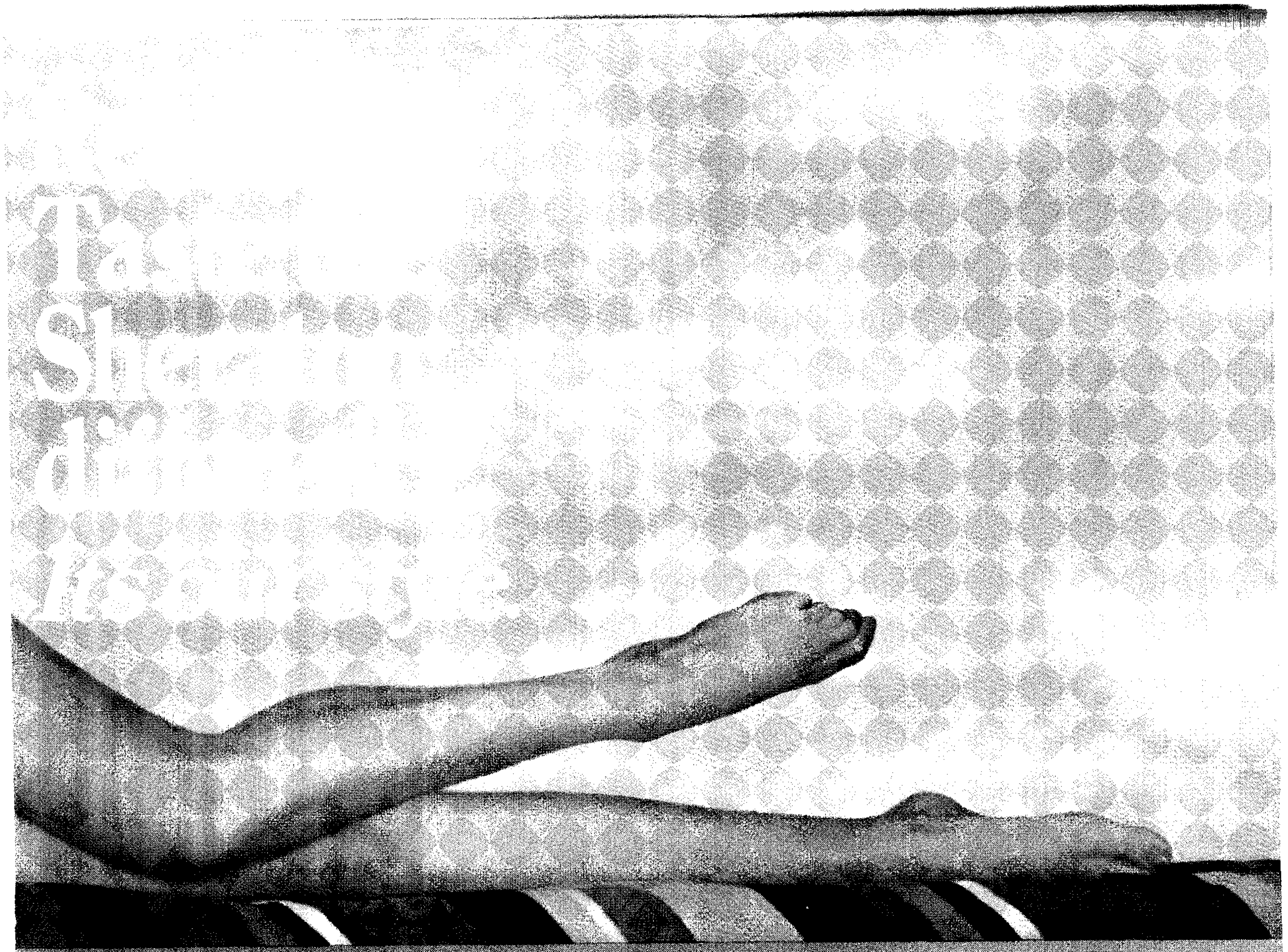

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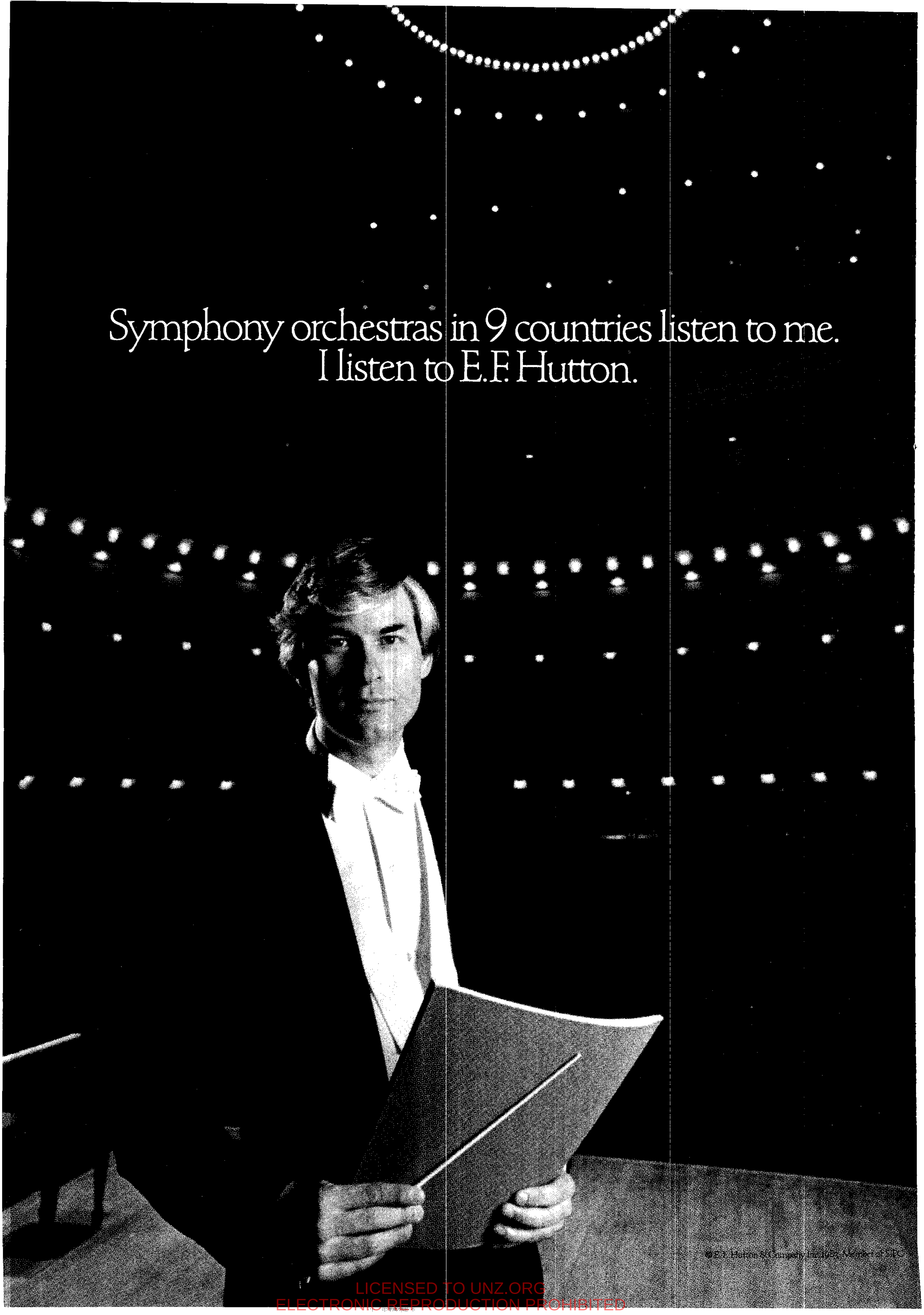
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wiggled and squirmed and couldn't free themselves. They were finally reduced to such absurdities as calling Schatzman's honesty into question for using Niederland's research (as if it were honorable to use secondary sources only if you agree with their author), and even to employing some sharp practices of scholarship. A fast one was pulled by Niederland himself. Responding to Schatzman's accusation that "although Freud knew of Schreber's father, he did not use his writings as data, even though the father's books had been widely read and are still available," Niederland charged Schatzman with ignoring "the policy of restraint" that Freud announced he was following in his paper in order to spare the feelings of Schreber, his family, and his psychiatrist, Paul Emil Flechsig. In Freud's text, however, "the policy of restraint" has nothing to do with the feelings of Schreber, his relatives, or his psychiatrist, or with any issue of discretion whatever; it simply (and plainly) refers to the intellectual strategy that Freud proposes to adopt in order to make sure that his reasoning can be followed. (Niederland's inexplicable misreading of Freud was pointed out by the Dutch writer Han Israëls in his brilliant book "Schreber, Father and Son," as yet unpublished here, which demonstrates that practically everyone who has ever written about Schreber and his father has been off the mark by distances ranging from an inch to a mile.)

It was in this context that Jeffrey Masson wrote his 1974 paper "Schreber and Freud: A Review of 'Soul Murder,' " which he read at the spring meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, in Denver. It now seems almost inevitable that Masson should have gravitated toward the Schreber case. The trouble the Freudians had had with Schatzman was like a dress rehearsal for the trouble they were going to have with Masson. In both cases, men with a profound antipathy to psychoanalysis sought corroboration in historical material for their view that we are ruled by external reality rather than by our inner demons; and in both cases the psychoanalytic establishment proved unequal to the task of making the Freudian position cogent. Since Masson in 1974 was still aspiring to be an analyst (he was in his fourth year of training at Toronto), his Schreber paper was a kind of tour de force of talking out of both sides of his mouth:

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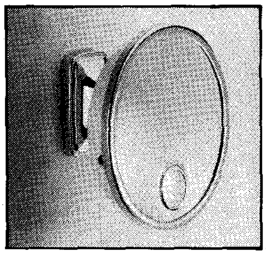

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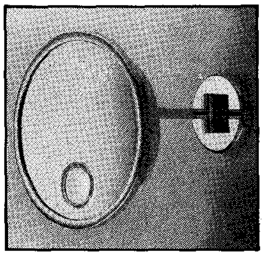

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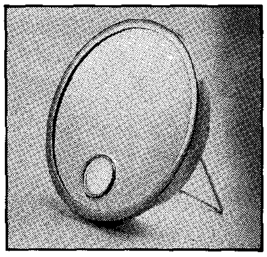

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while apparently holding to the official view of Schatzman as a disreputable "popularizer," he in fact fully agreed with Schatzman's major point that in the cruelty of the father lies *the* explanation for the illness of the son.

One afternoon in the winter of 1983, I spoke with Leonard Shengold, the analyst who nine years earlier, at the Denver meeting, had characterized Masson as one of Canada's national treasures. Shengold occupies a special corner in the analytic avant-garde. On the one hand, he shares the avant-garde's concern for "people who have been unloved, ill-used, and deprived" (as he writes in a paper entitled "Child Abuse and Deprivation: Soul Murder"), but, on the other, he does not share its (variously expressed) need to meddle with orthodox theory and practice. Almost alone among analysts who have dedicated themselves to the repair of seriously damaged souls, Shengold has remained comfortable with regular Freudian psychoanalysis. He disagrees with the purists' contention that it doesn't matter what really happened. (In "Child Abuse and Deprivation," he writes, "The patient must know what he has suffered, at whose hands, and how it has affected him. The means he uses to not know, to deny, must be made fully conscious.") But he would agree with the New Haven analyst who illustrated the awesome variety of human experience with the extreme example of the boy who felt that Auschwitz had made a man of him. "I have seen that even the predominantly soul-destroying experiences of incest seem in some cases to be modified by soul-saving aspects—the child making use of some phases of the sexual contact to fulfill the need for attention and tenderness," Shengold writes in "Child Abuse." "It is in no way to condone or minimize the often heartbreaking damage done to observe that some victims of soul murder seem to have been strengthened by the terrible experiences they have endured. Talents and, occasionally, creative power can arise from a background of soul murder."

To me, Shengold said, "I found it very exciting to hear some of the things I had felt about the Schreber case, and particularly about Schreber's father, emphasized by Jeff. At the meeting, Niederland delivered some prepared comments on Jeff's paper, and he played down the disturbance in Schreber's father. He minimized it, saying he wouldn't necessarily call the man psychotic or an evil influence,

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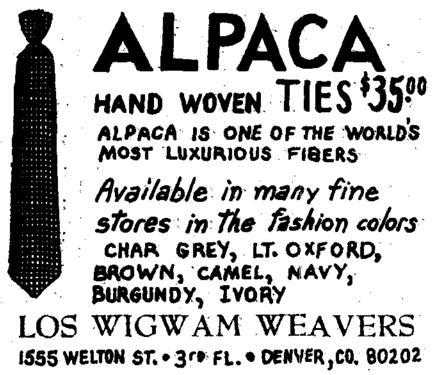
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which seemed to me to show a mind-boggling lack of imagination. So I stood up to defend Jeff. I didn't know him at all. I thought, Who is this guy? I've never heard of him before and he's challenging Niederland, one of the father figures in my institute and a famous name in psychoanalysis. I thought, Good for him! But, as I got to know him better, more of what I saw gave me pause." Shengold is a heavyset, soft-spoken man in his late fifties, a thoughtful, serious person, more widely read than the average analyst, and also slightly more obsessive about the fine points of analytic etiquette: during my talks with him in his office he was always looking at his watch to make sure a patient wasn't being kept waiting. "What bothered me about Jeff was that he seemed to be courting the favor of anyone who could do anything for him—and in a way that was so open that it had a kind of breathtaking honesty. He made no bones about it. He seemed to feel that he was entitled to the regard of these people. And he was so likable that one accepted it as a kind of joke. But it took me aback, because it not only made me distrust him as an observer but revealed a vein of immaturity, which could be perfectly compatible with his being a brilliant and reliable person but not with his being an analyst. And the way he would argue, the certainties he had! To be an analyst and to be certain—they don't go together. You have to have doubts. You have to be capable of certainty, too, but it has to be hedged with doubt. What you learn as an analyst is how much you don't know. I don't think Jeff would have got through our institute." Shengold glanced at his watch, and went on, "Let me say this about Jeff's trauma theory. It fits in so well with most patients' resistances—resistances not just to analysis but to the responsibility for one's own inner life: 'Look what they did to me!' Yet we are all traumatized to some extent, and the need to deny what we believe actually happened (and what may indeed have happened) is also universal. It's not a simple business. To mediate between what Ernst Kris called personal myth—a defensive re-creation of the past—and the denial or non-registration of the past is always difficult, and sometimes impossible. The holocausts—public and private—did and do occur. They are hard to register. But they do not explain everything. Neurosis has turned out to be the human condition, and not just the result of

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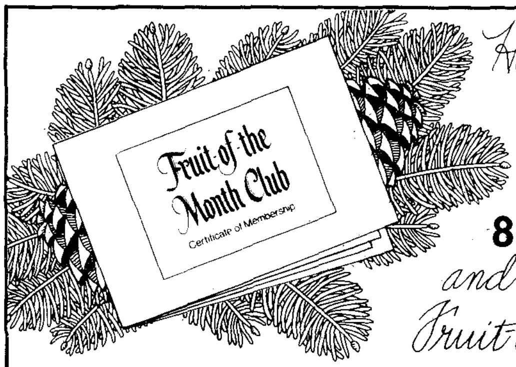

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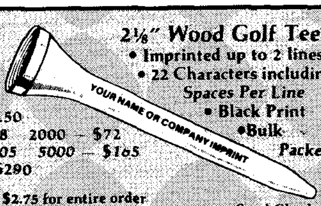
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'seduction by the father.'" Shengold looked at his watch for the third time, and said, "I'm going to have to stop in four minutes. What happened to Jeff at the Archives was unfortunate. He very much needs the acceptance and corroboration of people he respects. He wants desperately to have ties to people like Eissler. These connections give him narcissistic nourishment, and when he doesn't get it, it's a terrible strain for him. He provoked what happened, of course, but it's terribly unfortunate that he elicited all this reaction from Anna Freud and Eissler and the whole psychoanalytic establishment. It pushed him in an unhealthy direction. There's a kind of crazy sincerity there, but he can turn against anyone, because he can feel betrayed by anyone."

I said, "He feels that Eissler betrayed him by firing him."

"Eissler betrayed him by suddenly looking at him and seeing what he was. That's a fatal sin." Shengold paused, then said, "Eissler may have been attracted to Jeff in somewhat the way Freud was attracted to Fliess. Fliess was a very charming and vivacious man, and Freud had a need and a terrible weakness for that kind of glamorous person. When Jung came along, he became that person again for Freud. Both Fliess and Jung were charlatans in some ways, but very bright, very beguiling ones. There must have been something of that sort going on between Eissler and Jeff. But there was something else. Eissler is such an isolated and lonely person. Everybody respects him, but nobody will approach him, because he's a little scary. He has a standoffish manner. But Jeff approached him in a very friendly and interested way, and Eissler responded immediately. Eissler is not lovable, and he knows it. I have the feeling that he doesn't have close friends. He seems desperate for a kind of friendliness that he cannot achieve naturally and spontaneously. And he found it in Jeff."

—JANET MALCOLM

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

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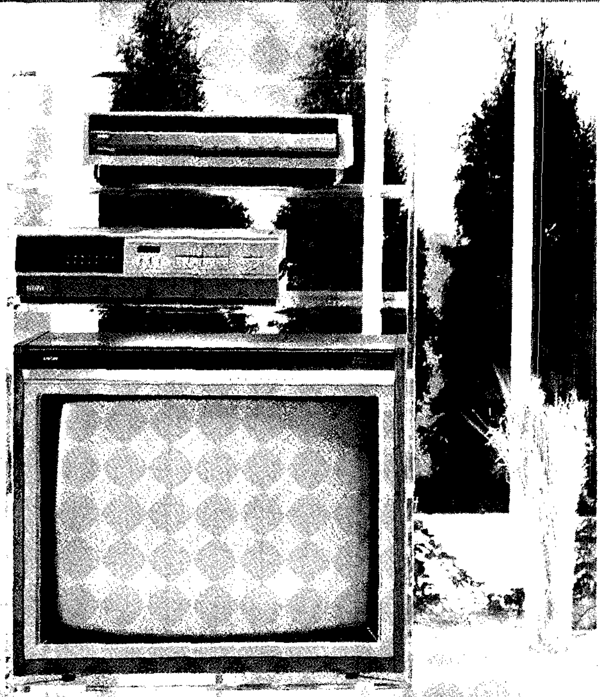

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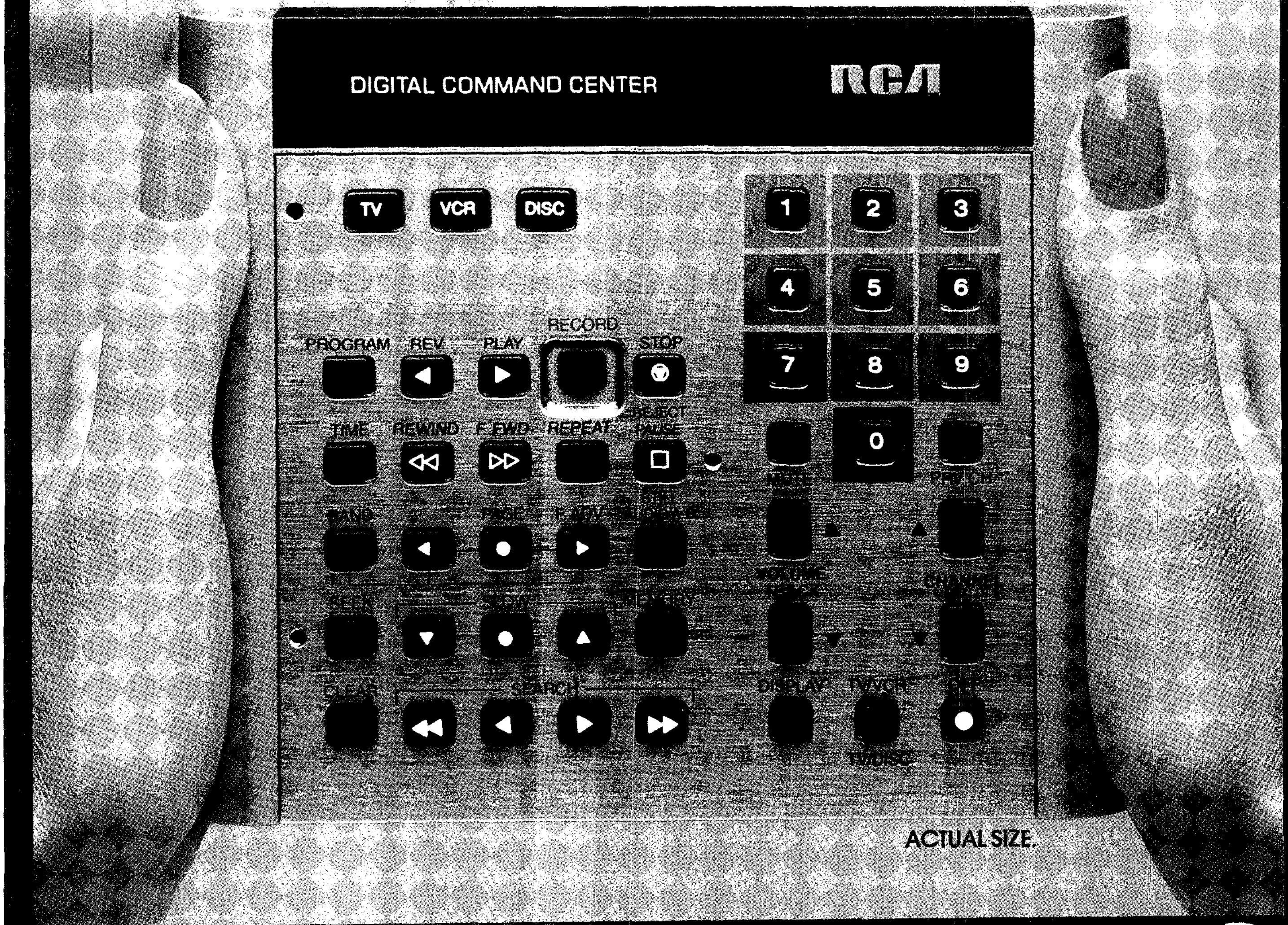
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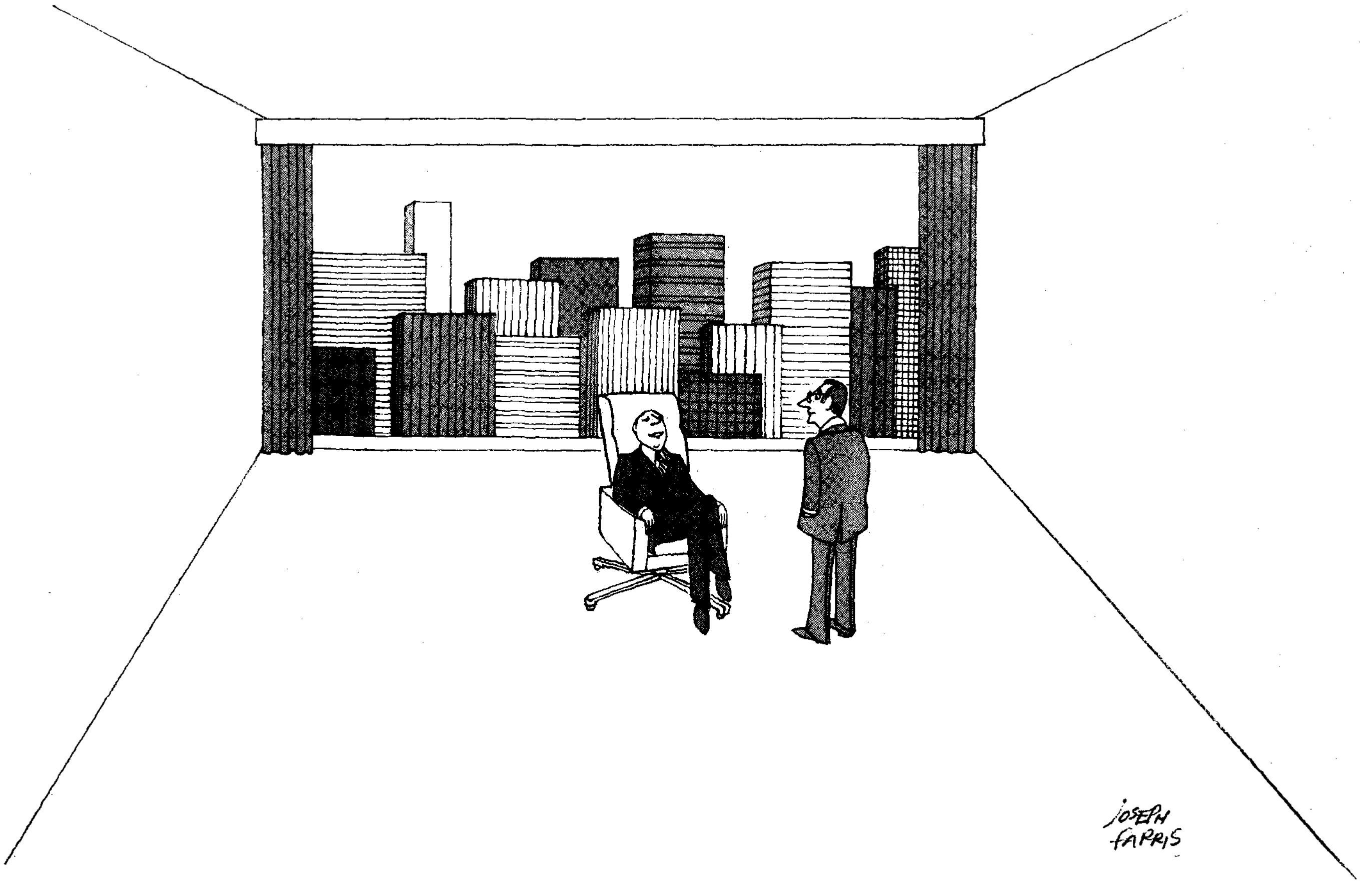
HAT CREEK AND THE McCLOUD

EVERY autumn, I try to make a trip into the mountains of Northern California to do some trout fishing, and this past year was no exception. I got out of bed one morning in late September and stared through my apartment window at the tree on my block in San Francisco and noticed that six or seven of its pauperish leaves had turned red. That was my signal—a mere urban echo of what would be going on in the Trinity Alps or the Cascade Range. In my closet I keep a shoebox file of fishing maps, and I pulled it out to help me decide which river to fish. I chose Hat Creek, a famous California stream I'd never hit before.

Hat Creek flows north through the volcanic rock of the Cascades until it dead-ends in Lake Britton, on the edge of Shasta National Forest. In its lower reaches, it is among the richest trout streams in the country—on a par with the Firehole River, in Wyoming, and the Letort Spring Run, in Pennsylvania. It is capable of producing enough food to support as many as sixty-five hundred trout over two miles of water. All the trout in lower Hat Creek are wild—indigenous, that is, and not raised in a hatchery—and they can grow to considerable size. This section of the stream is beautiful and challenging. It attracts anglers from all over the world. Fishing pressure is often intense, especially during the insect hatches that explode in clockwork fashion in the summer months—little yellow stone flies in June, pale morning duns in July, tricorythodes spinners in August. In order to preserve the quality of lower Hat Creek, the California Department of Fish and Game has instituted a stringent set of regulations. Only artificial flies and lures with single, barbless hooks may be used, so that fish can be released with as little damage to them as possible. The daily creel limit is two trout. The trout must be at least eighteen inches long: big fish—the kind that set your heart to pumping.

Hat Creek is so productive because it's a spring creek, pure and translucent, fed primarily by underground springs rather than by rain or snowmelt. Like most such creeks, it maintains a temperature within the optimal feeding range for trout throughout the year, and the springs give it an alkaline quality. Alkalinity encourages an abundance of insect life—particularly of those species most favored by trout. It also promotes weed growth (weeds provide cover for fish and oxygenate a stream through photosynthesis) and, in general, helps to create excellent habitat for German browns and rainbows. The trout of Hat Creek are stocky, brilliant in color, and difficult to catch even in autumn, after the tourists have all gone home.

I spent the evening before I left sorting through my tackle. I wanted to get rid of the worthless stuff, but I couldn't bring myself to throw out anything. Nostalgia seems to infuse every aspect of fishing, including the gear. When I came across a handful of streamer flies tied for steelhead, I



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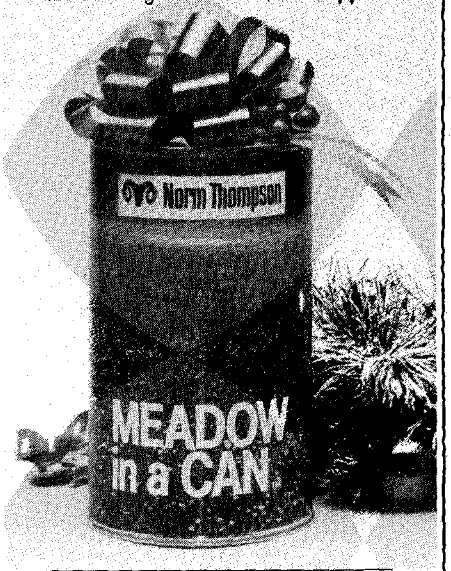

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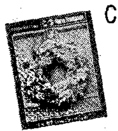


started thinking about a man I'll call Paul Deeds, who taught me almost everything I know about those ungovernable fish. I used to live near Deeds in an agricultural valley on the Russian River, but I hadn't seen him for more than a year. The isolation of the valley had finally got to me, and I'd moved away and then had made a tour of Europe to clear my head. I'd sent Deeds some postcards, but I knew even as I mailed them that they were destined to wind up in the flyblown cellar of his house. Deeds never answers his mail. He doesn't have much affection for the telephone, either—he regards it as an instrument of torture. I'd phoned him a couple of times since I got back, just to say hello, but I'd felt as though I were talking to a doorjamb. What we'd shared could not in any way be counted as conversations. I thought I'd give him one more try, though, because I missed him and I was in the mood for company on Hat Creek.

I dialled Deeds' number. The phone rang and rang. I could see him sitting in his ratty kitchen with a cup of coffee at his elbow, looking out into the prune orchard that surrounds his cottage and hoping that the ringing would stop.

"Who is it?" he asked when he picked up the receiver. He must have been holding it yards from his mouth; I could barely hear him.

I told him who it was, and what I had in mind.

"You're crazy," Deeds said. "Hat Creek is too crowded. There'll be all kinds of people around."

"It's almost October, Paul. It won't be too bad."

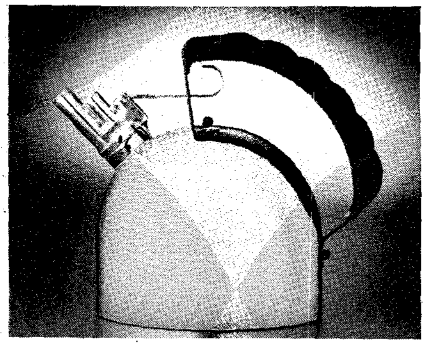
"Maybe not for a city person," he said.

Deeds can be very stubborn when it comes to matters of principle or opinion. From his reluctance to discuss Hat Creek, I figured that he'd probably been there once when four or five other anglers were on the river, and that this horrible *crowd* had so disconcerted him that he swore never to return.

"If you were making a trip, where would you go?" I asked.

"McCloud River," he said. "Down in the canyon, near the Nature Conservancy preserve. I'd camp at Ah-Di-Na Meadow. I'd fish downstream from Ladybug Creek. Hang on for a second—my dog wants to get out."

The only part of the McCloud that I was familiar with was a tame stretch that runs parallel to Highway 89. It's



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a decent but unspectacular stream in that region, similar to many other streams that border highways and are subject to the passing fancies of motorist anglers. It has lots of riffles and pocket water, and a sprinkling of trout. The McCloud that runs through the canyon is completely different—far less accessible, and so less popular. It flows through rugged terrain that still has a few bears and mountain lions. In the canyon, the trout are wild.

"It's getting cold out there," Deeds said when he came back on the line.

"You don't think it'll be crowded on the McCloud?"

"I sincerely doubt it. The road in is nine miles of bad dirt."

I checked a map of Siskiyou County. The town of McCloud was just fifty miles or so from where I'd be. It was also close to the canyon. "Suppose I fish Hat Creek first, then meet you in McCloud?"

"I can't just drop everything and take off."

This made me laugh. Deeds is divorced. He has no job. He lives off his faltering prune crop and a small portfolio of stocks and bonds that he inherited.

"What can be so pressing?" I asked. "The harvest is over."

"There's still the dog to be fed."

After further negotiations, he agreed to call me in the morning. I told him not to be too late, since I wanted to get an early start, but I didn't have to worry. Deeds woke me just after six o'clock, while the sky was still black.

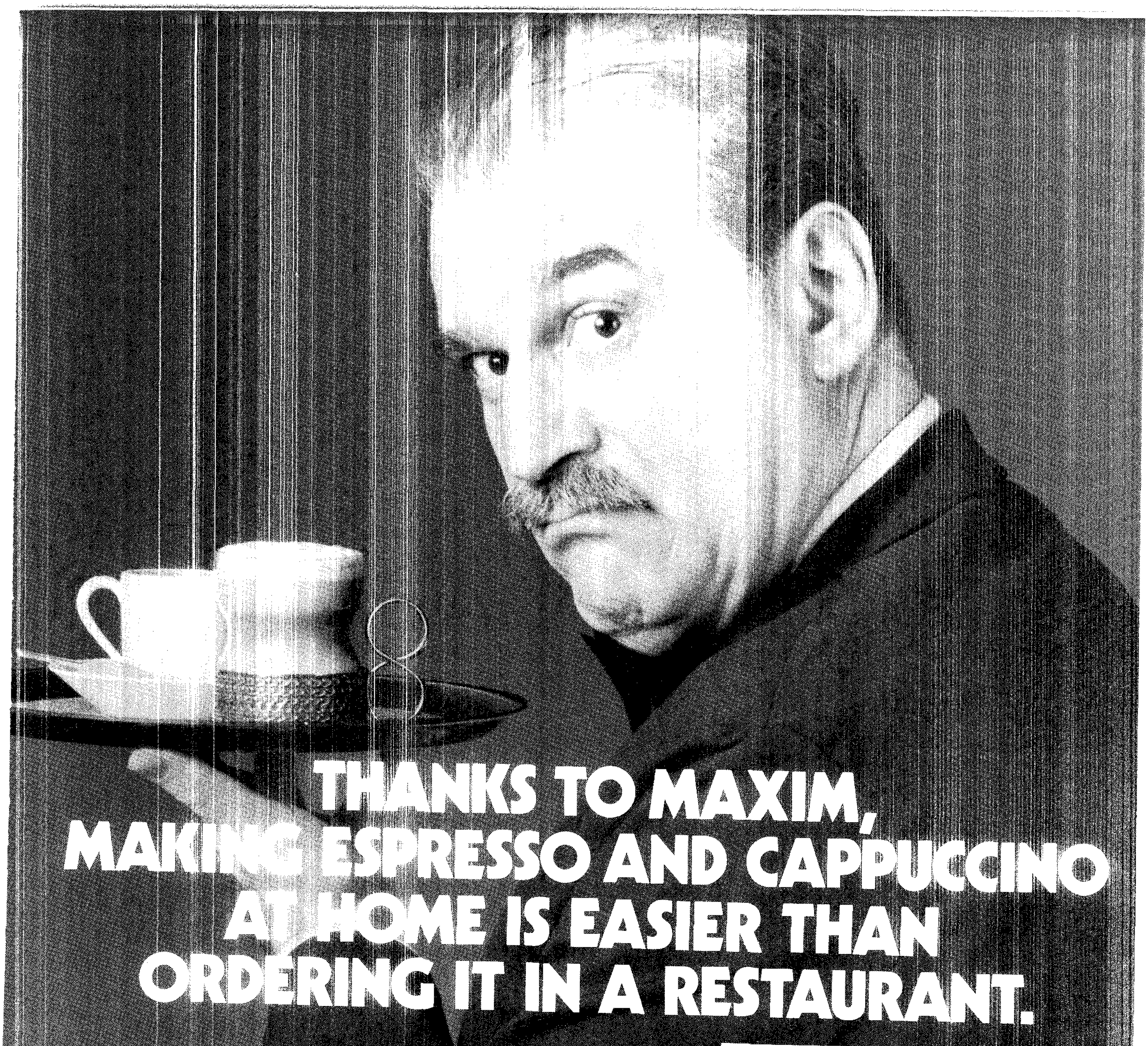
"Friday at the McCloud Hotel," he said. "I'll meet you there about noon."

ALMOST nothing makes me happier than to leave on a fishing trip. I feel I'm doing something active for a change, instead of hanging around on a street corner waiting for a bus to jump the curb and run me over. One of the secret terrors of the age is that we are all dying slowly of complacency. I carried my tackle to the car and put it in the trunk. The sky was red now, streaked with pink clouds. I could tell from the haze and stillness that it was going to be hot. By the time I reached Redding, around midmorning, the temperature had risen to eighty-four degrees. Redding is at the northern tip of the Sacramento Valley. It's a wonderful spot to experience heat, since it's hemmed in by two mountain ranges—the Trinities and the Cascades—and the air in town moves not at all.

I stopped at a tackle shop that specializes in materials and gear for those who fish with flies. The clerk told me that the fishing on Hat Creek had been only fair for the last week or so. He said that I shouldn't look for much in the way of insect hatches, except for orange caddis flies and maybe a few blue-wing olives. The trout would most likely be feeding below the surface. They'd go for nymphs and streamers. (Nymphs imitate insect larvae; streamers imitate baitfish.) He suggested that I use a fly line with a sinking tip. I bought one and also some stone-fly nymphs and some imitation leeches. When I asked the clerk about places to stay, he recommended Lava Creek Lodge, in Glenburn.

That afternoon, I got my first glimpse of Hat Creek. It sneaked up on me without any fanfare. I went over a highway bridge just past Burney and saw a stream on both sides of me and then a sign that said "Hat Creek." I turned the car around and pulled down an access road that led to a picnic area by the water. After Deeds' warning, I expected the picnic tables to be occupied by hundreds of chubby guys in T-shirts and funny hats, but nobody was there. Nobody was fishing, either. I walked to the creek and knelt on the bank. The water was very clear. I could see almost to the streambed—about five feet down, I guessed. There were weeds—red, brown, purple, many shades of green—shifting around in the current. The motion had a witchery to it. In spite of what the clerk had told me, there was a good hatch of mayflies going on. The bugs floated toward heaven on lacy wings.

The setting was so serene it was hard to remember that Hat Creek had once been a decimated stream. Its transformation began in 1968, when the Department of Fish and Game came under pressure from conservation-minded angling organizations for having let the quality of trout fishing in California deteriorate. The Department had been slow to protect prime habitat against environmental degradation, and there were fewer and fewer productive streams around. To make up for the losses, the Department had relied on what's known as a "put-and-take" program. In essence, the state kept dumping millions of small hatchery-reared trout into rivers as



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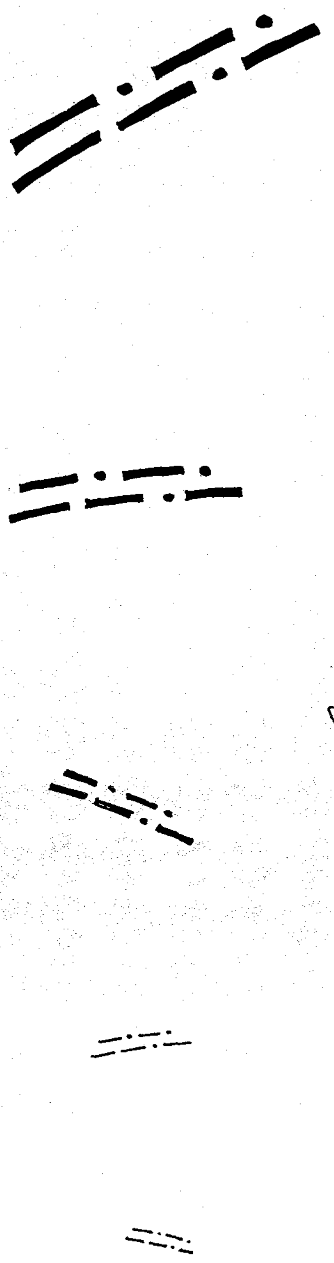

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fast as anglers reeled in the old ones. That's pretty fast—hatchery fish are easy to catch. At the hatchery, they've been trained to answer the dinner bell. They'll chase after almost any type of bait—worms, salmon eggs, even marshmallows. They've never learned any survival skills, so when they're planted in a stream they panic and school together in fear. Most of them are hooked right away. Predators pitch in to make short work of the others. Only a few hatchery fish in any river manage to last from one season to the next.

The put-and-take program was (and is) popular with weekend anglers who are interested only in filling their creels, but it didn't make the purists happy. The project to reclaim lower Hat Creek was an attempt to satisfy them. When the project started, trash fish constituted ninety-five per cent of the creek's population. They'd eaten or otherwise interfered with most of the native trout in the project area—a three-and-a-half-mile stretch between Lake Britton and Baum Lake. State biologists went to the stream and captured wild strains of rainbow and German brown for later restocking. The stream was then treated with chemicals. About seven tons of trash fish eventually turned belly-up—Sacramento suckers, hardheads, squawfish. Next, a barrier was constructed at the northern end of the creek to prevent the trash fish in Lake Britton from moving upstream. The wild trout were planted again, and they flourished. They had more food, less danger and competition. The project was such a success that in 1971 the Department established a more elaborate wild-trout program, to restore and perpetuate quality angling throughout the state. At present, seventeen streams and a lake have been designated for wild-trout management.

For a while, I sat on the riverbank watching the insects hatch. The sunshine felt good, a tonic to the bones. Every now and then, I saw a dimple on the water when a trout rose to swallow a fallen bug. I had to stifle my desire to run to the car and grab my rod. The sitting still was an act of discipline. The notion was for me to be calm instead of frenzied, as I usually am on the first day. I concentrated on the creek—its flow, the channels where fish were feeding—trying to commit the details to memory. It takes a long time before you begin to see things with any degree of actuality. After thirty minutes of meditation, I got to my feet, stretched my legs, and drove to the lodge.

Glenburn is not so much a real town as a name on the map. It's in the Fall River Valley, at an elevation of about thirty-five hundred feet. The valley has a cowboy feel to it. Raising beef cattle is the major agricultural industry, so pastureland is conspicuous. I passed fields of grass and alfalfa, of grain hay. There were sprinklers in the fields—the sort with long pipes and spoked wheels. Blackbirds were riding them. I saw hundreds of mallards overhead, beginning their annual migration—winging south along the course of the Fall River. Like Hat Creek, the Fall is spring-fed and extremely productive. It supports an estimated two thousand trout to the mile. The property that borders the river is all privately owned. The only way to fish the Fall (unless you've got a rancher friend) is by boat. A boat opens up twelve miles of countryside. You drift by farms and ranches, weathered barns, grazing cattle, and a few aspens. Sometimes you catch a glimpse of Mt. Shasta—a sacred mountain in Indian lore, with an eternally snowcapped peak.

Lava Creek is a relatively new place. It consists of a lodge with a bar and a restaurant. The lodge sits right on the edge of a pretty little lake called Eastman. There are a few cabins, too, set among scrubby pines, and I rented one. It came equipped with a dented pot-and-pan combo and several back issues of *Family Circle* and *Cosmopolitan*. I don't think I've ever rented a cabin anywhere that didn't have at least two or three women's magazines on the kitchen table. Some Gideon-like organization must be responsible for distributing them to resorts throughout the Pacific Northwest.

After I'd unloaded the car, I took a stroll to see if I could ferret out any hot angling tips from the locals. Near the lodge, I ran into a young guy in a down vest who was chopping wood. By the look of the pile he'd stacked against a shed, he was preparing for a cold winter. His name was Kyle Coffman. He and his wife managed Lava Creek. He told me that Hat Creek was going to be tough to fish. I'd have to cast perfectly if I hoped to

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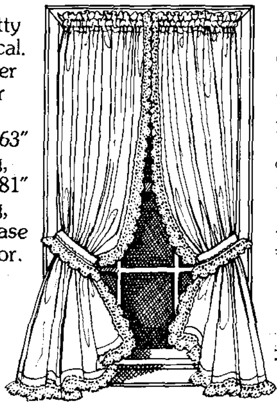

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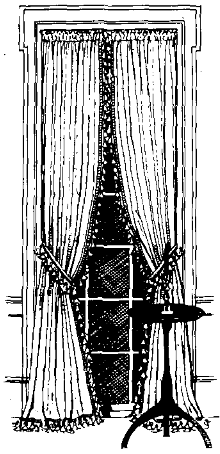

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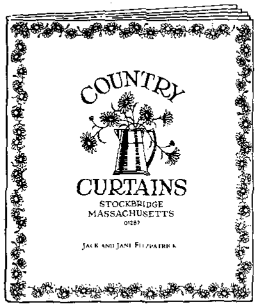

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score, because the water was clear and slow-moving and wouldn't disguise my mistakes. Most of the big trout had already been caught and released, and they were especially wary. Kyle knew guides who refused to let their clients even try to cast. Instead, the clients had to *deposit* their flies on the water, then strip line from their reels until the flies floated in front of feeding trout. For novices, Kyle said, the best spot on the creek was fifty yards of broken water that flowed out from a Pacific Gas & Electric Company powerhouse. The riffles helped to hide a faulty presentation. "You try there first," Kyle said.

I GOT to the powerhouse about six o'clock, a short while before sunset. It was just off the main highway, down a well-maintained utility-company road. Four men were already fishing in the riffles. They'd left enough space for me to sneak in among them, but I hate it when somebody does that to me, so I put on my waders, climbed over a stile, and walked upstream toward slacker water rolling idly through a meadow. Some black Angus cattle were plodding around on the opposite hillside, their heads lowered to the ground. The trees at the edge of the meadow were incense cedars. Their bark was red-brown and ridged.

The calm attitude I'd cultivated during my meditation vanished completely once I had my rod assembled. Trout were rising everywhere, making circles with their lips on the smooth, slick creek. Occasionally, I heard an explosion—some really monstrous lunker leaping into the air to nab a bug. I couldn't decide what the fish were taking, so I tried one of the leeches I'd bought in Redding. Properly speaking, leeches are ugly, segmented, bloodsucking worms, of the sort that attached themselves to Humphrey Bogart in "The African Queen." The imitation is not so repulsive. It's a feathery black fly that's best fished just under the surface.

Once I had the leech tied to my leader, I moved closer to the stream. I wanted to wade it, as the men below me in the riffles were doing, but it was too deep where I was, and I had to do my casting from shore. Whenever you're casting, the idea is to fall into a hypnotic rhythm, so that you and the rod become one—so that thinking becomes impossible—but I failed to accomplish that. The rod and I were bitter enemies. It wouldn't do a thing

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I asked it to. I kept hooking the leech on the tall star nettles and giant mulleins behind me. It seemed to me that if I went farther upstream, where the banks were not as overgrown, I might do better, but the soil there proved to be marshy, and I slid into it up to my knees.

The whole scenario would have been tragic if it hadn't happened to me so many times before. One of the few advantages of maturity is that petty failures no longer make you break rods, get drunk, and curse at strangers. I brushed the muck from my waders, then wiped my hands on my shirt. (In a pinch, fishing clothes are a tolerable substitute for towels or handkerchiefs.) I snipped off the leech and tied on an orange caddis. It was a dry fly, so it floated. With its wings propped up, it looked like a princely specimen, but it found no takers. Neither did the mosquito I tried next.

As I was trading the mosquito for a black ant, I glanced up and saw a mangy cocker spaniel running toward me. For some reason, fishermen's dogs are always friendly. They love to dance around and do tricks and stick out their tongues in a totally joyous way. Some of their masters' joy at being outside in the good world God made must get transmitted to them. I patted the spaniel on the head, and he licked my hand. His master came along in a minute or two—a stocky gent who was grunting from the effort of walking. He'd chewed his cigar to an interesting mass. I asked him how he'd done, and he said that he'd taken two minor-league trout the night before but he'd been skunked this evening. "The moon, it's almost full," he said. "Those fish have been stuffing themselves on caddis all month long."

At dusk, I packed it in. Seven or eight men were in the riffles now, pressed in much too tightly. I watched them for a bit—they were all using nymphs and streamers—but none of them got any action. I opened a can of beer and drove to the lodge. The country night was sweet. I pushed the accelerator to the floor, enjoying a rush of speed and the liberating sensation of being unpoliced. Traffic cops are scarce in the Fall River Valley. The dark, twisty roads impose the laws. I pushed the radio button, and on came Charley Pride singing "You're So Good When You're Bad." A little later, the white clapboard face of Glenburn Church jumped out at me. It was built in 1886. Services are

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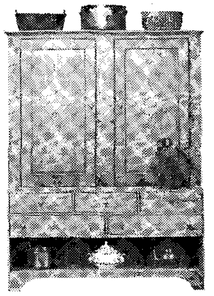

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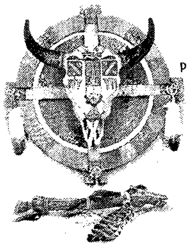

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still held in it every Sunday, even in winter, when the deacons have to fire up a potbellied stove to ward off the chill.

THERE was frost on my windshield when I left the lodge the next morning. I was tempted to go back inside, crawl under the covers, and read *Family Circle* until the sun was higher in the sky, but I pushed myself forward into the wintry air and then out into the valley. A man and his son were launching a skiff in the Fall, and they both waved and smiled, blowing clouds of breath. The leaves of the aspens along the river had died a little during the night, and now they were a bright yellow. A powder of new snow was on the mountains. The light was intense, a shock to the eyes.

I hoped that I'd be rewarded for bucking the cold, but the powerhouse riffles were again occupied by several anglers. One guy was wearing earmuffs and gloves. The sight of this coward so unnerved me that I had a very Deedsian reaction and took off in a huff for the picnic area I'd stopped at the day before. It was still deserted. I followed a trail that went under the highway bridge into another meadow, thinking it might lead me to a secret and fruitful run of water.

The trail took me around a bend in the creek. Ahead, I saw a short stretch of fast water. It wasn't as fast as the riffle water, but it was fast enough to sink a wet fly. I chose a stone-fly nymph from my fly box. Western stone flies emerge in spring and summer, but as nymphs they're present in streams at other times, and they're an important food for trout. The fly must be fished deep to be effective, so I wrapped a little piece of lead around my line. This made casting more awkward. I kept wishing for an insect hatch, but the bugs stayed quiet all morning, and I had to fish blind. Around one o'clock, hunger got the better of me, and I walked to the car to eat. I had a sandwich of Safeway cheese, and then an apple, and then I had a nap. I must have been tired, because I didn't wake until midafternoon. I went to the creek and washed my face, then drove to the powerhouse again. All the back-and-forth commuting was beginning to take the shine off my fishing experience.

On the utility-company road, I had to brake to a halt when a porcupine raced in front of me. Actually, "raced" is too strong a word to apply to any porcupine, even if the animal is

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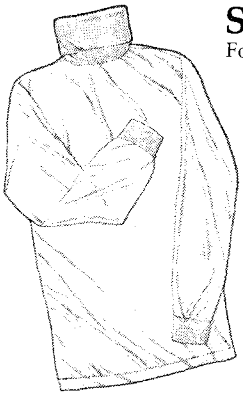

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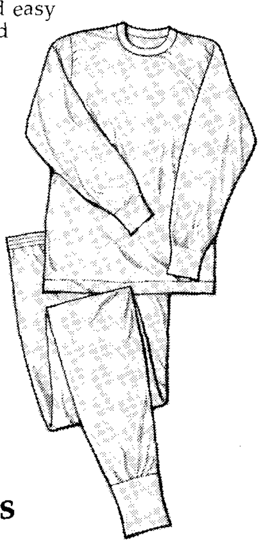

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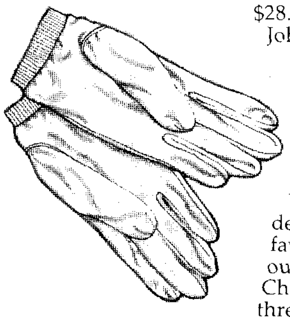

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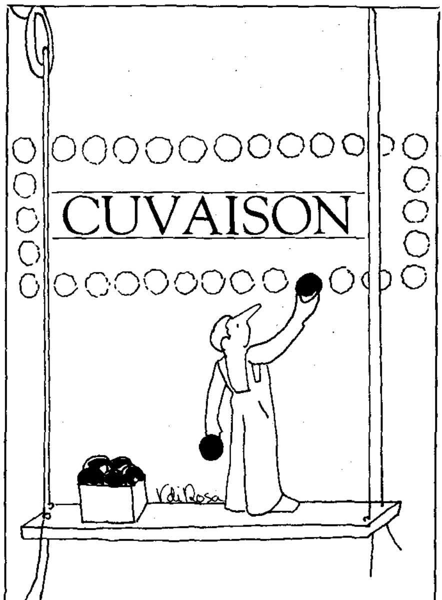

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moving at top speed. The porcupine waddled. It seemed as surprised to see me as I was to see it. In the mountains, you get used to the chipmunk and squirrel kamikazes, who are always darting in front of your tires, risking their existence for a thrill, but porcupines are pretty rare. They appear to have stumbled into the wrong century, and they're not happy about it. Once this porcupine had made it across the road, he waddled into a gully and started climbing a hummock, toward the shelter of some toyon bushes. The hummock was wet from the morning's frost, and the porcupine had difficulty with his footing. He'd almost make it to the toyons and then the earth would give beneath his feet, and down he'd roll, quills-first, into the gully. The show was so good that I switched off the motor and sat there watching him. The curious thing was that he never bothered to look back. I knew that if I were doing the climbing, and I sensed the presence of an intruder, I'd be peeking over my shoulder whenever I could. Maybe that's a good definition of neurosis—to be constantly peeking over your shoulder to check what might be wrong. The porcupine was extremely determined. He must have fallen fifteen times before he finally reached his goal. I wanted to applaud him. In fact, I would have applauded him if I'd thought he'd care, but he didn't even stop at the top of the hummock to celebrate. He wasn't anywhere close to being human.

For a change, nobody was in the powerhouse riffles—I had the spot to myself. I tied on a new leader, with a very fine taper, and to that I tied a caddis nymph. I waded into the creek rather cautiously—the current was strong—and began to cast. It went well, for a change. I was able to concentrate on what I was doing, but after thirty fishless minutes a thought unrelated to angling came into my head, and then another thought came—inconsequential, both these thoughts—and I drifted off in pursuit of them. Of course, I had an immediate strike. A trout with a sense of humor grabbed the nymph while I was playing around with the little fist in my skull. The bite was like a reminder from nature. It brought me back to attention. But then I drifted off again, into a fantasy about how I'd tell Kyle of Lava Creek that I'd hooked and lost a terrific fish. The fantasy gave way to speculation about why anglers are pathological liars, and

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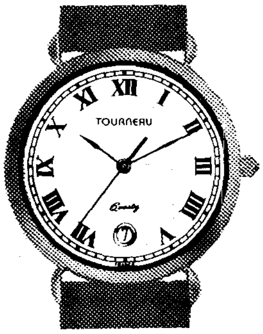

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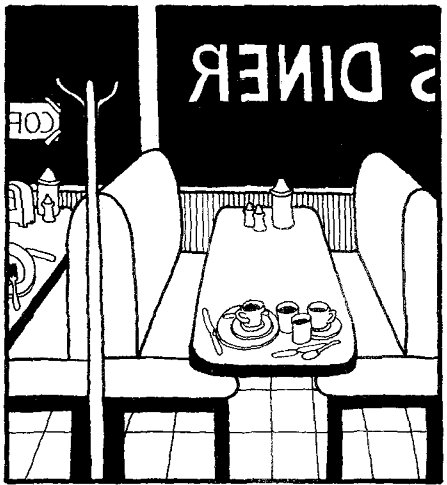
before I knew it I'd worked myself to the end of the riffles.

I took a rest on the bank. Late-afternoon sunshine was coming through the cedar branches. Suddenly, insects began to hatch. It was very exciting, because I could see them so clearly—orange caddis flies. I snapped a spool with a floating line into my reel and tied on an imitation caddis, size 18. There was some water that was already in shade, and I worked it first. I made short, delicate casts to cut down on mistakes. I knew that I was doing a good job of presenting the fly, but I was still surprised when a rainbow trout took it. I had so little line on the water that I landed the trout with no trouble. It was about thirteen inches long, stout and boxy, bearing the bright pinks and reds and silvers of a wild trout. Hatchery fish have the same colors, but they always seem muted, like bad reproductions of great art. When I gripped the trout to remove my hook, I could feel its flailing muscles, a tremendous focussing of power. Because the hook was barbless, it slipped out easily, leaving just a tiny tear in the trout's lip. I released it into the creek and watched it dart into the depths. Nothing disappears as quickly as a trout redeemed.

That evening, after dinner, I went to the lodge for a drink. No doubt I was looking for a chance to mention my trout, but I couldn't get a word in edgewise with four other angler guests at the bar. They were fly-fishing bullies—the kind of guys who dress in unsoiled flannel, down, and khaki garments and spend thousands of dollars on tackle and far-flung vacations. These bullies are always yakking about their last trip to New Zealand or Patagonia, and it's very depressing to listen to them, since by their insistence on the value of all the things in life



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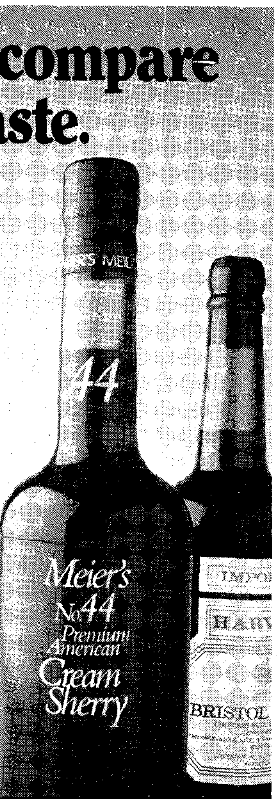
that *don't* matter they violate the essence of the sport—which combines, as Izaak Walton noted, humility and a calmness of spirit. I lasted only through a single bourbon. Instead of going to my cabin, I walked to Eastman Lake and sat on the shore for a few minutes, just staring at the moonlight on the water. Moonlight never gets old.

THE next morning, I left for the McCloud, using Mt. Shasta as my marker. "Shasta is a fire-mountain," wrote the naturalist John Muir, "an old volcano gradually accumulated and built up into the blue deep of the sky by successive eruptions of molten lava." It dominates the southern Cascades—a dissected tableland of basaltic sheets, mudflows, and ash, capped by volcanic cones. Shasta is over fourteen thousand feet high. Its crater is still warm. Live glaciers still scour its sides (most of them are on the north slope), and they feed hundreds of streams. The aboriginal residents of the region were Shastans, members of the Hokan language family, who gathered acorns and manzanita berries and killed salmon, bear, and deer. Another tribe—the Modocs—were the Shastans' enemies. They were immortalized in a best-selling book that also lifted the mountain into the realm of popular myth—Joaquin Miller's "Life Amongst the Modocs," written in 1873. Miller was a bearded, boisterous man, a precursor of the modern author/self-publicizer. He wore outrageous cowboy clothes even in polite society—they loved him in London, where he showed up in chaps to take tea—and he did his damnedest to wring poetry from monumental stone. The poetry could be unrelenting at times:

> As lone as God, and white as a winter moon, Mount Shasta starts up sudden and solitary from the black forests of Northern California.

Another poet who found inspiration in the country around Shasta was William Randolph Hearst. Hearst is not generally included in literary company, but, according to W. A. Swanberg, his biographer, he "always enjoyed scribbling verse." Hearst had a medieval manor house on sixty-seven thousand acres of virgin forest near the McCloud. The house was known as Wyntoon—except to Hearst's mistress, Marion Davies, who hated the place and called it Spittoon. Miss Davies spent most of her time there playing backgammon and complain-



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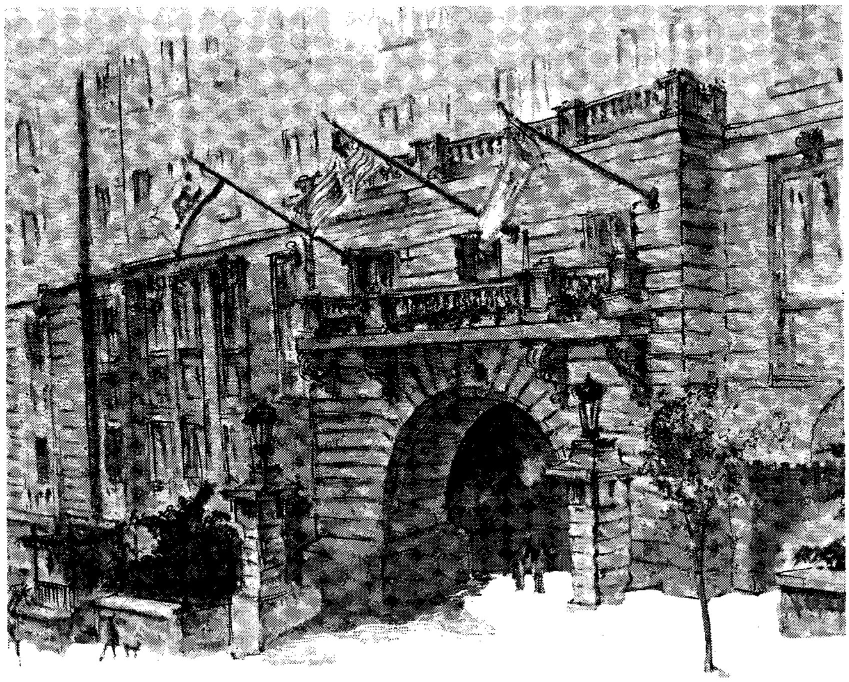
ing. During the Second World War, when Hearst developed a possibly paranoid fear that the Japanese might shell San Simeon from U-boats on the Pacific, he moved to Wyntoon for two years. His most celebrated poem, which he had the nerve to print in the New York *Journal-American*, was published while he was in exile. The poem contemplates, in a most philosophical way, the McCloud River. Its first stanza goes:

> The snow melts on the mountain
> And the water runs down to the
>   spring,
> And the spring in a turbulent
>   fountain,
> With a song of youth to sing,
> Runs down to the riotous river,
> And the river flows to the sea,
> And the water again
> Goes back in rain
> To the hills where it used to be.
> And I wonder if life's deep mystery
> Isn't much like the rain and the
>   snow
> Returning through all eternity
> To the places it used to know.

The name McCloud is a corruption of McLeod—from Alexander McLeod, a trader for the Hudson's Bay Company, who discovered the river, in 1829. It was a grand stream then. It had large annual runs of seagoing fish, such as salmon and steelhead. The fish travelled inland from the ocean for almost two hundred miles to spawn. An egg-taking station was established on the river in 1872, so that McCloud strains of salmon and rainbow trout could be distributed worldwide. The heyday of angling on the McCloud was the early decades of this century, when most of the stream was owned by fishing clubs. In the nineteen-forties, Shasta Dam was built. It put an end to the anadromous runs and significantly altered the quality of trout fishing.

The soil along the McCloud is very rocky, much too thin to be farmed. Ranching has been a mainstay here since the eighteen-fifties, and so has lumbering. Almost all the open conifer forest that grows on the mountain slopes has been logged over. (Hearst's acreage was one of the last accessible virgin parcels to go.) The forest has Douglas firs, white firs, sugar pines, yellow pines, and ponderosa pines. The towns I passed through were all logging towns. McCloud had been a logging town, too. The McCloud Lumber Company incorporated it in 1896, but the company had vanished from the scene. McCloud looked like it was turning into a retirement community—at least, that's what I gathered when I drove down the main



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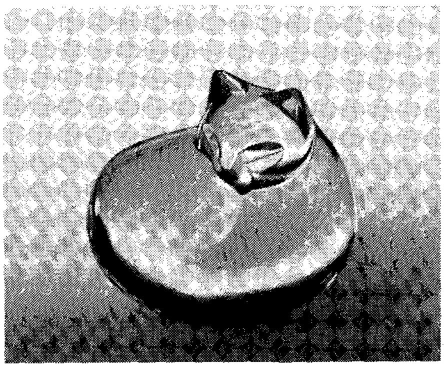

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street. There were septuagenarians everywhere. The town was absolutely crawling with them. They were buying papers and medications at the pharmacy, taking constitutionals in the clean mountain air, and keeping an eye out for the encroachment of crime in any of its multifarious forms. Quite a number of them were sitting in chairs and rockers on the porch of the McCloud Hotel—so many, in fact, that I had to drive around the block twice before I recognized Paul Deeds among them.

DEEDS has an ability to blend in with almost any group. The only time I ever saw him stand out was some years ago when I invited him to join me for dinner at a fancy restaurant. He came with his hair slicked down and his beard trimmed, and he was so uneasy throughout the evening that I knew I'd made an error in judgment. "Why in the hell do they put ice cubes on the carrots and celery?" he asked when our waiter brought a relish tray. He plucked the cubes off the veggies and surreptitiously dumped them under the table. During the evening, he perceived several other offenses against decency and freely commented on them. When the check arrived on a sterling platter, he seized it and laughed so loud that the couple at the next table shot us killer glances. "This would have bought me ten meals at the Tip-Top Café," Deeds said, weeping from the humor of it all. Such occasions make me wonder if Deeds and I would even be friends if it weren't for fishing.

Deeds was in his element on the hotel porch. A baseball cap on his head, he rocked in his rocker and paused every now and then to scratch himself. He looked to be half asleep, caught up in some rural fantasia, but this turned out to be a guise. He was actually mad at me for being late. I explained to him that my progress had been affected by the cows that kept wandering across the highway and by the logging trucks that kept barrelling around blind curves—often with fourteen of their eighteen wheels aloft.

"We're going to have a hard time getting set up before dark," Deeds said. "I just want to be straight about who's responsible."

We had another argument in his truck, when I rebelled against the contents of Deeds' cooler. All he had in there was some eggs, some bacon, some white bread, some coffee, a six-pack of Diet Dr Pepper, and about

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eight pounds of ground chuck. The absence of anything remotely conducive to health was appalling, and I insisted that I be allowed to pick up some fruit and vegetables at the market.

"What are you afraid of?" Deeds asked. "Scurvy?"

I wouldn't answer him. He put the truck in gear, and we started out of town.

The bad dirt hit us after we'd climbed a saddle of land and then dropped down to McCloud Reservoir. Pavement gave way to pocked and rutted ground that bore the deeply carved scars of spring runoff. Deeds had to proceed at a crawl, so we wouldn't snap our spines. It took us a while to reach the crest of the road. From there, we had a fine view of Shasta. We began our descent into the canyon. Black oaks and big-leaf maples were mixed in among the pines and firs. We passed through some stands of virgin timber. There were Douglas firs two hundred feet tall. A pair of red-shafted flickers flew by, flashing their salmon-colored wings. Farther on, we spooked a black-tailed doe and her two fawns. They'd been browsing near some manzanita bushes. Unlike my porcupine pal, the deer stopped to look back once they'd put several yards between themselves and the truck—an impulse of the central nervous system, perhaps. Maybe it takes a dense, primitive, Pleistocene brain to simply plod on. As we got lower in the canyon, the air cooled off, and we seemed to be suspended in a mesh of alternating light and shade.

There were plenty of vacancies at Ah-Di-Na Meadow campground, owing to the absence of any other campers. Deeds was overjoyed to have the place to himself. He sniffed around from campsite to campsite until he found one that satisfied him. It was close to the river. The river wasn't visible, though. We could just hear it, distantly. Deeds pulled the tarp from the truck bed, and we got the tent and set it up. We worked fast, because the light in the canyon was fading. The clock in the truck read four.

When we were done, and Deeds had hung the kerosene lantern from a branch, we suited up for fishing. The McCloud had a lot of water in it for so late in the season. The water was fairly opaque, a silty green. It wasn't very wide at any point, because the sides of the canyon pinched it in, but it was too deep for us to wade across. It had the classic configuration of

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a mountain trout stream. The fish would be in pockets behind boulders, in riffles, in sheltered pools, in slow stretches of water that echoed the serenity of Hat Creek. Once you've fished a few streams like the McCloud, you learn to skip quickly over the unproductive sections, just as you skip over slow passages in a book.

Deeds and I split up. He stayed just below the campground, trying to coax a trout from a pool. I walked toward another pool downstream. I saw a hillside trail above me, but I decided to keep to the river, climbing over rocks, outcrops, and deadfall, and bushwhacking through alders and willows. Suddenly, I stepped on a pinecone, lost my footing, and fell forward. My shinbone cracked against a hunk of granite. The blow broke my skin and gave me an instant hobble. I limped ahead to the pool. Trout were feeding actively. I tied on a small Adams—it's a good all-purpose fly—and started casting. The casting was difficult, because the land behind me was a tangle of trees, bushes, and copious poison oak. Still, the fish came readily to the fly. They had none of the wariness of Hat Creek trout. They hadn't been subjected to the same kind of pressure. Before dark, I'd caught and released seven trout—all rainbows, all between eight and twelve inches long. They were average fish for the McCloud.

I wished I'd brought a flashlight for the walk back to camp. I made some unnecessary detours before I found my way. Deeds was already cooking dinner. He had his two-burner butane stove set on a folding table. Spuds were boiling in one pot, and ground chuck was frying in the other.

"Do any good?" Deeds asked.

"I got quite a few. Nothing worth keeping."

"Same here." Deeds flipped over a hamburger. It smelled terrific. I went over to warm my hands by the stove.

"There's only one burger in that pan," I said.

"I thought you were eating salad."

"Don't rub it in," I said.

Deeds fashioned another beef big boy from his stash of chuck while I opened a beer and applied some ice from the cooler to my wound. The bruise was entering an Abstract Expressionist phase. It hurt. I pressed the beer can against it, hoping that I hadn't also contracted poison oak. Deeds saw that I was hurting, and he carried the plate of burger and boiled spuds over to me. After supper, we talked for a while about the valley and

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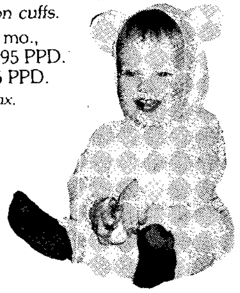

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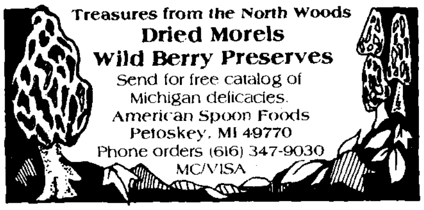

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our mutual friends and how their grapes and prunes were doing. Deeds filled me in on deaths and births. I told him how hard it had been for me to move away, since the valley was where I'd learned to be content in solitude, and to know the names of things—birds, trees, mushrooms—and hence to own them. He said that he understood, because he sometimes thought about moving himself. "It's romantic out there for a few years," he said, scratching his beard. "Then it just becomes regular life." Deeds got up from his camp stool and did the dishes. His sleeping bag was in the tent. He attended to it fastidiously, fluffing the down, smoothing out the corners. There wasn't any noise except for the breeze in the firs and the distant rumble of the river.

THE highlight of our weekend in the canyon came on Saturday, when Deeds caught a Dolly Varden on a caddis nymph he'd tied. Dolly Vardens are chars, not true trout, but the resemblance is close. The fish have bright-pink spots, like the spots on the dress of their namesake, Dickens' Dolly Varden, who appears in "Barnaby Rudge." In California, Dolly Vardens are almost extinct. The McCloud is the only river in which they've been rediscovered, so Deeds was pumped up by the fact that he'd hooked something unique. He held the fish in the sun and admired it for a minute before letting it go.

The best fishing we had was right where Deeds had predicted it would be—near the mouth of Ladybug Creek, just above the Nature Conservancy preserve. The Conservancy is an organization whose sole purpose is to acquire and manage ecologically significant land. On the McCloud, it owns six and a half miles of river frontage and two thousand three hundred and thirty surrounding acres. Part of the preserve is open to the public, but we never visited it, because we had plenty of action in the less restricted wild-trout water. Ladybug Creek—it's not much more than a trickle in autumn—serves as a prime feeding station for trout. As the creek tumbles down the canyon walls, over moss- and lichen-covered rocks, it washes insects into the McCloud, and the fish gather for an easy meal. We took them on wet flies and dry flies, on nymphs and streamers. We kept four of them for our Saturday-night dinner. Deeds rubbed them with garlic, salt, and pepper, and fried them in his familiar

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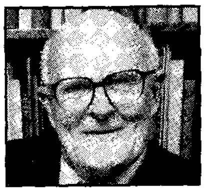

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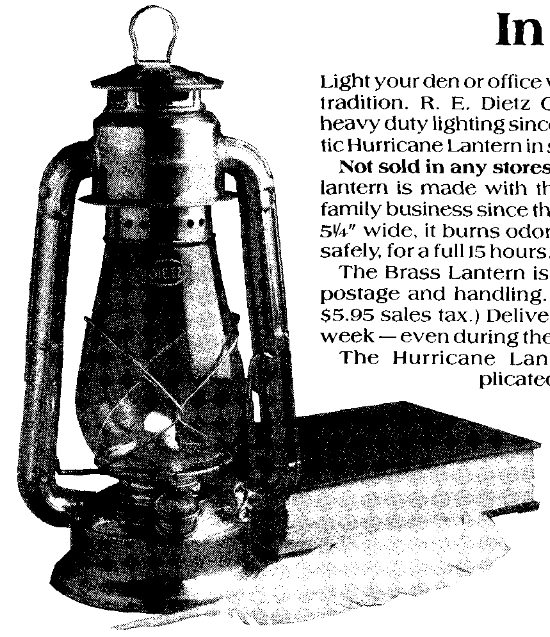

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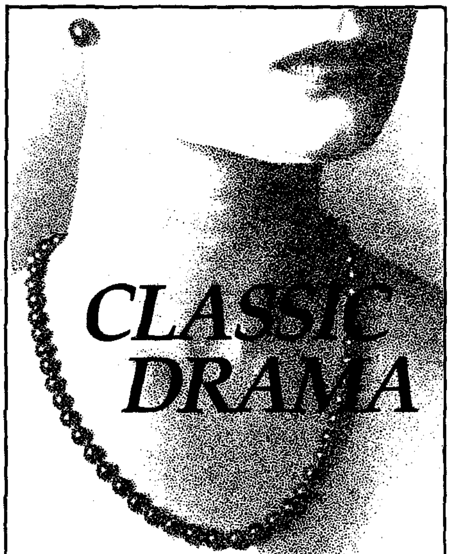

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pan. I contributed the much discussed salad, which Deeds—in a move so out of character that it alarmed me—ate with enthusiasm.

Sunday morning, I was awake before dawn. The throbbing in my shin had kept me from sleeping well. I heated some water for coffee and sat at the table in a state of somnolent inattention until I realized that I was cold. I put on a sweatshirt and warmed my hands in the steam that was billowing from the pot on the stove. The coffee Deeds had brought was freeze-dried and tasted bitter to me, and I threw most of it on the ground. There was nothing to do but go fishing.

On every fishing trip, I reach a point of mechanization, when the routine of each day becomes automatic, much like the routine of a commuter who has a regular train to catch. I trudged forward on my bad leg, down a trail to the river. It looked black. Not a stitch of light had hit it yet. The boulders I touched were chilly and damp. I came at last to a tongue of rock that extended into the river for ten or twelve feet. I took a nymph from my fly box, but I dropped it in the water, because my fingers were stiff from the cold. I watched it vanish, sucked downstream into some rapids. The second nymph I managed to tie on right. I cast it toward an alder on the opposite bank, then let it drift into the middle of the McCloud, quartering my line.

I must have been casting for twenty minutes before the sun finally rose. It struck me like a flame. In another twenty minutes, I was so warm that I stripped off my sweatshirt and tossed it on the rock. My casting fell into the hypnotic rhythm I'd been after at Hat Creek, obliterating consciousness, and I had one of those rare moments of epiphany which come when you're entirely open to them. I lost any sense of the McCloud as a specific river. It began to recapitulate every river I'd fished, to exist briefly as an absolute form. The water stopped being merely water and became instead an adjunct of my body, so that I was joined to it in a steady flow. The moment didn't last very long, but that was all right. That was fine.

We broke camp late that afternoon. Deeds judged the trip to be a success, even though he'd seen four other anglers during our stay. I enjoyed the canyon for its splendor and isolation, but I told Deeds that I wasn't ready to give up on the trout of Hat Creek. I wanted another shot at them some-

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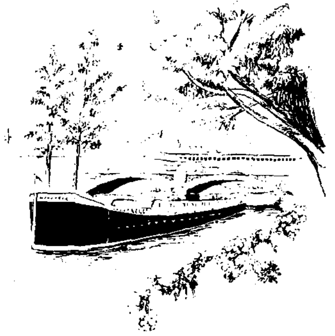

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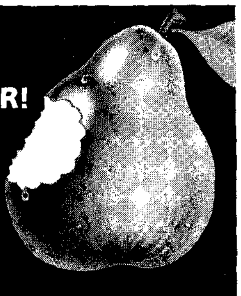

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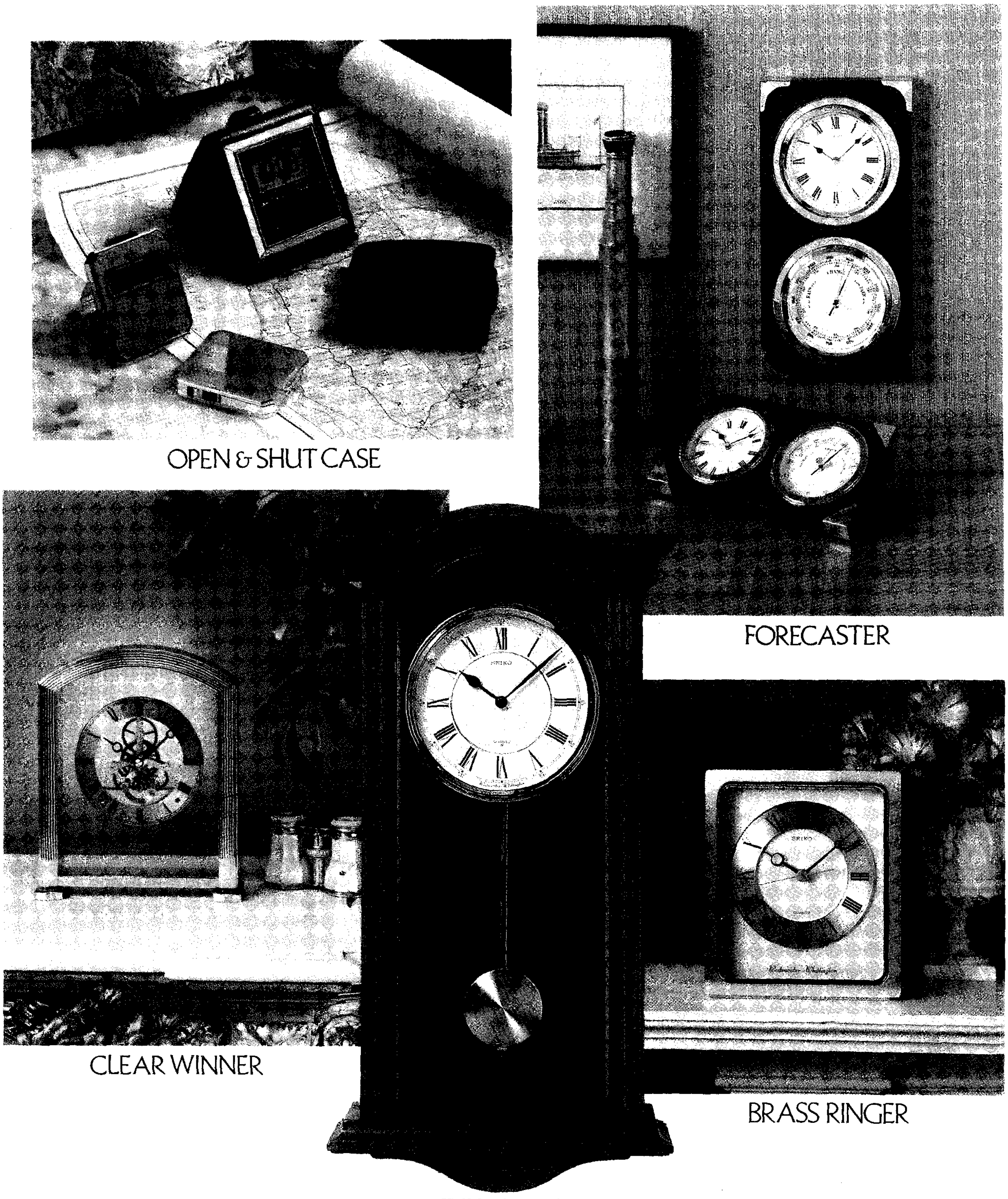

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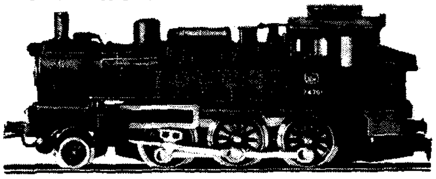

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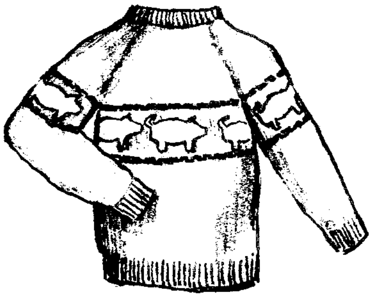

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day—crowd or no crowd. Our drive out was as rough as our drive in. We stopped at a bar in McCloud, and I bought Deeds a Diet Dr Pepper for the road. When the bartender asked if we'd been fishing or hunting, Deeds said, "Fishing," and then he added, in the manner of a boy who has tried but failed to contain his pride, "I caught a Dolly Varden."

Driving back to San Francisco, I was uncommonly aware of traffic, blinking lights—complexity. I got home just before midnight. The punk rocker who'd rented the dilapidated studio apartment in the garage of my building was practicing his drums again. I'd made it clear to him in the past that he had to quit the drumming before somebody strangled him, so I was surprised that I was able to speak to him without feeling my hands twitching toward his throat. Upstairs, I ran myself a hot bath. I had a scratchy throat and a runny nose. The bruise on my shin had turned the exact color of an eggplant. On my forearms I had a rash of pimples that looked suspiciously like poison oak. None of the damage really bothered me, though. Flesh matters so little to a happy man. —BILL BARICH

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE EDUCATIONAL SCENE

[*Memorandum to the Faculty Senate of West Virginia University*]

Re: Spring Break Reschedule Update

In the fact that the last proposal was rejected, the students of West Virginia University feel that not enough attention was directed to the effect that a tournament of this prestige would bring to the City of Morgantown and the University. By moving Spring Break forward one week and altering departmental plans to the week of the Atlantic 10 Tournament. Participation in all events will be at a higher level than if the Spring Semester were to be left untouched. As all of you can more clearly see, both event plans would benefit faculty, staff and students of West Virginia University.

I must also remind the Faculty Senate of the steps towards faculty improvement that the students have made recently. First, although a small amount, the student body of WVU were the only ones to vote for the Faculty Improvement Fee (SB 301). In addition, by moving the student section in the Coliseum, faculty members now have more seats available on the lower concourse.

At this point in time, we ask for cooperation in helping all the factions involved in higher education. Without the help of the faculty in this situation, there may arise difficulties in further relationships. As the representative of the Student Administration, I respectfully submit this proposal to the Faculty Senate.

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.*)

Uptown Local, Downtown Express, by James Stevenson (*Viking, $15.75*).

Over the past eighteen years or so, Mr. Stevenson has written and illustrated, in pen and ink, brief reports on various aspects of life in this city—a chocolate shop on upper Broadway, rooftop water towers, manhole covers, shadows on West Forty-sixth Street. Most of the reports appeared anonymously (fooling nobody) in our Talk of the Town department, and here are thirty-one of them, properly credited and bound in hard covers.

An Amateur's Guide to the Night, by Mary Robison (*Knopf, $11.95*).

Thirteen contemporary stories in which settings and dialogue are presented with great clarity, as if to give the inattentive, disjoined characters a last chance to find their bearings.

Caution: Small Ensembles, by Edward Koren (*Pantheon, $9.95*).

Mr. Koren's creatures, furry and otherwise, busily act out (in word and deed) the fatuities that cross his path. There are ninety-two drawings in this album, and all of them first appeared in these pages.

Third Helpings, by Calvin Trillin (*Ticknor & Fields, $12.95*).

Mr. Trillin continues to seek good and/or exotic foods in such out-of-the-way places as Opelousas, Louisiana (dirty rice); Buffalo, New York (chicken wings); Tokyo (sushi); and Reading, Pennsylvania (potato chips). His suggestion that spaghetti carbonara be substituted for Thanksgiving turkey is a token of the revolutionary spirit that pervades this series of reports.

At the Bottom of the River, by Jamaica Kincaid (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $9.95*).

An evocation of a Caribbean childhood in the form of ten short stories, each of them a blend of memory, mystery, and fantasy. Seven of the stories originally appeared in this magazine.

Overnight to Many Distant Cities, by Donald Barthelme (*Putnam, $13.95*).

Interviews with survivors of lightning bolts, Goethe as a metaphorist and bore, dialogues of disconnection, Captain Blood wondering what his mother thinks of him, meetings of the Rat Committee, abulia, lists, kingdoms, personae afloat on the Sea of Hesitation—such are the ingredients in Donald Barthelme's ninth collection of short (sometimes very short) stories.

The Biggest Game in Town, by A. Alvarez (*Houghton Mifflin, $13.95*).

The town is Las Vegas; the game is poker as it is played by the high rollers and "suckers by choice" at Binion's Horseshoe Casino, in Glitter Gulch—twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. Mr. Alvarez, a low roller, is both participant and reporter, recording his impressions of the players and describing the tense World Series of Poker.

Jelly Roll, Jabbo, and Fats, by Whitney Balliett (*Oxford, $17.95*).

"Nineteen Portraits in Jazz" (of the quick as well as the dead), in which many of the subjects are limned partly in their own words or the words of those who remember them; the descriptions of their music are entirely in the words of Mr. Balliett. He has also included essays on two influential French critics—Hugues Panassié and Charles Delaunay—who wrote mostly in the nineteen-thirties and forties.

In Suspect Terrain, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95*).

Mr. McPhee continues to explore (with head, hands, and feet) the New Geology. This is a report on his journey from the New Jersey Highlands to the Indiana Dunes, in the company of a geologist named Anita Harris, from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, who, tough of mind and skeptical of temperament, casts a wary eye on such recently accepted theories as plate tectonics.

Moon Deluxe, by Frederick Barthelme (*Simon & Schuster, $15.95*).

Frederick Barthelme's characters—loners or, at best, semidetached—can be found in drive-ins and supermarkets and shopping malls, in station wagons or Subarus, or around the pool of the Santa Rosa Apartments. The women are rampant; the men, while not precisely couchant, could certainly be described by a heraldic term for "obliging." There are seventeen stories in this collection—the author's first—and they are set in small suburban towns largely in the South or West; thirteen of the stories first ran in this magazine.

Hugging the Shore, by John Updike (*Knopf, $19.95*).

Nathaniel Hawthorne, John O'Hara, Vladimir Nabokov, Roland Barthes, Henry Green, L. E. Sissman, and E. B. White are among the many authors considered, appreciated, and criticized in this collection of literary essays of assorted sizes and weights which Mr. Updike has written for this magazine over the past eight years. He has added a sprinkling of brief, humorous pieces.

The Moons of Jupiter, by Alice Munro (*Knopf, $12.95*).

Miss Munro's heroines are women of dauntless spirit, saddled by intrusive memories, who have been stopped in their tracks (perhaps just sidetracked) in their pursuit of love. The settings are various places—urban or rustic—in present-day Canada. Of the eleven short stories in this collection, five first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Along the Edge of the Forest, by Anthony Bailey (*Random House, $15.95*).

Mr. Bailey here reports on the people he met and the places he visited (occasionally at some risk to himself) as he travelled the length of the Iron Curtain, through Germany and Austria, from the Baltic to Trieste. Along the way, he describes a couple of dramatic escapes from E to W, saluting the stalwart, resourceful escapers.

Sister Age, by M. F. K. Fisher (*Knopf, $12.95*).

On the jacket of this book is reproduced an unsparing portrait of an old woman, which Mrs. Fisher bought in Zurich in 1936 and has carried with her on her travels ever since. The painting has become a reassuring talisman of aging, and is, in a sense, the presiding spirit of this chronological arrangement of short stories and recollections.

Going On Like This, by John Rolfe Gardiner (*Atheneum, $12.95*).

The setting, more often than not, is a small town in Virginia; the circumstances are—or should be—cozy, but the mood is uneasy. Among the many characters are a pair of fifteen-year-old lovers who try, hand in hand, to cross an eight-lane expressway, and a gun-toting old derelict who keeps turning up in the middle of the night. Nine of the sixteen short stories in this collection first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Avocado Is Not Your Color, by Edward Frascino (*Penguin, $3.95*).

Mr. Frascino—drawing pen in hand, tongue in cheek—places on display a hundred and six of what he chooses to call "scenes of married bliss."

Takes, by Lillian Ross (*Congdon & Weed, $14.95*).

A selection by Miss Ross from the reports, of assorted sizes, that she has contributed to our Talk of the Town department over the past twenty-five years or so. The subjects include John Huston, Ralph Bunche, Burt Bacharach, a Halloween party for thirteen-year-olds, a variety of barbers, Edward Albee, and Adlai Stevenson. Her introduction is a fervent salute to reporting itself.

Court of Memory, by James McConkey (*Dutton, $14.95*).

This contemplative memoir in the guise of a novel presents its author as professor (at Cornell) and as son, husband, father, brother, and friend. "For we are the totality of our pasts," he writes, "we lose nothing, and each day is the summation of everything that has preceded it." Nine of the twenty-one chapters in the book ran as short stories in *The New Yorker*.

Freud and Man's Soul, by Bruno Bettelheim (*Knopf, $11.95*).

Sigmund Freud's meanings and intentions have been distorted and made distant in his English translations and in the Latin and Greek terminology inflicted upon him, Dr. Bettelheim asserts. His aim in this essay is to rescue Freud from his translators in order to restore his clarity and, above all, his humanity.

In Constant Flight, by Elizabeth Tallent (*Knopf, $11.95*).

There are eleven love stories in this collection, all of them set in some spot or other west of the Mississippi, and all of them compounded of precise details and intense, fly-by-night feelings. Six of them originally appeared in this magazine.

B. Tobey of The New Yorker (*Dodd, Mead, $16.95*).

The warmly observed world of Barney Tobey, as displayed in more than a hundred and twenty cartoons of events—public and private—which he has drawn for this magazine over the past thirty-five years.

Overdrive, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (*Doubleday, $16.95*).

A week in the life. This journal, a compendium of pensées, capsule memories, and anecdotes, is a record of boundless activity by Mr. Buckley at his house in Stamford and at the *National Review's* office, in New York; of his teeming social life; and of prodigious amounts of work accomplished in the back seat of his limousine and on airplanes. Parts of the book first appeared in these pages.

Watch Time Fly, by Laura Furman (*Viking, $14.95*).

The young men and women in these stories are at a point in life when they are waiting for the next thing to happen to them. When it does, we see them struggle to make the best of things and are often surprised by the results. Seven of the ten stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Politics and Money, by Elizabeth Drew (*Macmillan, $11.95*).

A somewhat expanded version of Ms. Drew's reports from Washington on what she calls the New Road to Corruption. She subjects to close scrutiny the "great rivers of money . . . essentially unaccounted for, and legally questionable, flowing into both our congressional and Presidential elections," which "threaten to wreck the law providing public financing of Presidential campaigns" and to destroy democracy itself. In a final section, she suggests some ways to repair that law.

The Complete Stories, by Franz Kafka, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer (*Schocken, $22.50*). John Updike has written a brief, discerning foreword to this collection.

The Complete Poems, 1927-1979, by Elizabeth Bishop (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.50*).

The clear eye and heart and the perfect pitch of the late Miss Bishop are here made manifest time after time. Of a total of a hundred and forty-one poems and translations in this anthology, fifty have never before been collected.

Imaging Saturn, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $19.95*).

A report on the Voyager flights to Saturn by our own spaceman at NASA. Illustrated with color and black-and-white photographs.

More Collected Stories, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House, $17.95*).

Twenty-four of them, selected by the author from those in his previous volumes.

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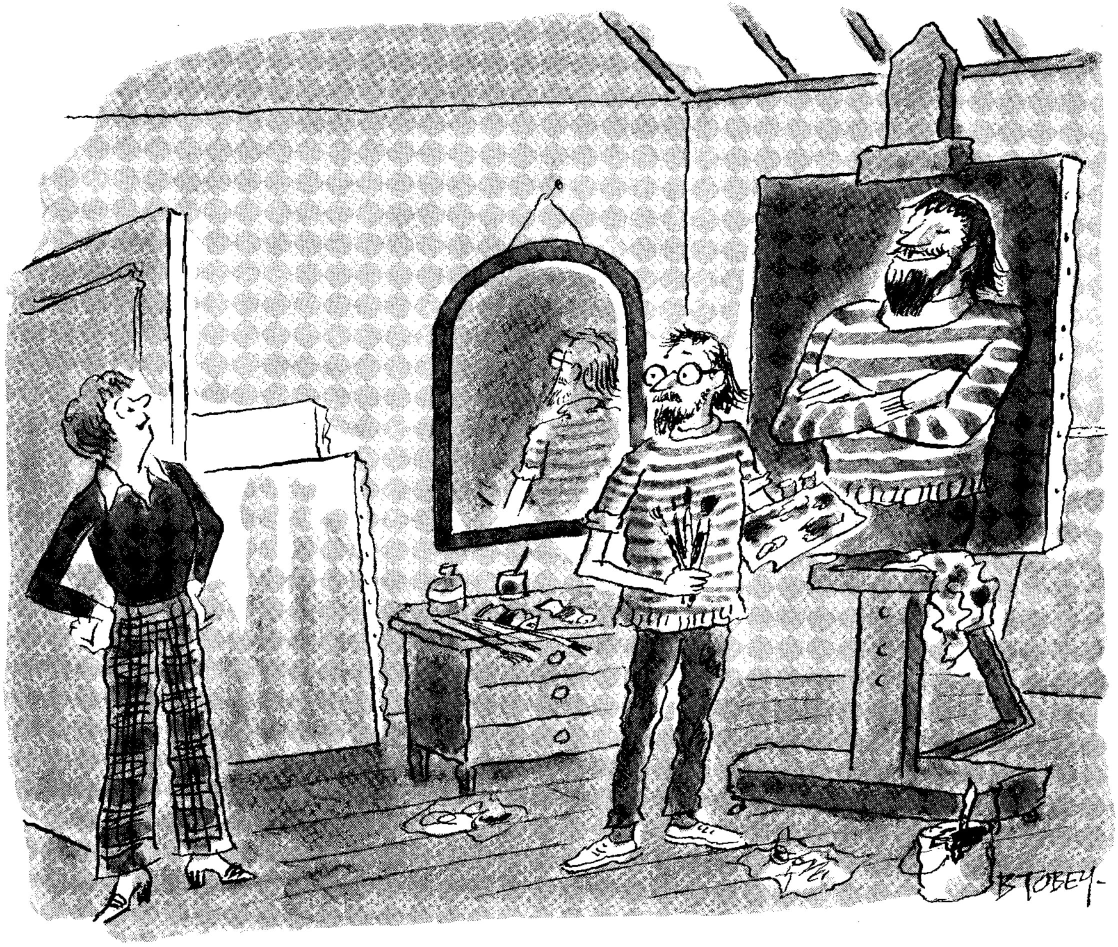
THE THEATRE

Growing Up

"DOONESBURY," at the Biltmore, is a pleasingly modest little musical that brings to the stage many of the characters made famous in the syndicated comic strip of the same name. Garry Trudeau, who invented Mike Doonesbury while still an undergraduate at Yale, drew the strip from 1970 to 1982, when he brought it temporarily to a halt; it was then appearing in over seven hundred newspapers here and abroad and was said to be enjoying a readership of sixty million. Few monarchs have ever abdicated in the face of such evident popularity, but Mr. Trudeau is said to have felt that he and his assortment of characters had been outdistanced by time and circumstance and would do well to pause and regroup. Be that as it may, here they all are on Broadway—Mike, Boopsie, Mark, Zonker, and the rest—in their usual state of high-spirited confusion; if the undergraduate world is often vexing and perplexing, the world that lies beyond commencement, charged with capitalist malice and political inanity, is one they would rather jeer at than be obliged to enter. Part of the ignominy of growing up consists in having to pretend that what is painful is funny; to graduate is to lose ground in the very act of gaining it.

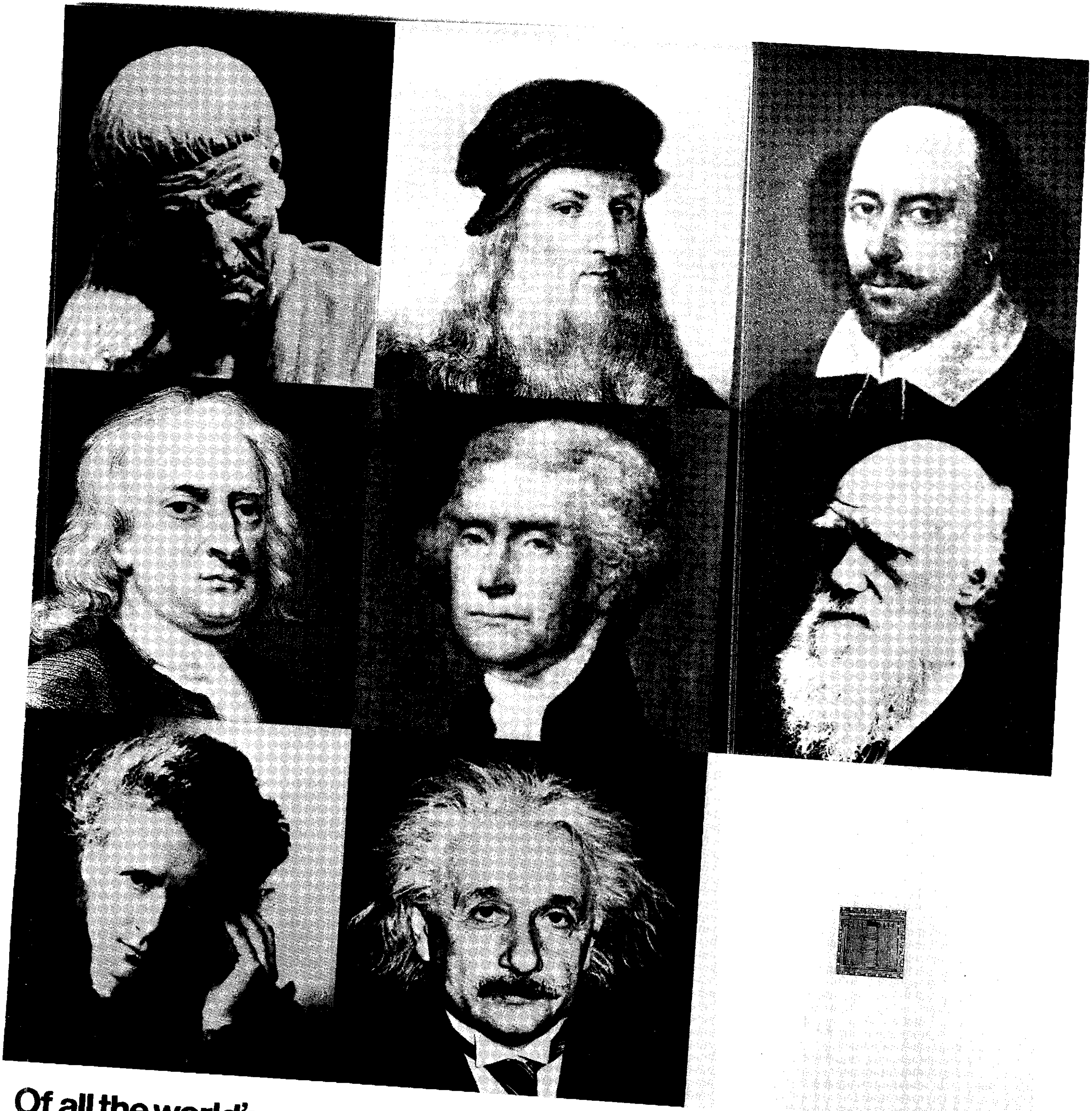
Mr. Trudeau has written the book and lyrics of "Doonesbury," and Elizabeth Swados has written the music. The lyrics have an elegance and incisiveness rare in contemporary musicals, and they go well with Miss Swados's pretty tunes—especially in "Get Together," which celebrates Mike's ineptitude as a lover, and in "Another Memorable Meal," which celebrates his ineptitude as a cook. Truth to tell, the plot of "Doonesbury" is like a rickety coatrack, upon which only the lightest of garments can be hung without the risk of its collapsing. Mike and his girlfriend, J.J., dare to contemplate marriage; J.J. and her mother dare to contemplate achieving an affectionate family relationship instead of an adversarial one; and a wild man named Duke, always sky-high on drugs, dares to contemplate demolishing Walden Puddle, the ramshackle off-off-campus house in which Mike and his companions have spent their undergraduate years. In the last scene, Mike et al. receive their diplomas in a fashion that implies a happy ending, though what actually awaits the group is surely an infinite series of unlooked-for mishaps.

The cast of "Doonesbury" is exceptionally well chosen. Gallantly smiling even in extreme distress, Ralph Bruneau makes a marvellous Mike; he is the classic good-hearted bumpkin, upon whom the blessings of Heaven should rightly fall, though dead cats have always proved more numerous. Kate Burton is perkily assertive as J.J., and Gary Beach is excellent as the roaring and ranting Duke. Reathel Bean serves as a suavely phony TV correspondent and provides as well uncanny imitations of President Reagan's voice in offstage broadcasts. Laura Dean, Mark Linn-Baker, and Albert Macklin are full of bounce as Boopsie, Mark, and Zonker, respectively. The scenery is by Peter Larkin, the costumes are by Patricia McGourty, the lighting is by Beverly Emmons, and the mercifully gentle miking is by Tom Morse. The choreography is by Margo Sappington, and the direction is by Jacques Levy.



"Alfred, I always did like you in that turtleneck."

"MARILYN," a musical that opened last week at the Minskoff, has been created on a colossal scale; the sets, vast and elaborate, bear little relationship to the sad little story that is unfolded against and beneath and within them. How Marilyn Monroe dreamed of becoming a movie star, and became a movie star, and how her fame then proved to be but gall and ashes to her is by now a cautionary tale that has been told too many times; with each telling comes an added taint of vul-



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garity. The book of "Marilyn"—called, in the program, a libretto, in itself an unexpectedly vulgar touch—is by Patricia Michaels, who can tell us nothing about her heroine that has not been published again and again in the most simple-minded of movie magazines. The music and lyrics, which meet the standard set by the book, are by a quintet of what in Hollywood are sometimes called tunesmiths—Jeanne Napoli, Doug Frank, Gary Portnoy, Beth Lawrence, and Norman Thalheimer. Alas, the smiths have hammered out no singable tunes, though they have written a lyric that contrives to rhyme "hidden" with "been in"—an achievement as remarkable in its rarity as a dinosaur egg.

The cast is headed by Alyson Reed, who valorously attempts to strike some note of humanity in her portrayal of Monroe. Not a word of dialogue, not a single lyric gives her the slightest help; whatever she accomplishes is hers alone. The scenery, which is technically adroit, is by Tom H. John, the flamboyant costumes are by Joseph G. Aulisi, the lighting is by Marcia Madeira, and the strident, overbearing sound is by T. Richard Fitzgerald. The director and choreographer is Kenny Ortega. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Voice from Abroad

"A Private View," at the Public, is a program of three brief one-act satires by the brave dissident Czech dramatist Vaclav Havel. Each of them is an encounter centering on a character called Vanek, who is plainly based upon the author himself. The first two plays are set in 1975, shortly before Havel was sent to prison for protesting to the government on behalf of human rights; the third was written in 1978, shortly after his release, when he was employed in a brewery, pushing empty barrels around.

"Interview," which opens the evening, takes place in the office of the Head Maltster, who is seated at his desk when Vanek enters after being summoned from his work. The maltster, pouring himself beer after beer, and getting drunker and drunker, first warns Vanek about the people around him and then, after circling the point of the interview for quite a while, offers him a promotion to an office job on a couple of conditions: first, that he bring a famous actress to the factory to meet the maltster, and this Vanek agrees to do; and, second, that Vanek prepare his own secret report on his activities for the maltster to present to the authorities, and this Vanek refuses to do. The maltster, bursting into sobs, delivers a tirade on the intellectual's contempt for the poor workingman and then passes out, his head on his desk. As Vanek is about to go, the maltster wakes up; having forgotten all that has gone before, he greets Vanek and begins the interview over again.

In the second play, "Private View," Vanek, all but down and out, visits a prosperous couple—his former best friends—in their new flat, which is furnished to the brim with artistic atrocities. The couple offer him bourbon from America, offer to play him new rock records, and offer him boundless advice on how to be as rich and happy as they are. (One way, of course, is to get rid of the "failures and has-beens," the dissident troublemakers who are Vanek's colleagues.) Angrily, he starts to leave; there are sobs and hurt feelings, and he returns. All ends with hugs and kisses and recorded music.

In "Protest," Vanek has been sent for by a successful writer of television scripts who is worried to death about being overheard or spied upon or stepping out of line. He begins by saying how much he admires Vanek's courage and envies his conscience. He then tells Vanek that a young songwriter, who is his daughter's lover, has been arrested for outspokenness, and that the scriptwriter needs Vanek's help. Vanek takes a protest, already prepared, out of his briefcase, and the rest of the play is given over to Vanek's attempts to persuade the writer to sign it, and the verbal and intellectual squirming of the writer, who, of course, refuses to do so.

The performance of these plays, in the impeccable translation of Vera Blackwell, is itself impeccable, under Lee Grant's direction. Miss Grant is able to maintain the correct tone and the European Absurdist style from beginning to end, with an able American company. As Vanek, the one sane figure in a world gone mad, Stephen Keep (who looks like a young Joseph Papp) spends much of his time listening, and he does so with dramatic intensity. The other actors are Barton Heyman, Concetta Tomei, Nicholas Hormann, and Richard Jordan, and all of them are good. The scenery is by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut, and the costumes are by Carol Oditz.

Of Circle Repertory's "The Sea Gull," at the American Place, it can at least be said that the play is there, enclosed by John Lee Beatty's enchanting scenery and leafy circular scrim. Can it be that "The Sea Gull," which has always seemed the most fragile of Chekhov's four great plays, is actually indestructible? Even if so, there are many flaws in this production, under Elinor Renfield's humorless direction. Barbara Cason seems much too hard on Mme. Arkadina, making her more harridan than prima donna, and depriving her of all charm—even fake charm (what can Trigorin *see* in her?); Richard Thomas's muted Treplev is without any fire or desperation; and there is no irony in Robin Bartlett's gloomy Masha, who surely is meant to find herself somewhat ridiculous. On the other hand, Jean-Claude van Itallie's translation sounds fluent and serviceable; Judd Hirsch, the Trigorin, is convincing as an attractive, successful writer who is always realistic about himself and his shortcomings; Katherine Cortez is an appealing, forthright Nina (nothing wistful about this girl); and Michael Higgins, Dennis Patrick, and Michael Ayr do well as Sorin, the doctor, and the pathetic schoolteacher, respectively. (Mr. Ayr does especially well.) But it is Mr. Beatty who is the star of this production, and his name should appear above the title.

—Edith Oliver

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "First and Last Murder," by Robert Leigh*]

I followed Ronny through the door and into a reception area that had a cloakroom leading off from it at the back and a plain black desk at which sat a blonde with hair as brilliant as cold moonlight. She wore a low-cut dress of dull green velvet above a white and composed face.

•

Grace Mitchell of Rockport began her career in child care in 1933 when she put her son, lawyer F. Lee Bailey, in a basket and began knocking on doors looking for prospective customers. Child day care has come a long way in half a century. So has Grace Mitchell.—*Gloucester (Mass.) Daily Times.*

And Bailey?

DANCING

Americans from Abroad

"Love Songs," presented by the Joffrey Ballet, works very hard at affronting the audience, and, in fact, part of the audience at the Joffrey's opening in Los Angeles last spring *was* affronted; the other part applauded demonstratively. In New York, the piece plays to a different public—one whose sensibilities have been conditioned by the Joffrey's cultural trendiness. "Love Songs" has to do with women's anger. It's a suite of dances, mostly solos and duets, that focus on women, and because it uses a lot of flailing paroxysmic movement that doesn't make the women look attractive some observers concluded that its intentions were anti-feminist. That, I think, is giving the choreographer, William Forsythe, more than he deserves. He may well lack sympathy for the women he depicts, but his manner of depicting them is so unoriginal and so inflexibly violent that it couldn't express a viewpoint if it wanted to. The ballet has nothing to say about women except that they are angry; it takes a theme that has persistently resounded in the media and exploits it on the most reckless media-inflamed level. "Love Songs" (the ballet is subtitled "Side One—Old Records" and uses a score consisting of songs recorded by Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick) is as shallow and self-celebrating as "Astarte" and "Trinity" and all the other Joffrey ballets that have plugged into the audience's awareness of and identification with media issues and pop fashions. These productions don't deepen our understanding of the issues and the fashions; all they do is inform people that the attitudes circulating throughout our culture can also be found at the ballet—they're a come-on.

The Joffrey attracted a new audience with this kind of product, and it has held on to the more serious-minded by offering two other kinds of product: revivals of famous old ballets and premières of works by new—radically new—choreographers. Although its reputation was formed by the salable sensational novelties, the company actually keeps three repertories in balance, shoring up its pop image on both sides. In a single evening, the Joffrey can attract three publics—the balletomanes, the avant-garde, and the media-aware, just-curious-about-ballet crowd. The problem is that these publics swiftly tire of one another. In the end, it's the people for whom a company must reflect what they read in the papers and see on television who remain the Joffrey's steadiest customers. After a season or two, these initiates may move up to Fokine or over to Laura Dean, but they can still feel connected to their original impulse by the publicity about "ballet booms" or the newsworthiness of avant-gardists like Dean. And, as the Joffrey faithful can move from one repertory to another, a Joffrey choreographer can appeal to more than one public. It happens that only one—Twyla Tharp—has ever done so successfully. "Deuce Coupe," her Beach Boys ballet, fed the company's early-seventies preoccupation with the youth cult and was at the same time a wild and witty, genuinely novel piece of work. Ten years later, we have Forsythe regaling us with the sex war and doing it in an idiom that is transparently Tharp's own—one that embraces her Joffrey period (not "Deuce Coupe" so much as "As Time Goes By") along with her current essays in movement terrorism. Forsythe's version of Tharp is highly simplified, to be sure, and is colored throughout by his ballet background. He likes the cliché of long runs ending in a split jeté quite as much as he fancies the Tharpian off-balance twist-pirouette in low arabesque, and he doesn't pass up the opportunity to make the women's pointwork look as painful as Cossack toe-dancing. Still, a Joffrey audience can justifiably murmur, "It all comes from Twyla."

"After all, spending money hand over fist is the only luxury we allow ourselves."

The fact that Tharp herself never used her vocabulary politically, the way it is used here, is irrelevant. It's interesting—a sign of the times—to see idiomatic Tharpisms turning up as normative expression in a Joffrey protest ballet. It would have been more interesting to see these usages absorbed by a choreographer of means (as Paul

Taylor absorbed certain usages of Martha Graham's). Forsythe lacks fluency—he's all short, sharp thrusts, blatant jumps, loops within loops within whorls that maunder unstoppably—and he lacks scope. A short plumpish girl does the first flailing solo and is followed by a long lanky girl doing much the same thing, with no modification in shape or attack; later a young hopeful girl dances against the grain emotionally, but the movement keeps to the same repetitious pattern. In the two pas de deux, the men are brutal, and the single male solo is just the tables being turned: observed by a woman (as the women were observed by men), this man grinds his pelvis, lashes into his turns with the same pent-up fury as the women, and ends with a by now predictable gesture of contempt toward the watching lover. The Joffrey dancers work as conscientiously as they did for Twyla Tharp, even though the movement makes them all alike. Tharp investigated movement; Forsythe incorporates results of those investigations. I'm not suggesting there's anything illegitimate in that—the growth of the art, after all, depends on a steady process of incorporation. And Tharp isn't the main influence on "Love Songs." I only wish that she were—that Forsythe, an American-born choreographer, could show himself closer to the roots of the idiom he has tapped here.

Forsythe's "school" isn't really American dance. Though he's a former Joffrey dancer, he established himself as a choreographer in Europe, working for companies like the Stuttgart and the Netherlands Dance Theatre, and his sense of characterization and continuity has Jiří Kylián stamped all over it. "Love Songs," his first production for an American company, is an adaptation of a ballet originally done in Munich. The New York première was followed by "Offenbach in the Underworld," an Antony Tudor ballet nearly thirty years old. The Joffrey acquired it in 1975, and this year it acquired a third Kylián work. The simultaneous presence of Tudor and Kylián did not make the aesthetic that they are said to share any easier for me to see. The coincidence of the Tudor and the new School-of-Kylián Forsythe showed that if any aesthetic connection existed it has now broken down. The hard-driving Joffrey dancers are scarcely the ones to resurrect the Tudor, which even when new must have seemed unreachably nostal-

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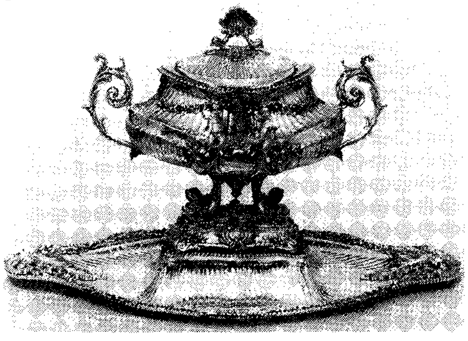

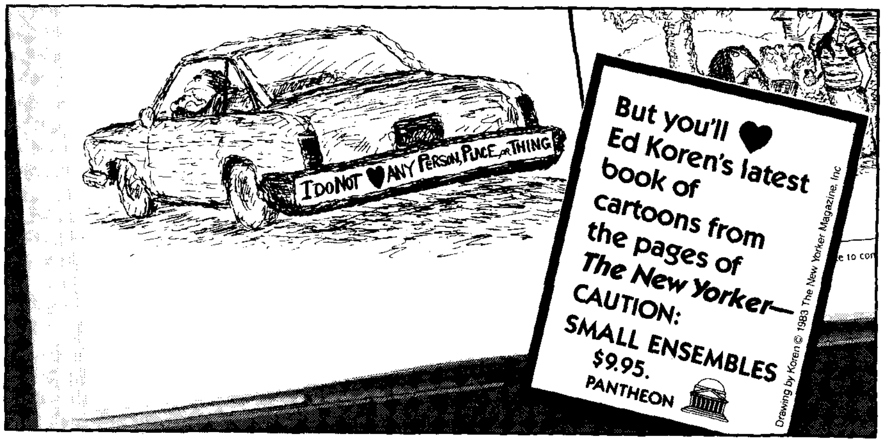
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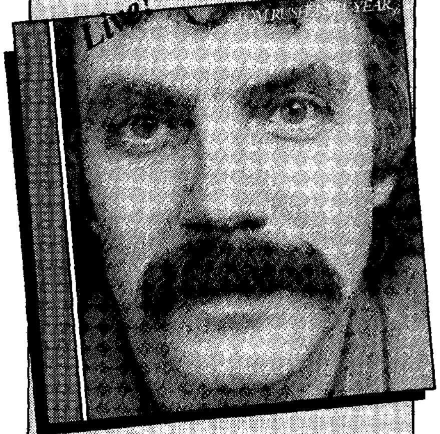

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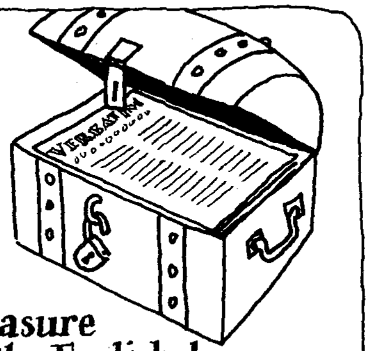

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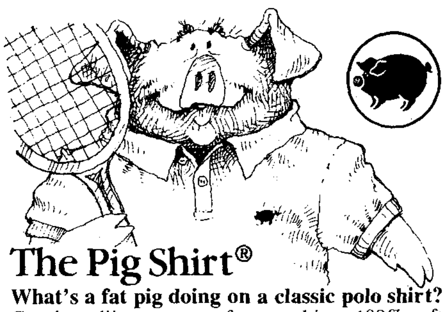

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gic—a softer, more imaginative remake of "Gaîté Parisienne." But in the can-can episode these dancers are exactly right. As English alehouse doxies (which Tudor's can-can girls inescapably are), they romp through their drills, giving themselves over to different effects of gracelessness and sluggishness and abandon. The subtlety under the coarse theatrics is Tudor's imprint; it makes the whole routine into a drama larger than its motive in the show. Here are women for whom the emotion of anger and its release in movement are only a starting point, and here is a standard of craftsmanship which once informed the Anglo-European dance tradition and seems now to be dying away. Tudor was really saying something about these women; it wasn't a great utterance, but it made "Love Songs" seem pipsqueak protest indeed.

There was also a Joffrey commission, "Square Deal," in which Forsythe continued his assault on the audience and confirmed—if, after "Love Songs," confirmation were needed—that his primary interest really isn't dance. "Square Deal" uses dancers as facets of a cubistic configuration involving lights, voices, sound, words, and non-words. There's a set composed of portable screens on which headlines are fleetingly projected, and the action jerks along in discontinuous fragments punctuated by blackouts. At first, it all seems to be a parody of the cuteness and smartness of the avant-garde, but the parody gets swallowed by Forsythe's apparent need to prove himself cuter and smarter. Irony is a weapon aimed at the audience, never at himself. The scenario, which doesn't develop and doesn't become clear, appears to revolve around the creation of the piece we're seeing, and Forsythe has his mouthpieces onstage deliver running critiques, such as "It's a blend of the new realism and the old artifice," as if this were what the audience is thinking and aren't we fools. Tactics like this are too cheaply abrasive to administer the shock of the new. Another mistake was to set the whole piece, thirty-five minutes long, in terms that work only for the first five minutes; "Love Songs" has the same defect. Even a choreographer who is a nag at heart should know better. "Square Deal," this season's daring new work, was probably meant to antagonize New York the way "Love Songs" antagonized Los Angeles, but all it mustered was a few boos and a weary round of applause. The

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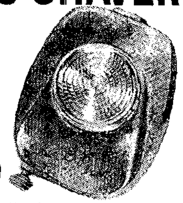

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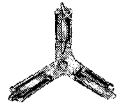

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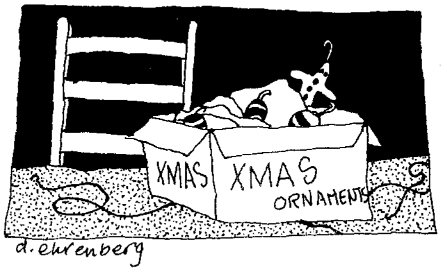
fastidious technological effects with which the piece was equipped deserved a great deal more.

CAROLYN CARLSON is another American choreographer who has made a name working in Europe—mainly at the Paris Opéra, and now at La Fenice, in Venice. With her company from the Fenice, she made her local début, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, dancing an evening-long piece called "Underwood." The set suggested an American pastoral scene; the Italian voices that called out from time to time suggested it was not to be taken literally. Perhaps Miss Carlson was going back in her mind to Oakland, her birthplace; perhaps there is an insane asylum in Oakland like the one portrayed on the stage, where women run about in their slips and try to dump each other out of rocking chairs. Or perhaps Miss Carlson is interested in the Theatre of Exorcism, in which a great many American women choreographers have run about in their slips casting off emotional burdens. One spends the evening at "Underwood" slipping from one vagary to another: Where are we now? What doing? What's in those boxes? Who's that in the rocking chair? One seeks clues to a puzzle, and one is wrong to—these are only formalist conceits. The Theatre of Exorcism blends with the Theatre of Ritualism and grows quainter. At any moment, the simple mad folk on the stage may erupt into squads of robots doing one step over and over hard on the beat, for all the world like the step done just last week at this very theatre. Nobody here but us postmodernists catching the Next Wave.

"Underwood" is constructed out of two—at least—incompatible systems of movement. The implication that there is a repetitious ritualistic content in expressionistic dance and an emotive force in the plain ritualistic walking, stepping, and running of radical anti-expressionistic dance is not unfascinating, but Carlson's amalgamation of the two systems is highly indecisive. Sometimes she just appears to



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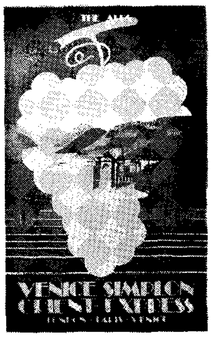

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have settled arbitrarily on one system for instituting dramatic meanings and another for taking them away. Which does which is a toss-up; this choreographer puts *all* terminology in doubt. In Act II, she comes out in a floppy straw song and sings a hat. A former Nikolais dancer, Carlson still performs for the most part in a style that keeps the extremities in play with no noticeable motivation from the center of the body, and her long thin limbs and long thin torso make a further spectacle of the style. As "Underwood" goes on, she becomes more and more isolated (the other dancers are far from capturing her movement) and more and more fraught with possibilities, but she stays fraught. She has made what in old-fashioned modern-dance terms would be an Ophelia piece. The bouts of minimalism, the ritualistic pieties, the chopsticks music —all that is Ophelia's new clothes.

—ARLENE CROCE

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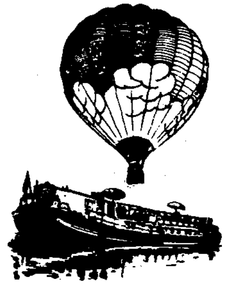

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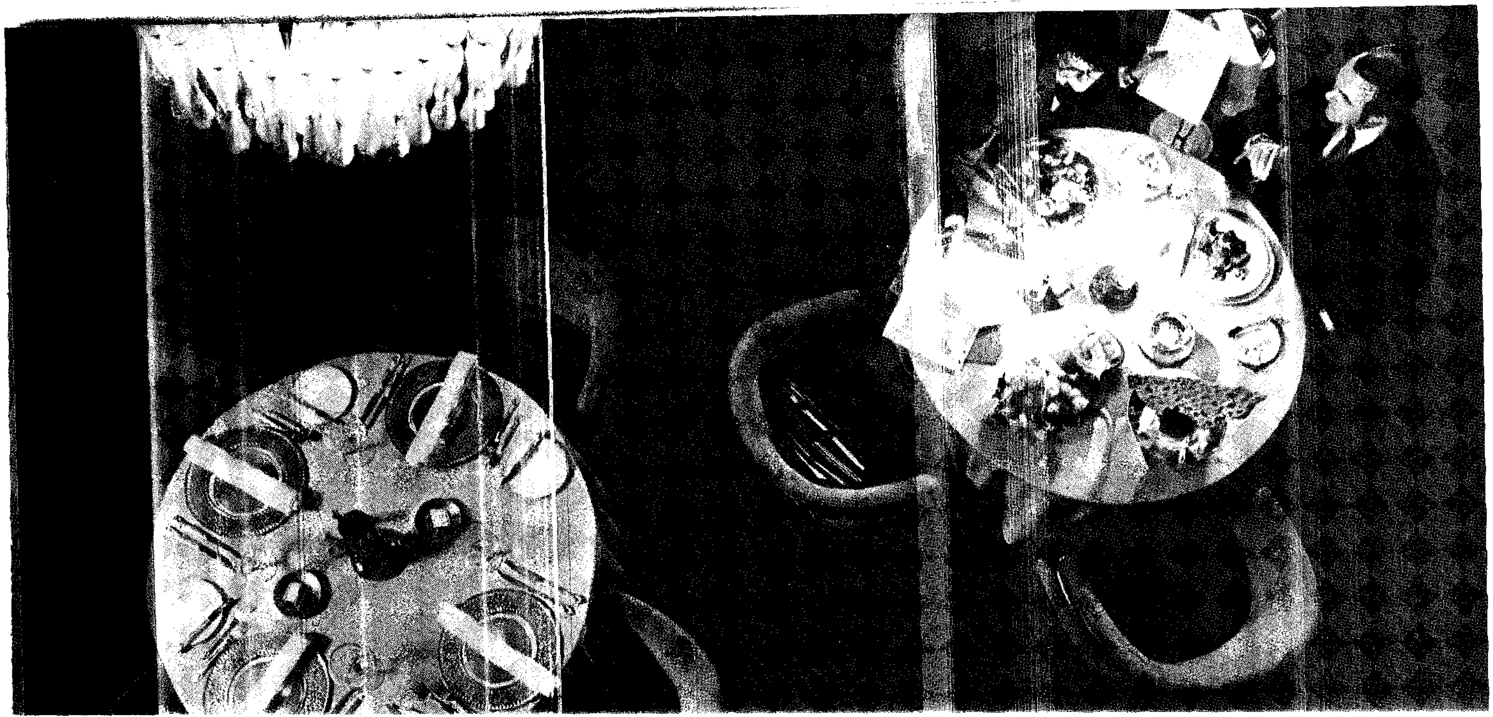

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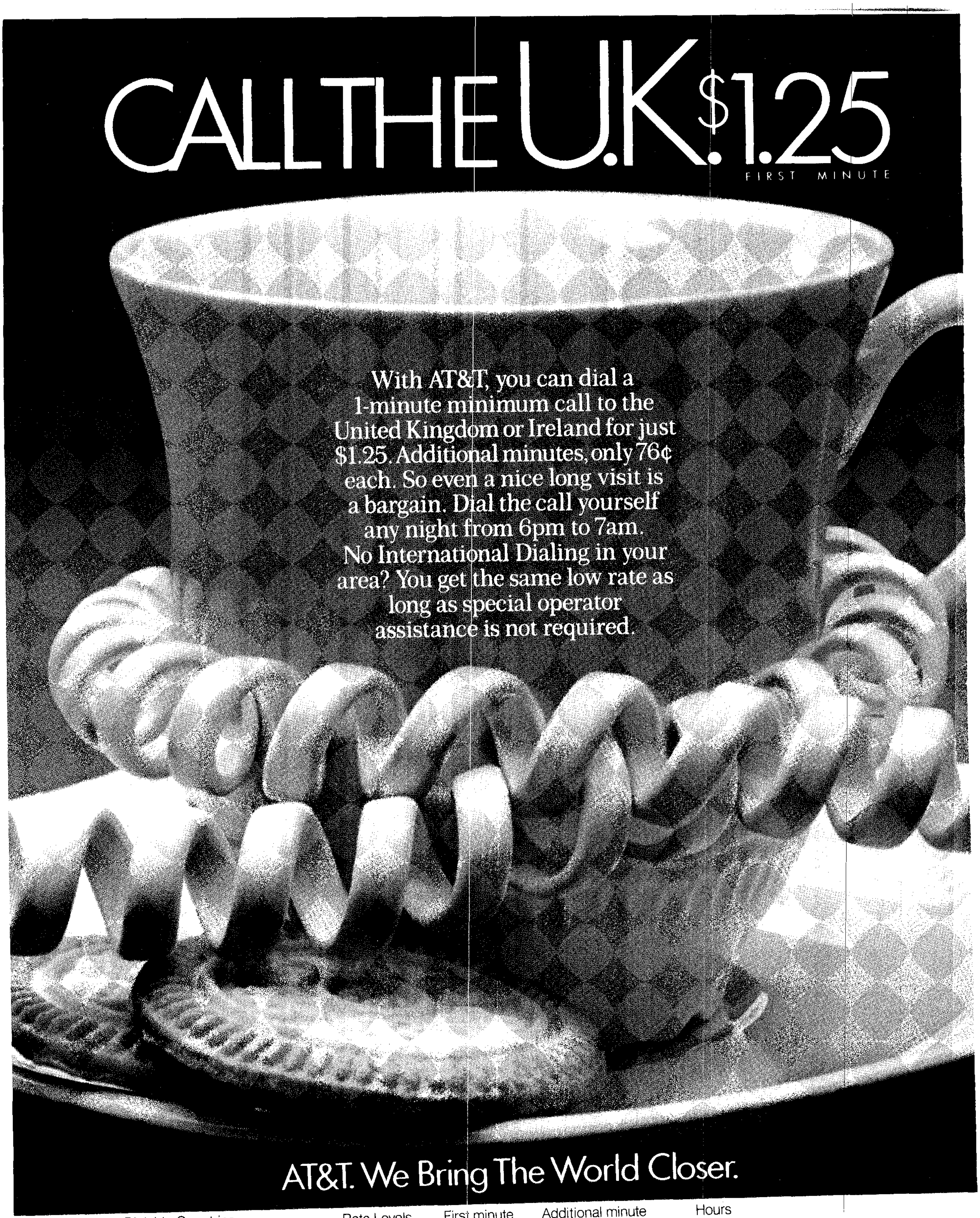

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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

LAST December, *Booklist*, a journal of the American Library Association, published the results of a poll in which children across the United States chose their favorite books. Of the fifty books selected, assorted titles by Judy Blume, an author whose controversial works have brought her fame in the last decade, won first place, second place, third place, fifth place (E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web" was fourth), tenth place, thirteenth place, seventeenth place, twenty-seventh place, thirty-third place, and thirty-ninth place. Only three of Blume's twelve novels for children failed to make the list. Blume showed a clean pair of heels to such longtime winners as Shel Silverstein, a specialist in comic verse; Walter Farley and his Black Stallion; Beverly Cleary's much-loved Ramona; Tolkien's Lord of the Rings; and Laura Ingalls Wilder's Little House. Blume's "Superfudge," a novel for ten-year-olds, at the top of the list, was almost twenty times as popular as the once-invincible Amelia Bedelia, who came in last. Librarians sending in ballots commented that "Blume fever" was universal. At the Riyadh International Community School in Saudi Arabia, "Superfudge" won hands down.

The results of the poll were disappointing to the *Booklist* editor who conducted it. She was saddened, she wrote, to find very few votes for poetry (except Silverstein), for fairy tales (except "Cinderella"), or for classics ("Little Women," "Tom Sawyer," "The Secret Garden," and "Mary Poppins" were barely in the running). Some of the librarians who forwarded the children's ballots appended "notes of adult despair and even embarrassment" occasioned not only by Blume but by the calibre of the entire list. The *Booklist* editor sought to console them by pointing out that things could be worse: a Dalton Bookstores best-seller list in February, 1982, consisted almost entirely of Strawberry Shortcakes, Smurfs, Disney, and Sesame Street spinoffs; only Blume, Silverstein, and C. S. Lewis managed to keep their heads above the tide of prefabs and bright-colored cardboard. "For those moments of frustration and despair, remember that as librarians and teachers you can be an influence," the editor counselled. "Dalton books are being purchased without benefit of caring teachers' and librarians' reading guidance—and the difference shows."

It is interesting that Judy Blume's early success was achieved without much help from teachers or librarians. Their evaluation of new books, published in trade journals, normally determines whether a book will be bought by schools and libraries. According to one of Blume's editors, Richard Jackson, of Bradbury Press, Blume's early books survived despite mixed reviews or no reviews at all. "What critics think about Judy and what kids think about her is a dichotomy we have lived with for a long time," he remarked when I phoned him recently to ask about Blume's publishing history. Fifteen years ago, Judy Blume was a restless housewife with two young children, living in Scotch Plains, New Jersey. She was taking a writing course, and was working on picture books for small children and on a short novel about a little girl's reaction to the arrival of a black family in her all-white, middle-class suburban neighborhood. After seeing a mention of Bradbury Press in a writers' magazine, Blume sent the editors the manuscript of the novel. They found promise in it and offered suggestions on revision. Blume was an eager pupil; in 1970, following a num-

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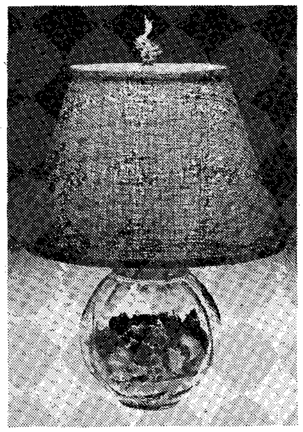

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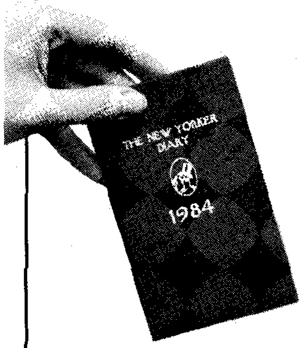
ber of rewrites, the book, entitled "Iggie's House," was published. *School Library Journal* damned it as "featherweight sociology." However, while revising "Iggie's House" Blume was writing a much better book, "Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret," about the emotional turmoil of a girl on the brink of adolescence. Whereas "Iggie's House" had a contrived plot, "Margaret" had no plot other than Blume's own vivid memories of the trials of transition. In keeping with the era of literary candor that had recently dawned even in children's books, Blume decided not to censor those memories. Margaret's thoughts are filled mainly with tremulous anticipation of menstruation. *Kirkus Reviews*, a powerful voice in publishing, disliked the theme. *Booklist* and the *Times* gave the book favorable but brief comment. *School Library Journal* called it "realistic" and commented on its "sincerity" but predicted that it would appeal to a limited group; i.e., girls approaching puberty. Blume's third novel, a year later, was a companion piece to "Margaret," telling of the tribulations of a thirteen-year-old boy plagued by sexual stirrings. Again Blume applied a formula of candid description. The book's title, "Then Again, Maybe I Won't," reflects the hero's uncertainty about practically everything. Meanwhile, inspired by a news item about a toddler who had swallowed his family's pet turtle, Blume had written the text for a picture book, which Bradbury declined, with a slight shudder, on the ground that the idea might be catching. Blume submitted the text to E. P. Dutton, where an imaginative editor, Ann Durell, saw in it the climax of a humorous novel. Blume obediently wrote "Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing," the rueful lament of a nine-year-old who finds his little brother unbearable. Reviewers liked the book, but it sold only modestly. By 1974, four more Blume novels had been published. None attracted great attention.

But in 1972 Dell had published "Margaret" in paperback, making it widely available to young readers without the intervention of librarians. Suddenly, Blume and her audience found each other. News that a book describing the ordeal of puberty without mincing words could be had for seventy-five cents spread through every sixth grade in the land, and probably through lower grades, to the dawn of literacy. Demand for "Margaret" continued to grow, and may have been



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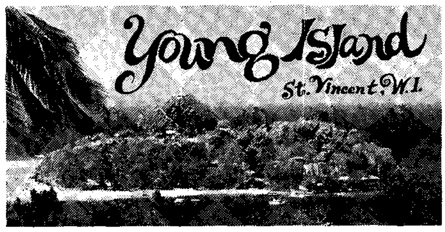

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increased by the publication, in 1975, of "Forever," a novel that is billed as a book for "Young Adults." Although books about lost virginity are not uncommon for older teen-agers, "Forever" dismayed parents and librarians because Blume's younger fans also rushed to buy it. Book-banners rushed to the ramparts. The controversy helped make "Forever" a best-seller. Since then, Blume has published four more novels, including an adult book, "Wifey." None have had rave reviews. None have been awarded any top prizes. All have been smash hits. Her early books have become steady sellers. The hardcover sales of all her titles total more than a million, but the true measure of her audience is indicated by her paperback sales, which have been estimated at twenty-seven million. That is a staggering figure for children's books. In 1981, the entire population between the ages of five and seventeen was estimated at forty-six million.

On my first exposure to Blume, a few years ago, I turned out to be immune to Blume fever. Her realism struck me as shallow, and I was put off by her knack for observing unpleasant details. Recently, I read her again, determined to find her magic formula, and I am now ready to amend my views. In a Judy Blume book, realism is everything. True, it has no great depth, but it is extraordinarily convincing. True, she includes unpleasant details—things we all notice but usually don't mention—yet they increase the credibility that is the source of her magnetic power. Blume's technique might be compared to *cinéma vérité*. She writes as though filming the landscape of childhood from the eye level of a child. She focusses on nearby objects and immediate events with a child's intense gaze, picking out details that evoke instant recognition. As in a play, dialogue carries the story along. It is colloquial, often funny, and always revealing. Blume doesn't waste words. Her stories are told in the first person—sustained soliloquies that are prodigies of total recall. Each book begins on a note of candor. We have the feeling of reading a secret diary—something the writer intended only for himself. Thus, it seems natural when usually private matters are included. Often, they are things that have to do with the dawning of sex, and though most are quite innocuous it is a shock to see them suddenly exposed in print. The effect is a mesmerizing intimacy, which convinces

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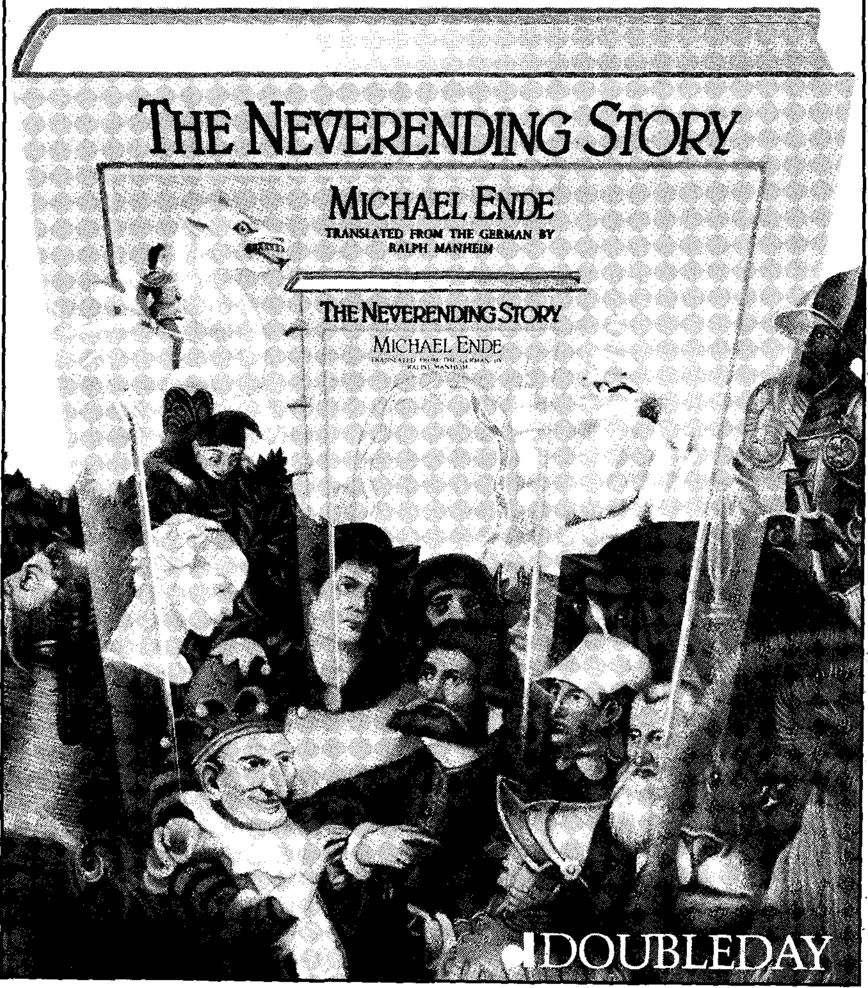

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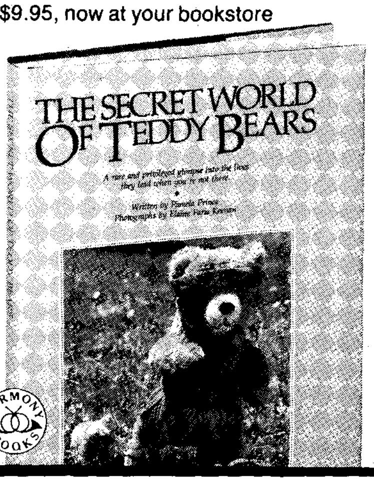

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Blume's readers that she writes the whole truth about what kids think and feel.

The heroine of "Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret" is nearly twelve. Her overriding concern is that she won't mature as fast as her friends, though her head is also filled with thoughts about school, the boy who mows the lawn, the question of whether to be Jewish, like her father, or Christian, like her mother, and new social experiences, which include a first party where kissing games are played. As Margaret confides in God (a device that rubs me the wrong way but that I learned to put up with), she gives Him a running account of events during this suspenseful time. She is conscientious, relating everything she deems important. Each detail has meaning. For example, her list of preparations for her first day in a new school tells us how eager and anxious she feels: "On Wednesday night my mother helped me wash my hair. She set it in big rollers for me. I planned to sleep like that all night but after an hour they hurt my head so I took them out. . . . I got up early but I had trouble eating. . . . I put on my new blue plaid cotton back-to-school dress. . . . I wore my brown loafers without socks. My mother thought that was dumb." Margaret refused to wear socks because her new friend Nancy had advised her that only drips wear socks with loafers. She arrives at school with blistered feet only to find that Nancy was wrong—half the girls are wearing knee socks. The school day moves on. Margaret is thrilled when Nancy slips her a note: "Secret club meets today after school my house —no socks!" At the meeting, Margaret finds the three other members are more worldly than she. Valiantly hiding her lack of sophistication, she subscribes to the club's covenants. Each member must keep a list of boys she "likes," use a secret name, and wear a bra to meetings. Margaret doesn't possess one. Buying it is a momentous experience. So is the club's next meeting, which begins with the members swinging their arms to the chant "We must—we must—we must increase our bust!" Inevitably, Nancy's brother and a friend eavesdrop outside the bedroom door. As the club members file out, the boys recite the chant, hooting with laughter. (Blume knows that one of youth's most terrible trials is vulnerability to embarrassment.) Little by little, the club peters out, but not before a meeting that discloses yet

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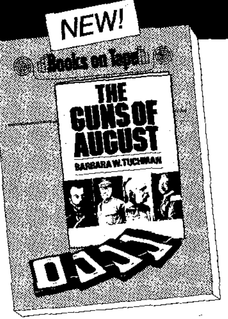

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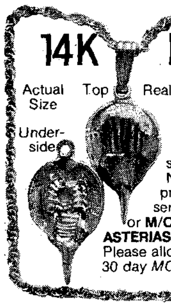

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another twelve-year-old secret—curiosity about the opposite sex. In Margaret's bedroom, with the door closed and a chair shoved in front of it, the members examine a purloined copy of an anatomy book. They open it to a diagram of the male body:

"Do you suppose that's what Philip Leroy looks like without his clothes on?" Janie asked.

"Naturally, dope!" Nancy said. "He's male, isn't he?" . . .

"Turn the page, Gretchen," Nancy said.

The next page was the male reproductive system. None of us said anything. We just looked until Nancy told us, "My brother looks like that."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"He walks around naked," Nancy said.

"My father used to walk around naked," Gretchen said. "But lately he's stopped doing it."

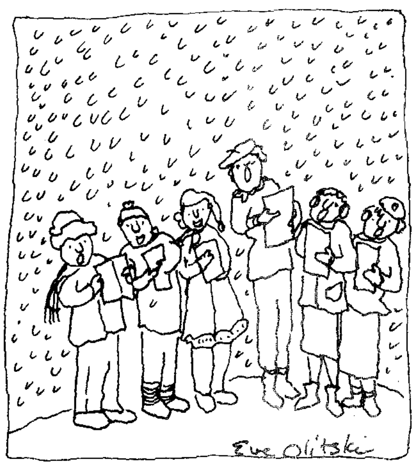
"My aunt went to a nudist colony last summer," Janie said. . . .

"What do you suppose they do there?" Gretchen asked.

"Just walk around naked is all. My aunt says it's very peaceful."

This scene and others like it are funny to us but strong stuff to a child reader—the junior equivalent of the tough, tell-it-like-it-is prose of countless adult novels today. It is easy to imagine the surprise of twelve-year-old readers as they recognize themselves caught doing and thinking things they usually conceal from adults. They must feel a chill go up their spine as they wonder "How on earth did she know?" Scenes like these shock some adults, too, who complain that sexuality pervades Blume's books. It does—but only to the degree that it enters most young minds. Except perhaps in "Forever," Blume imparts no illicit knowledge but merely fills in an area of adolescent experience usually left blank in print. And she does it with a bland openness that allows her to retort to critics, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

Blume is versatile. Her realism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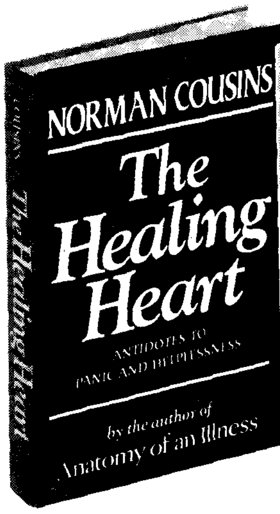
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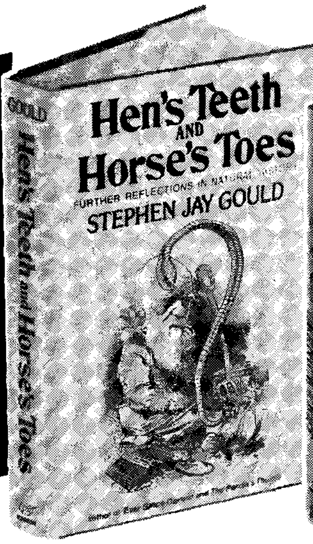
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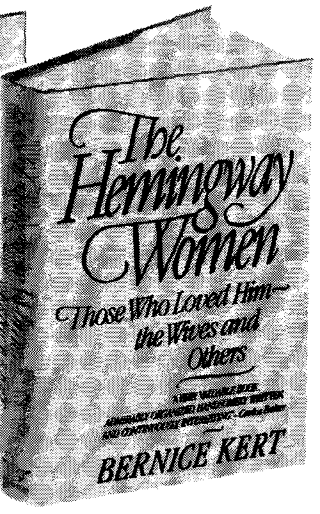
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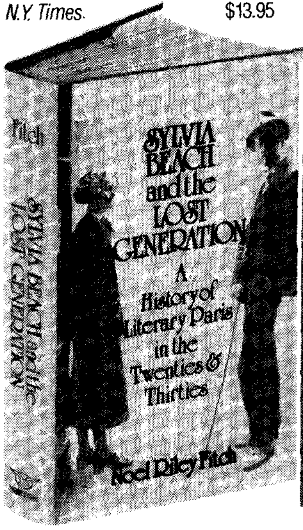
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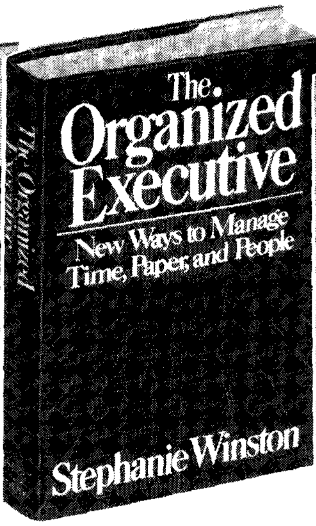
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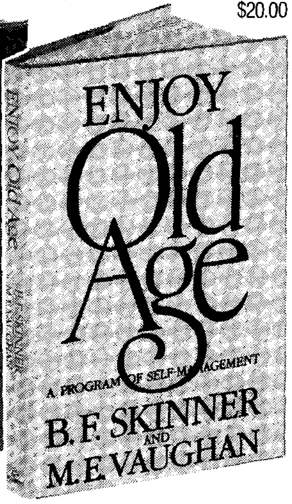
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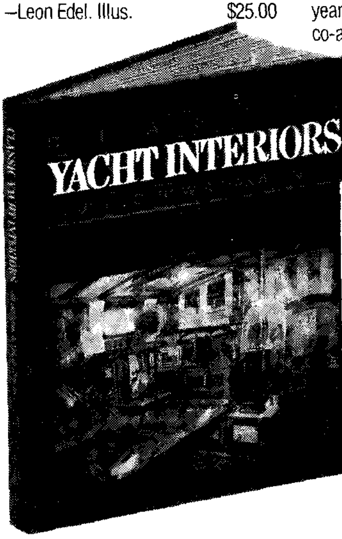
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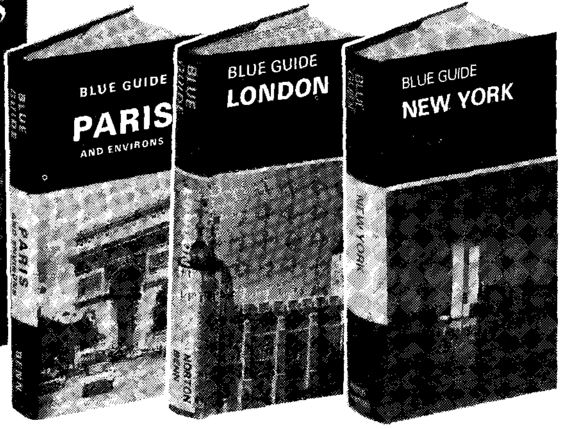
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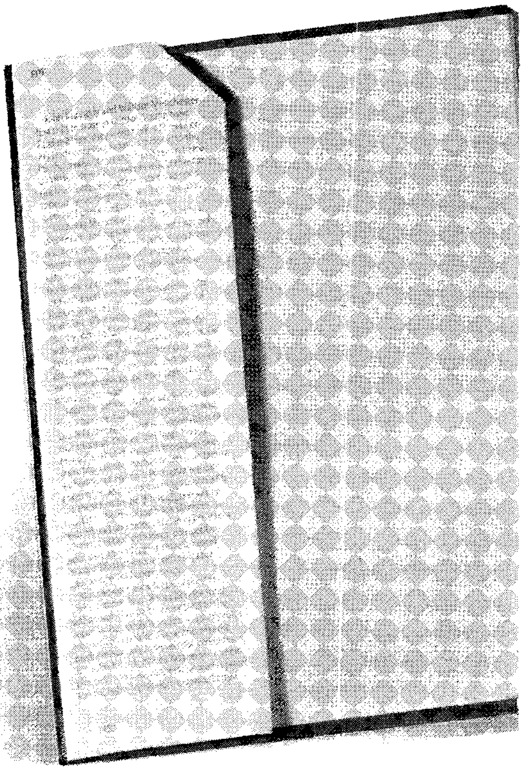

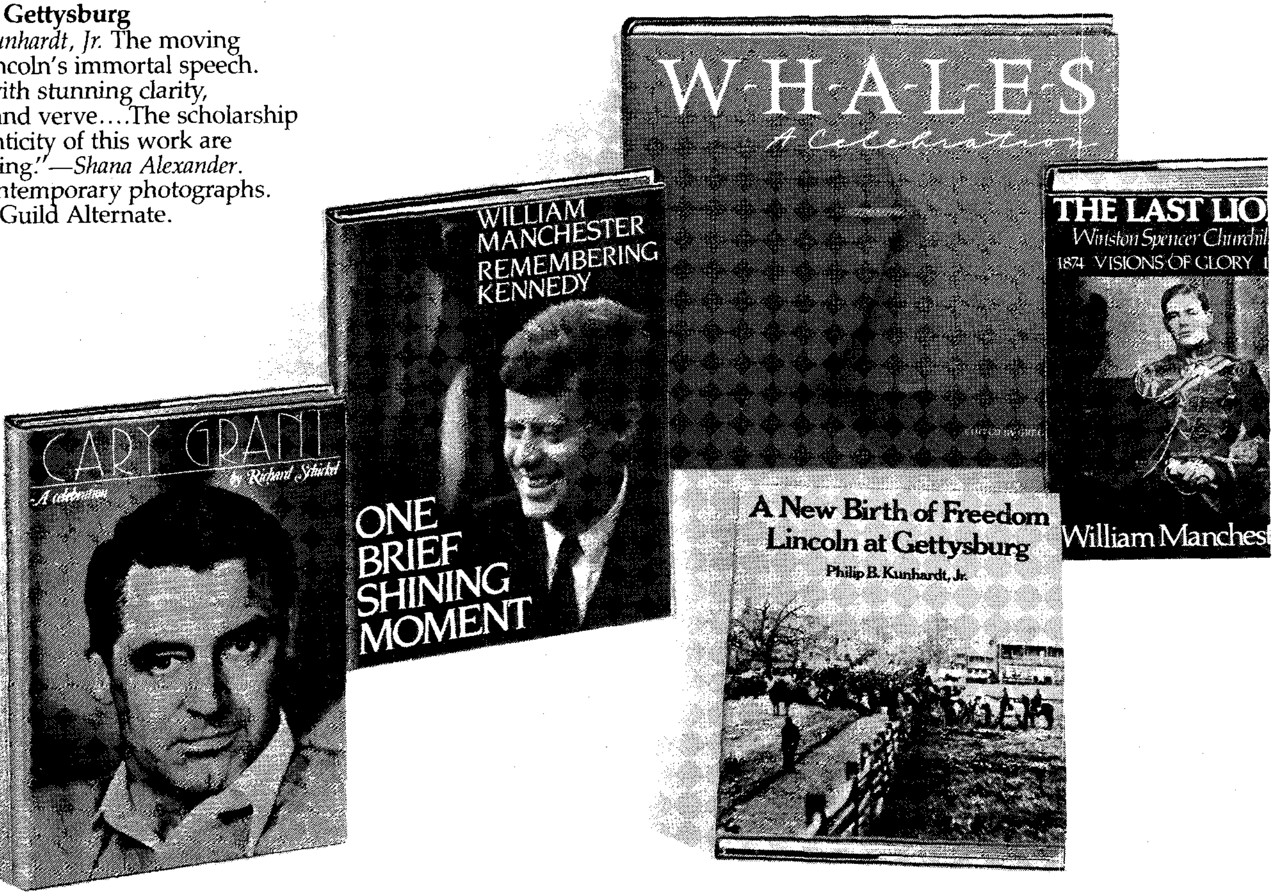
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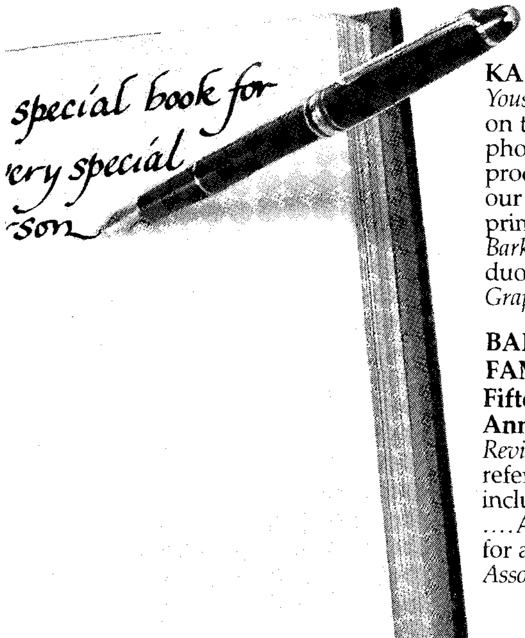
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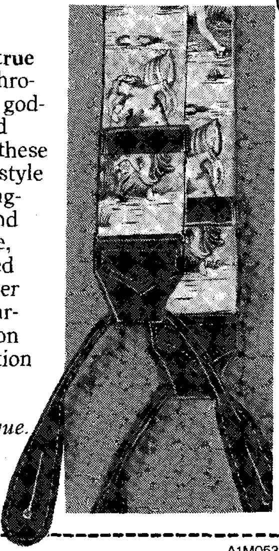

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serves equally well for comic effect in "Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing," the swallowed-turtle book. Kids always find breaking taboos and mentioning embarrassments immensely funny. "Fourth Grade Nothing" is a slapstick comedy of family life in which nine-year-old Peter is a victim of circumstance. His hitherto comfortable life comes unhinged when his parents produce a second child, nicknamed Fudge, on whom they foolishly dote. For Peter, life with Fudge is a series of indignities and inconveniences. His view of his little brother is unclouded by sentimentality. Here, for instance, he describes Fudge's third-birthday party:

> Ralph arrived first. He's really fat. And he isn't even four years old. He doesn't say much either. He grunts and grabs a lot, though. Usually his mouth is stuffed full of something. . . .
>
> Jennie arrived next. She was wearing little white gloves and party shoes. She even carried a pocketbook. Besides that she had on dirty jeans and an old sweater. Her mother . . . said she couldn't do anything with Jennie lately—especially since she had taken to biting. . . .
>
> Sam came last. He carried a big present for Fudge but he was crying. . . . Sam grabbed onto his mother's leg and screamed . . . We were ready to begin. We had an eater, a biter, and a crier. [I] thought my mother was slightly crazy for dreaming up the party.

Peter's account of family follies is continued in "Superfudge," in which he is further burdened by a baby sister. "Superfudge" is a compendium of small-boy humor. The high point may be an episode concerning a lady who is willing to pay Peter for collecting worms. She offers five cents a worm. Peter and his partner in the worm business speculate on what the lady does with them. Worm soup? Worm stew? Worm-and-cheese sandwiches? By the time they get to worm ice cream, they are doubled over with laughter. Worm jokes are not new, but they're surefire, and Blume seems to have a limitless store of similar touchstones of childhood. However, "Superfudge" is better than a mere joke book. The fun lies in Peter's dry wit, yet beneath his veneer of cynicism the reader can detect a warm emotional message as Peter unconsciously reveals his growing fondness for both little pests.

No report on Blume is complete without a look at "Forever," the book for which some critics have not forgiven her. "Forever" is the case history of a teen-ager's affair, in which Katherine, seventeen, deludes herself that she is truly in love and sleeps with

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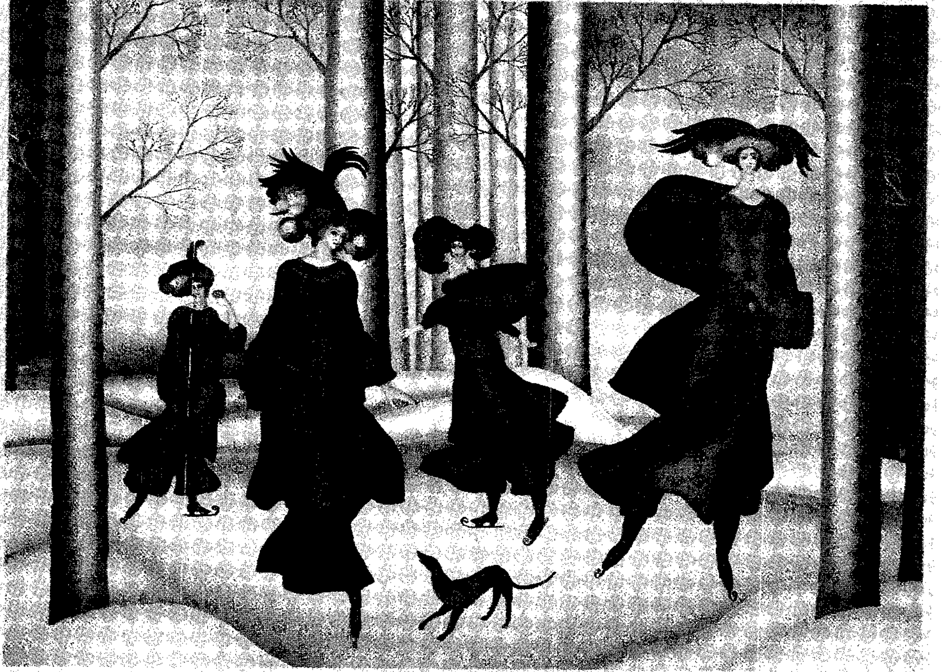

Promenade by Igor Galanin, from the cover of a recent issue.

When *The Yale Literary Magazine* was founded, Beethoven was completing the *Missa Solemnis*, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* appeared, and Emerson began his *Journal.*

The names of a few authors we have published since then — Rudyard Kipling, Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Vincent Benét, Thornton Wilder, John Dos Passos — show that some of our judgments have been quite timely.

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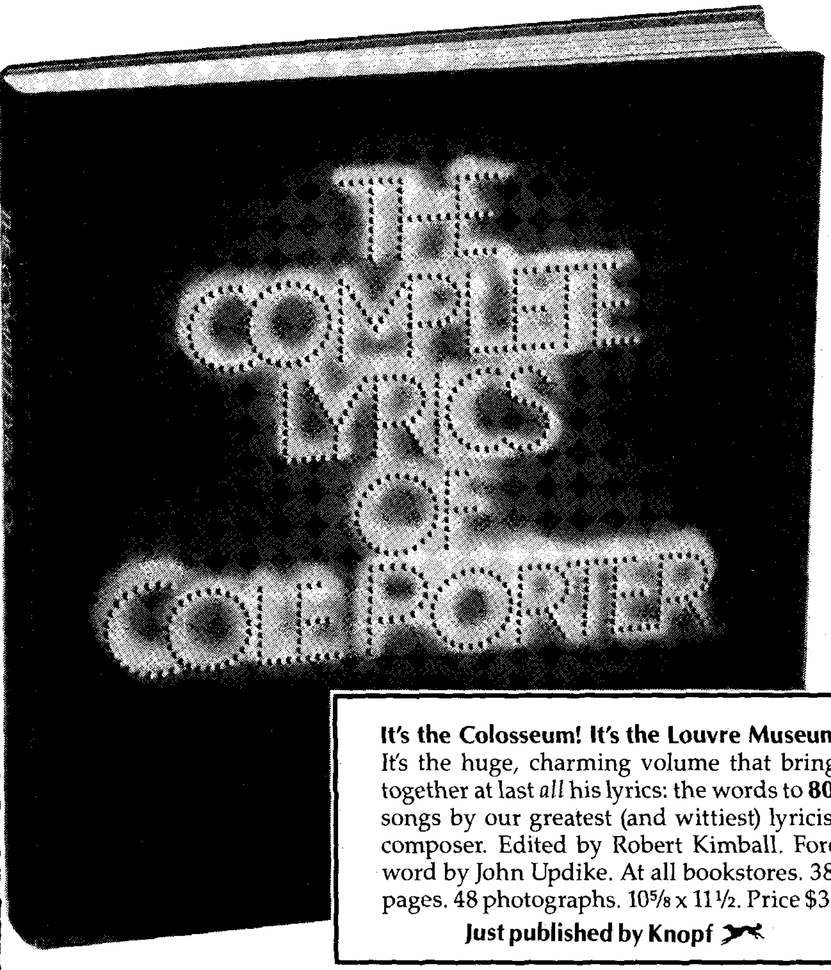
AB 3

Michael, also seventeen. Blume's description of what Katherine and Michael do in bed, and what Katherine feels, is a carefully worded answer to questions hygiene manuals fail to address. The affair ends when Katherine falls out of love and realizes emotions can be unreliable. I found the encounter one of the dullest on record, but it is easy to see that a naïve reader must find it fascinatingly revealing. It is equally obvious that such a book could kick up quite a storm.

Without the revelations of "Forever" and the small, stunning shocks that Blume sprinkles through her other books like nuts in a brownie, she might not have lured so many millions of readers, but she has also won her audience through honest work, superior craftsmanship, and a talent for recreating an evanescent period of life—the years from nine to thirteen. She writes about the loneliness of being young; about youthful secrets—fear, anxiety, longing, guilt. It is rough being a kid, she often says. Her kids are swept along by capricious currents. They struggle to keep their sense of humor, and to keep their heads above water. At the end of the story, they find their feet for a moment of equilibrium as they contemplate the next stage of life. I sympathize with the librarians who hate to see "Tom Sawyer" and the rest of the books we have all loved shoved off the shelves, but the times, not Blume, are to blame for that. I find much in Blume to be thankful for. She isn't scary or sick. She writes clean, swift, unadorned prose. She has convinced millions of young people that truth can be found in a book and that reading is fun. At a time that many believe may be the twilight of the written word, those are things to be grateful for.

IF this year's crop of new books is any indication, publishers don't share the librarians' despair. They've brought out a tremendous variety of titles—ranging from pop-ups for babies to new editions of the classics—evidently convinced that no matter how kids vote they'll still read good books. Scribners is continuing a series, begun several years ago, that reprints beautiful editions of the classics, with the original illustrations. This year's volumes are "Robinson Crusoe," illustrated by N. C. Wyeth ($17.95), and Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows," illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard ($17.95). Viking has a rival edition of "The Wind in the Wil-



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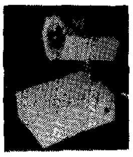

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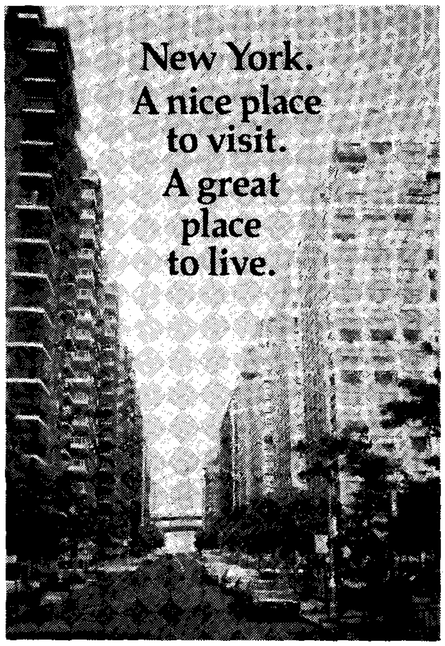

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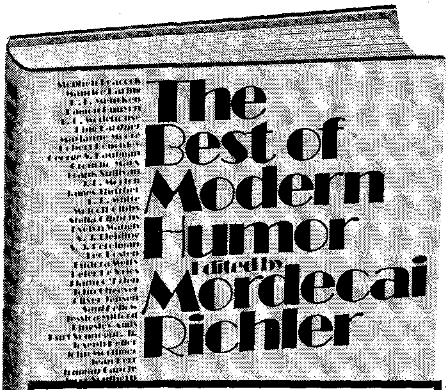

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lows," illustrated by John Burningham ($15.75). Those who were brought up on Shepard will like him best, but Burningham is also very good. The prices of these books give a clue to why mass-market and paperback publishers are gaining so much ground. A fairly small shelf of hardcover books for children can easily cost hundreds of dollars. Even a single picture book is not the casual purchase it once was, but for that reason it might be an even more important and welcome gift. Here, then, are notes on books I've liked, offered with confidence that there are many Christmas shoppers fortunate enough to have ardent young readers in mind.

The first list is a selection of picture books for children from lap size to seven or eight years old:

POPULAR NURSERY RHYMES (Grosset & Dunlap; $8.95). A generous helping of Mother Goose enhanced by explanations of the origins of her sometimes baffling verses. Best of all, there are more than two hundred classic illustrations, ranging from very early ones to the work of such masters as Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway. It is great luck to find so much in one handsome book.

WHO SANK THE BOAT?, written and illustrated by Pamela Allen (Coward, McCann; $10.95). Five friends—a cow, a donkey, a sheep, a pig, and a mouse—decide to go rowing in a very small boat. As each climbs aboard, disaster grows more imminent. The idea is funny, the pictures are splendid, and the easy text is just right for the very young.

THE WILD BABY GOES TO SEA, by Barbro Lindgren, illustrated by Eva Eriksson, adapted from the Swedish by Jack Prelutsky (Greenwillow; $9.50). There's no holding the Wild Baby once that raffish tyke from Sweden takes a notion to do something. This time, he sails off in a wooden box. Waves and monsters terrify his fainthearted crew, but the indomitable Baby finds each danger glorious fun. Other wild babies, wild mothers—even wild grandmothers—will be equally amused.

GRANDPA'S GREAT CITY TOUR: AN ALPHABET BOOK, written and illustrated by James Stevenson (Greenwillow; $10.50). Our old friends Louie, Mary Ann, and Grandpa arrive via Alligator Air Lines to find New York Amazingly transformed into an Alphabetical Adventure. Each scene has so much to figure out it may take a child until Easter—at which

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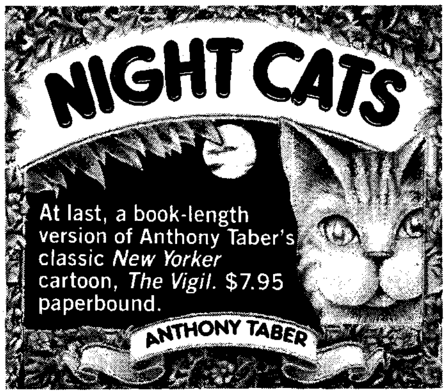

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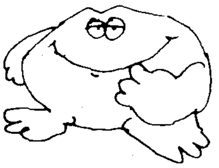

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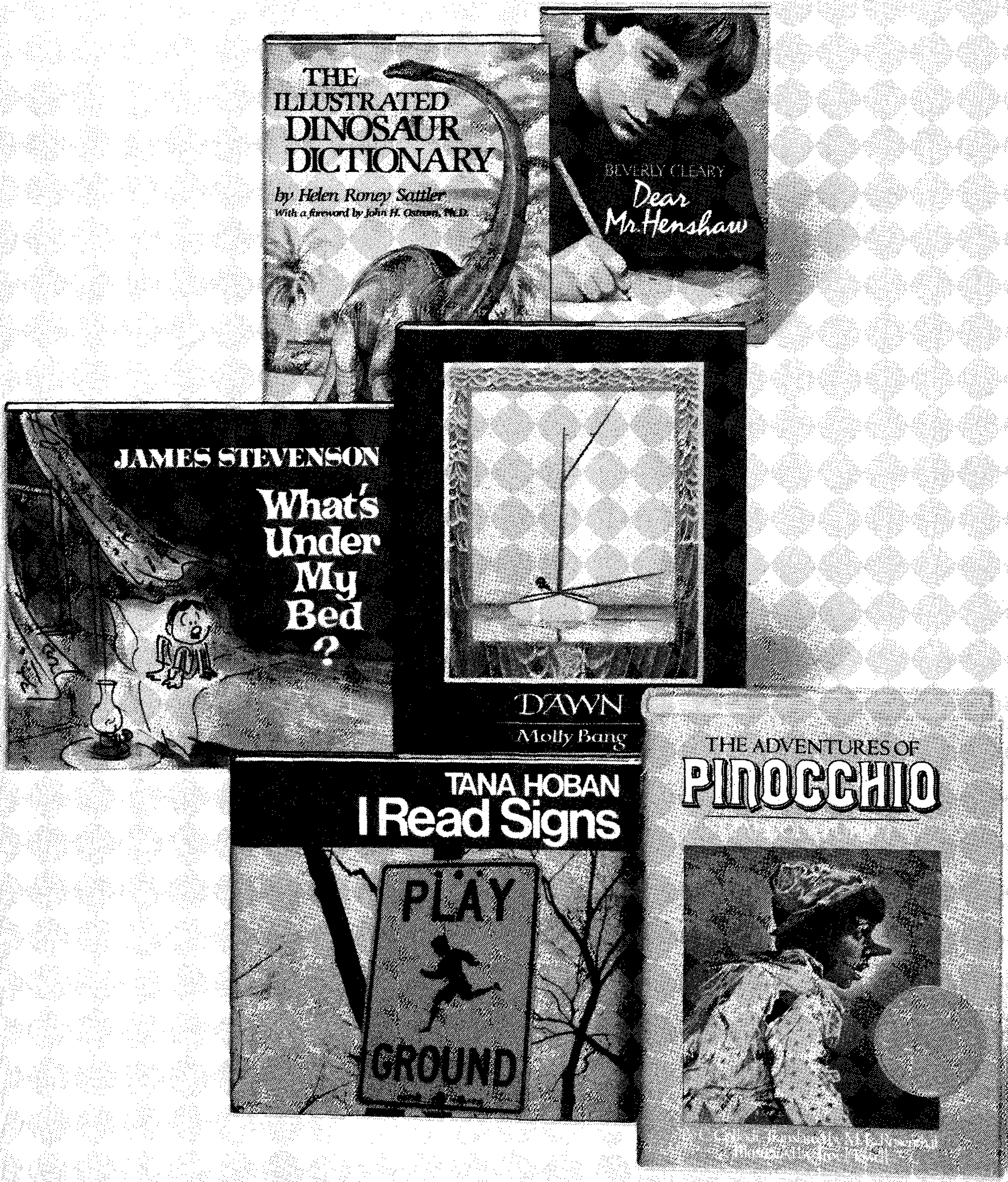
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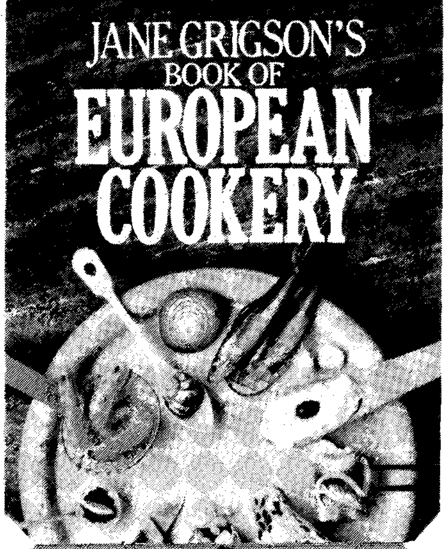

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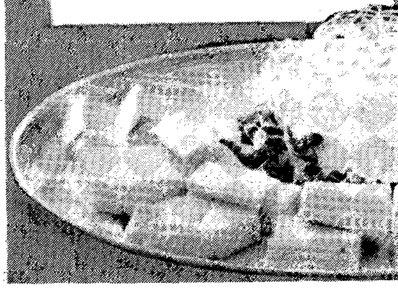

time he can read another book by Stevenson.

THE GREAT BIG ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL EASTER EGG, written and illustrated by James Stevenson (Greenwillow; $10.50). An especially funny new story told by laid-back Grandpa, who is always one jump ahead of Mary Ann and Louie. It concerns a trip to the Frammistan Mountains, home of a bird that lays the world's greatest eggs. Braving bears, blizzards, and sea monsters, Grandpa never loses his cool, and Stevenson never runs out of surprises.

ANGELINA BALLERINA, by Katharine Holabird, illustrated by Helen Craig (Potter; $5.95). A pretty book about a little mouse who dances all day long, driving her parents mad until they decide to send her to Miss Lilly's ballet classes. Angelina is charming in a tutu; her story is gentle and pleasing.

THE PIRATE WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE THE MOON, by Dennis Haseley, illustrated by Sue Truesdell (Harper & Row; $8.95). A totally weird tale about a fierce pirate whose wicked deeds know no end until he attempts the wickedest of all—capturing the moon. Funny-ugly drawings carry out an imaginative idea that leaves a moonlike afterglow.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO, by Carlo Collodi, adapted by Stephanie Spinner, illustrated by Diane Goode (Random House; $6.95). The story of the mischievous puppet who learns virtue the hard way wears wonderfully well. This abbreviated version makes fast, exciting reading for younger children who aren't up to the full text. It is well illustrated. (A complete "Pinocchio," for older readers, is listed in the next section.)

MATILDA JANE, by Jean Gerrard, illustrated by Roy Gerrard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.50). This story, in verse, of a little English girl's trip to the seashore is a vehicle for Roy Gerrard's absorbing, slightly eerie watercolors of busy Victorian scenes. His realism is accompanied by tricks of distortion that impart a dreamlike atmosphere.

ALEX REMEMBERS, by Helen V. Griffith, illustrated by Donald Carrick (Greenwillow; $10.50). One night, Alex, the dog, stares into the sky. He sees strange shapes. Mysterious feelings stir inside him, and he howls. "You're remembering," the cat explains. This brief story captures something that haunts everyone on moonlit nights.

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THE RANDOM HOUSE BOOK OF POETRY FOR CHILDREN, selected by Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by Arnold Lobel (Random House; $13.95). Thanks to long experience of reading poetry aloud to children, Jack Prelutsky knows what pleases them: funny poems, surprising poems, poems filled with rhythm and witty rhymes—above all, first-rate poems. There are more than five hundred in this lovely book. Every page is ornamented by Arnold Lobel's superb pictures.

A MEDIEVAL FEAST, written and illustrated by Aliki (Crowell; $9.95). In olden days in Europe, word of a royal visit set off immense preparations. Everyone on the host's estate got busy. Lively scenes of hunting, hawking, baking, brewing, and much more are shown in pictures that glow like stained glass. The text is slim, but the illustrations are sumptuous.

HERE is some excellent reading (or reading aloud) for youngsters from about seven—at the beginning of the list—up to ten or twelve:

SKUNK LANE, written and illustrated by Brom Hoban (Harper & Row; $8.95). Jarvey, a young skunk, is content to lounge around the house until his parents gently suggest he set out on his own. It is rough at first, but Jarvey winds up drinking tree-frog grog with some banjo-strumming raccoons—and cleaning up his new home in the morning. A delightful story, with nice black-and-white illustrations.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN PLAIN, by Mollie Hunter, illustrated by Marc Simont (Harper & Row; $10.95). The tale begins, "There was a boy once, who decided to be a knight—a strong and fearless knight." He becomes Sir Dauntless and rides a black charger through dark forests and dreadful dangers to aid lovely Dorabella, a maiden with moon-gold hair. Written in rich, exciting language, and with lovely illustrations, this is a perfect little book.

THE SAGA OF ERIK THE VIKING, by Terry Jones, illustrated by Michael Foreman (Schocken; $15.95). Terry Jones, of Monty Python, is a scholar and magician who knows how to take old tales apart and put them back together better than ever. His Vikings, having set sail for the edge of the world, find marvels and perils greater than any imagined before—and more fun to read about. Michael Foreman's illustrations are magical, too.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO, by C. Collodi, translated from the

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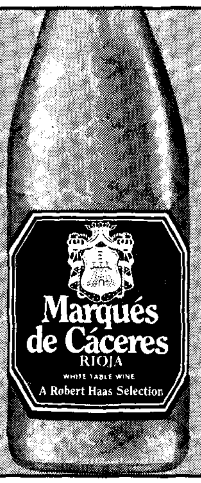

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Italian by M. L. Rosenthal, illustrated by Troy Howell (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $16.50). Pinocchio springs to life looking younger than ever in a lively new translation, which celebrates the book's hundredth birthday. The entire text is here, in thirty-six engrossing chapters.

Fair's Fair, by Leon Garfield, illustrated by S. D. Schindler (Doubleday; $10.95). A homeless boy shares a crust with a hungry dog, finds a golden key tied to the dog's neck—and we're off through snowy London to search for the door it will open. A vividly told tale, with an ending as warm and delicious as a Christmas pudding.

A Lamp for the Lambchops, by Jeff Brown, illustrated by Lynn Wheeling (Harper & Row; $9.95). The Lambchops are a pleasant family who adjust well when their son, Stanley, discovers that an old teapot found on the beach contains a playful young genie eager to get out and grant wishes. It couldn't have happened to nicer people, and that is what makes this such a good story.

Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift, illustrated by David Small (Morrow; $10.50). Swift's dazzling fantasy in which big becomes little and little becomes big remains one of the best adventure stories ever written. This attractive edition contains Gulliver's visits to Lilliput and Brobdingnag, illustrated with strong pen-and-ink drawings.

God, Mrs. Muskrat and Aunt Dot, by Isabelle Holland (Westminster; $10). After Aunt Dot, her guardian, sends her beloved dog to the pound, eleven-year-old Rebecca is angry at everyone—God included. She turns to fantasy friends, a motherly muskrat, and an eccentric cat lady for comfort and advice. Isabelle Holland tackles large and fascinating questions—for example, Do dogs have souls?—and handles them beautifully in an unusual, quite wonderful story.

Here is nonfiction on assorted subjects. The first four books are for readers of ten or twelve, and the three others for readers in their teens:

Busy Bugs, by Ada and Frank Graham, illustrated by D. D. Tyler (Dodd, Mead; $9.95). The authors take a close look at the life and times of fourteen insect species, showing the varied and (to human beings) peculiar ways insects make their livings. The text on each species is brief, clear, and

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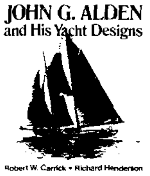

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interesting. The black-and-white illustrations are precise, and help make this a splendid introduction to bugland.

BALLOON TRIP, written and illustrated by Huck Scarry (Prentice-Hall; $10.95). Huck Scarry's fine sketches and chatty, informative text describe how balloons were invented, how they work, and how it feels to drift through the sky, and even, as once happened to him, come down with a crash. A particularly interesting book for the technical-minded.

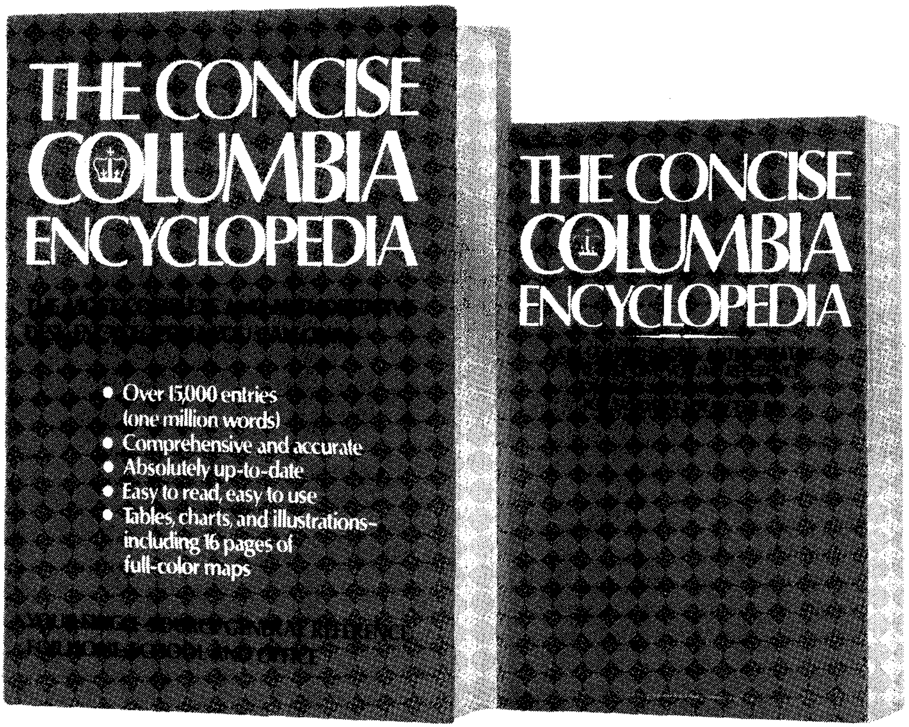
UNRIDDLING, by Alvin Schwartz, illustrated by Sue Truesdell (Lippincott; $9.95). Propounding riddles and solving them (unriddling) is an ancient sport, and is still fun. Here is a fine collection, taken from American folklore, that may solve the riddle of what to give a certain nine- or ten-year-old on your list.

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS, by Jean Fritz, illustrated by Ed Young (Putnam; $9.95). All that is usually remembered of Pocahontas is that she saved John Smith's life. In truth, she was a pawn in the cruel conflict between her people and the English settlers of Jamestown. Sketching her brief, tragic life, Jean Fritz removes the romantic varnish from legend and turns history into engrossing reality.

THE AMATEUR NATURALIST, by Gerald Durrell, with Lee Durrell (Knopf; $22.50). Gerald Durrell, who is noted for witty books about pursuing animals in exotic places, provides a practical guide for younger collectors. He gives advice on how to study wildlife anywhere—cellar, attic, marsh, meadow, or wherever else you may find yourself. With reams of information and beautiful illustrations—photographs and drawings in color and in black-and-white—this book can transform almost any excursion into a field trip.

SKY ABOVE AND WORLDS BEYOND, by Judith Herbst (Atheneum; $14.95). The trouble with most books about astronomy is that they are written by astronomers. The author of this one is an amateur in love with the stars who is able to describe our universe in an informal style that communicates her own excitement. Illustrated with photographs and drawings in black-and-white.

DINOSAURS: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY, by Edwin H. Colbert (Hammond; $30). Dr. Colbert, a paleontologist of world renown who helped create the dinosaur halls at the Ameri-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DAN ALONE, by John Rowe Townsend (Lippincott; $9.95). One of those truly satisfactory British adventure tales about a boy fending for himself in Dickensian slums while eluding pious relatives who would like to consign him to an orphanage. The setting is a grim English town in the nineteen-twenties. Dan's search for his father is a roller coaster of suspense.

BEHIND THE ATTIC WALL, by Sylvia Cassedy (Crowell; $11.95). An old mansion echoes with disembodied voices, and Maggie, the unwilling ward of her eccentric great-aunts, feels she must find their source. Her search and discovery make a first-rate ghost story. The portrait of Maggie, an alienated child defying a hostile world, is unforgettable. A beautifully written, very touching story.

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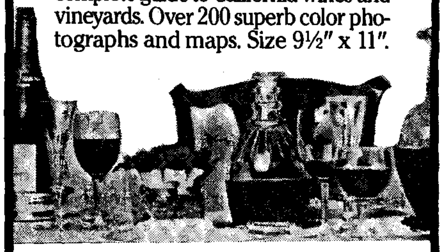

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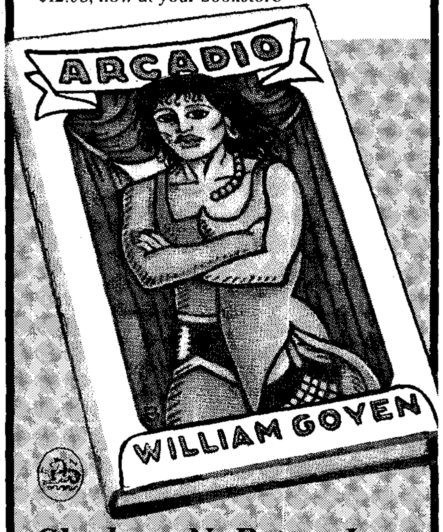

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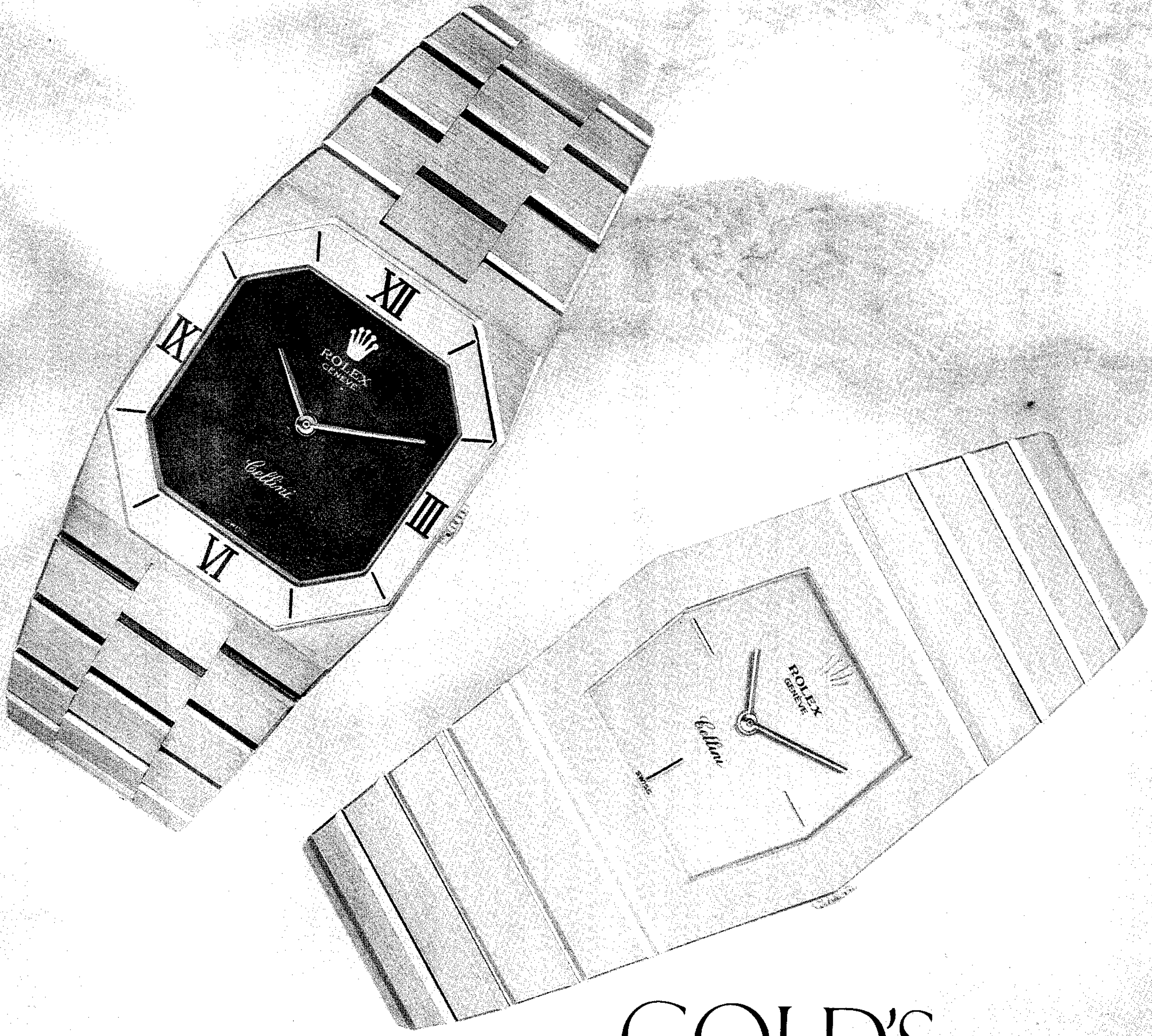

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